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THE STORY WORLD

AND PHOTODRAMATIST

July



1923

In This Issue

A Complete 'Original'
Photoplay Synopsis
*and Other Features of Importance
to Creative Writers*

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Published at HOLLYWOOD, California

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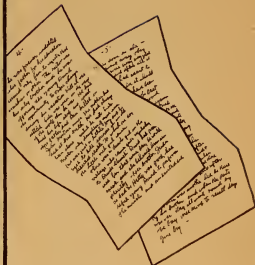
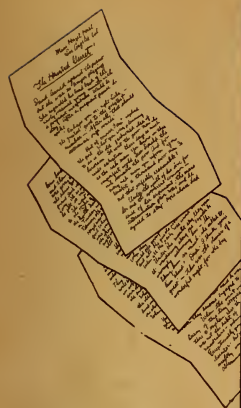
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The STORY WORLD

AND PHOTODRAMATIST

A MAGAZINE FOR THE CULTIVATION OF SELF-EXPRESSION
THROUGH CREATIVE WRITING

HUBERT LADUE, *Editor*



MARY McCLINTOCK, *Associate Editor*

JULY

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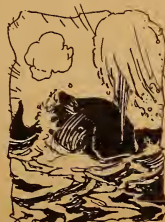
ACTION "STILLS" FROM
"Down to the
Sea in Ships"

THE MOST UNUSUAL PHOTO-
DRAMA OF THE MONTH

*This picture is reviewed at
length on page 59 of this issue*



As the ninety-ton whale strikes the whaleboat.





Old Morgan and his daughter discover that Dot has run away.



"Dot," the stowaway, at the mercy of the mate.





Patience listens to the old, old story.





The rescue—showing how the blow of the whale's fluke broke the boat clean in two.



Throwing the harpoon.



JUL 11 1923

The STORY WORLD

AND PHOTODRAMATIST

A MAGAZINE FOR THE CULTIVATION OF SELF-EXPRESSION
THROUGH CREATIVE WRITING

JULY, 1923

Vol. V—No. 1



ADAPTATIONS—OR SCREEN PLAYS?

*Second-Hand Art in Pictures—Is an Art That Borrows
and Adapts an Art?*

BY JAY BRIEN CHAPMAN

SIX years ago I entered motion pictures seeking "color" for magazine fiction. Since then I have written very little fiction—except in the form of publicity stories and screen plays. To tell the truth, I've been too busy living motion picture life, and studying "the game" from all angles, and in all its phases, to do much writing aside from that which brings down the weekly stipend.

Yet my notebook grows and grows, and occasionally I must operate a sort of safety-valve in the form of a magazine article to relieve the pressure of unused material. This personal detail is injected not only because of the interest it may hold for writers, but to convince you that I have been studying motion pictures deeply, widely, and from every perspective I have been able to obtain.

As a publicity man, I had the interesting experience several years ago of introducing into the film mart a new type of pic-

ture offering. At Brunton Studios (now United) I had not only the studio and its companies upon my hands, but many independent productions and producers who came and went "renting space." There were novelty productions, such as a picture starring Helen Kellar, the famous blind girl; a story written by Madame Sarah Bernhardt in which her protégée, Madame Yorska, appeared, and others too numerous to mention.

Among them was the "adaptation" innovation. Its sponsor was Benjamin B. Hampton, who, as former editor and publisher of *Hampton's Magazine*, brought some very strong literary connections to the screen. I handled the publicity upon Mr. Hampton's first pair of productions, adaptations of books by two famous authors. The new idea was somewhat hard to "put over" at first, but we developed such talking and advertising points that after the success of the initial productions was assured, I was engaged by Mr. Hampton to introduce to the world—and particularly to film exhibitors and distributors—the idea of filming adapta-

tions. I believe that the point which really started the general movement in the direction of the adaptation craze was our selling argument to exhibitors: "This novel has been read by literally millions of persons, who will throng your theatre to see their favorite printed story come to life upon the screen." Presently the Goldwyn Company, with Eminent Authors, took up the idea, and we were off upon an "adaptation" race that has only recently begun to slow down and falter.

Before that time the trend of the motion picture's growth as a new art form was normal and natural. A process of evolution in all branches was taking place. Griffith had taken "The Clansman" and had made of it, not an adaptation of a novel, but a powerful screen play. Epic-making "originals" had been written and produced. The new industry stood bravely upon its own legs, drafting some of its acting and directing talent from the stage, it is true, but on the whole steadily growing toward artistic independence.

Technically—that is, in photography, lighting, and in the application of such arts as architecture in settings—it has never faltered. Basically, in point of story or play art, it has stumbled and fallen far behind; so far that until such powerful epics as "Robin Hood," an "original," and "The Covered Wagon," a work comparable to "The Clansman" in that it is of, by and for the screen, came along to revive interest, there was some doubt about picture entertainment "making the grade" without repairs. A few pictures carried the burden through this precarious time, and the rest rode upon the tide created by them. I could not recall them all without research, but a particularly representative one is Rex Ingram's "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Note that I say *Ingram's*; not *Ibanez's*. It was another case of Griffith's "The Clansman," or "The Birth of a Nation." A motion picture director—an artist of the new art—made that picture; the basis from which it sprung had very little bearing upon its success!

I cannot recall any production which to my mind owes its success to the fact that its story basis was borrowed from published literature. Instead, I believe that the practice is generally abortive. A

careful study of theatre runs of both original screen plays of merit, and of adaptations, convinces me that while an adaptation may start strongly in a given theatre, attendance falls off rapidly unless it is one of those big, distinctive works of the type I have mentioned, which gather a larger and larger audience *in spite of the fact* that at least the title, the author's credit line and the names of some of the characters indicate that they were borrowed from another art; and seem to indicate that they are second-hand art, composed of second-hand thrills.

The secret of the success of these productions is that, despite advertising to the contrary, they are *not* borrowed art; they are *not* second-hand art, and they have thrills, suspense and surprises *all of their own*. They are really "originals." The strength and spirit of them that makes them stand out amid the throng is owing to the artistic genius of some person or persons *within* the motion picture industry!

It is the normal characteristic of a first-run motion picture of this sort, and of "originals," to start playing to comparatively small audiences, which grow night by night until word-of-mouth advertising is packing the theatres to capacity. In the "one night stands" of the picture's later life, the process of packing theatres is changed. The word-of-mouth advertising from the "first runs" of the picture has prepared a "ready-made" audience, who "mob" the house when the picture appears.

The "ready-made" audience which used to constitute my strong talking point to exhibitors and distributors of films—that of readers of the novel or magazine story in question—are the "first-nighters" of the first runs. Unless the adaptation is not a mere adaptation, but an exceptionally powerful film play *created at the studio*, this audience is exhausted on first or second night, after which only casual patronage is given the play. Word-of-mouth advertising functions destructively instead of constructively, because of reasons I shall point out. And consequently such pictures suffer, especially in the second and third run houses, from which the producer expects to make the most of his dividends. Their life is short and

unprofitable. Without giving causes, that is the brief outline of the actual functioning of most adaptations.

Now for causes: Allow me to quote a report of the Committee for Better Films of the National Board of Review regarding "The Sheik," a very successful adaptation of a novel, which comes in the class of the big, powerful, *producer-created* story, achieving success because of its superiority as popular entertainment to the novel from which it was taken. Quoting from the published report of their investigation, conducted in twenty-seven cities of the United States, "Those who were pleased with 'The Sheik' had not read the book, and those who were disappointed in the picture had read the book." This data was gained by questioning patrons as they left the theatres.

Why are persons who read books and magazine stories disappointed in the picture versions of them? That question is easily answered. Modern human beings want *fresh* news. They want books they *have not read* before. They want novelty, new thrills, suspense, surprises, and sometimes mystery in entertainment. They think that they want to see film versions of novels and magazine stories that they have read. But such versions bore them, because the very life-blood of film entertainment rests upon the elements of suspense, surprise and novelty, which are not present in second-hand material; that is, if the original has been followed. If the producer has deviated widely from the published story, on the other hand, they blame him for "ruining a good fiction story."

There are also minor contributing factors. The comparison afforded between the first impression of the original story with that of the film version is always unfavorable to the latter unless the picture is overwhelmingly superior in every way. The changes that must be made in adapting a published story to the screen, because of the great differences in technique in the two arts, are caught and resented by lovers of reading. Characters visualized differently by different readers from the deft, sketchy descriptions of skillful fiction writers appear on the screen embodied in complete, visible persons, who represent the actor's visual-

ization only, and are certain to displease a reader who has mentally pictured favorite story folk before seeing the picture. If the actor's interpretation is presented to them as their first impression, as it is in seeing it on the screen before visualizing it from a printed characterization, there can be no such disappointment.

The success of a production such as "The Sheik" is accounted for by the fact that it attracts an audience in which the readers of the original do not predominate. Theoretically, if readers do predominate, the production is "killed" by word-of-mouth condemnation; that casual remark of one friend to another that, "I saw a poor picture last night. Don't waste time on that one." If those who have not read the original are in the majority, as was the case with "The Sheik" (due to Valentino's following and the sensational features of general appeal in the advertising of that offering), the word-of-mouth knockers of the first night are out-talked by the boosters, resulting in a larger audience of non-reader boosters the second night, and so on.

This "makes" the first runs, and reflected glory, all creditable to word-of-mouth advertising, does the rest. You will perceive that I have separated "The Sheik" from "The Clansman" class of production. "The Sheik" had good motion picture appeal, but just enough pull left upon that audience of readers of the original to produce a minority of disappointed spectators. "The Clansman" was so mighty in itself, so distinctly a *motion picture*, that even those spectators who had read the novel were overwhelmed.

There are other excuses for using adaptations than that of their supposed advertising value. Some producers fear that they will be sold "originals" which have been plagiarized from copyrighted works. Obviously, this is mere lack of confidence in their scenario editors and reading staffs. The national magazines are confronted by the same problem and they solve it effectively. Other producers venture to state that they would film original screen plays in preference to published stories if they could get good "originals." I do not know whether to label this pure "bunk" or sad misinformation. The best way to "spike"

such an absurdity, perhaps, is to refer to the magazines again. The parallel is unfair to screen stories, because the magazines require a more finished literary style and do not offer such a potential market for new, virile ideas. In spite of this, they do not depend upon another art to draft their material for them; it comes through the mail. Tradition to the contrary notwithstanding, the "outsider" has every chance in the world of breaking in. There is no barrier. The only discrimination is in the matter of advance contracts and the price paid per word to recognized professionals. Magazines depend upon the talent of the nation in general for their story material. Films now depend largely upon the magazines. It becomes a matter of accepting a magazine editor's selection rather than trusting to a scenario editor's.

Yet the magazine editor selects for literary style, which is absolutely valueless on the screen! The screen requires action, screenable characterization, novelty of plot, virility of ideas and situations. Why not select material for it directly from the wide national source? As for proven, noted professional writers of literature, the screen also has its proven, noted professional writers. Given proper encouragement, these writers could supply material that is far more effective as screen entertainment than anything that noted magazine writers could supply, just as the magazine writers would undoubtedly prove more effective in their own field. Neither the screen nor magazines have enough of such professionals to supply the volume necessary, and both can depend with equal assurance upon the amateur and the "occasional" contributor upon culling enough meritorious stories from the amazing bulk turned out by the creative minds of the nation. However, screen writers must be encouraged; they must be adequately paid and their work must be considered by capable readers and editors.

There are capable readers and editors, and plenty more could be developed very readily by diverting a bit of picture costs into the most constructive channel. That is another bad effect of the practice of filming adaptations. Not only editors, but literally hundreds of directors and other

creative minds in motion pictures are utterly submerged, robbed of individuality and denied the expression of their natural genius by being compelled to make "film versions." Not all of them are in the position of Griffith, Ingram and those others who have *expressed themselves* in spite of the current handicap. Many who must "toe the mark" in filming adaptations have real genius, which would be liberated in working with material created directly for the screen. The same may be said of the scores of capable professional writers who are now bound to the mechanics of continuity writing, of twisting, transposing, cutting, splicing and fitting together the plots of published stories for screen versions.

My personal bent happens to be writing for magazines. I have written only enough "originals" and continuity for the screen to discover that magazine writing is my favorite. So be it understood that I am not speaking for my personal cause, other than as a lover of screen entertainment and a close student of effects and reactions within this art and industry. As a matter of fact, I regard the practice of the screen of borrowing from published literature for its life blood almost as harmful to published literature as to motion pictures, and apparently I am not alone in this belief. Motion pictures can produce greater entertainment than the printed word, but they can never put the value of published literature upon the screen. The two are as far apart in appeal as the poles of our earth, and it is unjust to both of them to bend them toward each other. Any piece of literature of any value is cheapened as literature by being put upon the screen, not because the younger art is less great, but because the two do not mix. As well let an artist of the brush paint another's wonderful bit of statuary with colors over the white stone! If the screen version is a powerful one that overshadows the original, the latter is cheapened in one way; if the screen version distorts or fails to do justice to the original, even in so far as motion pictures may do justice to literature, it is cheapened in another.

“UNGUARDED GATES”

A Model Photoplay

BY HAROLD SHUMATE

[EDITOR'S NOTE: "Unguarded Gates" is printed herewith in response to an insistent demand by readers of THE STORY WORLD for publication of a successful original photoplay synopsis and is well worth studying by any student of screen drama. The original title of this story was "The Tinsel Harvest," and it is now being completed at the Thomas H. Ince studios. No changes of any kind have been made in this scenario, it being offered word for word as when purchased by the producer.]

“WOMEN,” old Judge Landon used to say on the occasion of his monthly visit to Farm Center for Court Day, “are the real adventurers of life. They’ll try anything new twice as quick as a man and I’ve noticed that they’ve got a habit of seeing things through.”

We used to dispute the Judge at times and remind him of the women living right there in our own little Iowa town, women that hadn’t been fifty miles from home in all their lives and likely never would. But the Judge would shake his head, give a near-by grass-hopper the scare of its life with the thin stream of tobacco juice from his fine cut chewing and then raise his cotton umbrella, preparatory to the hot, dusty walk to the court house.

“All right,” he would say in a parting shot, “All right, but give those same women a chance and you’d see more peculiar things happen than they ever saw in Roosia. A woman is a born adventurer. I’ve had three wives and I reckon I ought to know.”

But Farm Center did not subscribe to the Judge’s theories until the affair of Hattie Lou Harkness came to light. Then we all remembered the homely wisdom of the old jurist and wondered in our hearts if he was not right, after all.

Hattie Lou lived with her aunt in the little cottage down near the railroad station and people often said that the child was a little wild, a trifle flighty. Maybe she was but the angel Gabriel would have

been flighty—I destest puns—if he had had to live with old Miss Harkness.

Hattie Lou had just turned eighteen that summer and I remember that she was large for her age with ever restless eyes that seemed to search constantly for a way beyond her narrow little horizon. Her slender body was as eager as that of a little child and I can see her, now, as she would go to the gate of her aunt’s cottage and watch the afternoon coast to coast flyer rush past Farm Center without even a disdainful pause. It seemed almost that she mentally seated herself on the observation platform of the limited and then, when only a trail of heavy, black smoke remained on the horizon and the stock began to graze back toward the tracks, Hattie Lou’s head would droop and she would walk slowly back to the porch and drop down in a brown study.

Abner Flutte, who called himself a real estate dealer and who was pretty wise in his curious way, came out to see old Miss Harkness, one day, about a little piece of property that she wanted to sell and he saw the girl sitting there on the porch. She looked up at him and smiled and asked him to sit down and wait until her aunt returned from next door where she had gone to borrow two eggs.

Abner mopped the perspiration from his head and the girl began to question him about New York. Abner had made a memorable trip to the great city, many years before and he still regaled his Saturday evening friends with the mysteries of that huge mecca of sin. Abner spoke with his usual hushed breath and Hattie Lou hung on his words. But Miss Hark-

ness came then and Hattie Lou never learned of the awful Chamber of Horrors in the Eden Musee.

When Abner and Miss Harkness were alone, he spoke with the freedom of an old friend and neighbor.

"Cyn'thy," Abner said, "I got an idea you're storing up trouble in that young lady of yours. Why don't you let her run with the rest of the young ones in this town? Instead o' sitting in her room and reading fancy magazines, she ought to be out in a side swing spooning with some o' the boys that's dead anxious to come out here only you won't let them."

Miss Harkness snorted but Abner went on.

"You can't pen a young girl up, Cyn'thy. Folks have tried it before and they ain't never had success at it. Most generally they've had trouble."

"You mind your own business, Abner Flutte," Miss Harkness put in. "I know what's best for young girls. Ain't I been one myself, which is more than you can say?"

Abner wanted to remark that Cynthia might still be a comparatively young woman if she had run and played and picked herself a husband but he didn't quite dare. So he completed his business and arose to leave.

For a long time Cynthia Harkness sat there watching Hattie Lou who lay flat on the grass, her chin propped in her hand watching the smoke of the Limited as it drifted lazily over the wheat fields on the other side of the tracks.

I think it was a series of events that led up to Hattie Lou's adventure. For years the child had been smoldering with that desire to see beyond the drab horizon. She wanted mostly to run and play but her aunt would not permit her to associate with the other youngsters. Miss Harkness was making a lady out of her motherless niece and this would permit of no rowdiness. So, as she could find no amusement, no light hearts, no congenial words in Farm Center the girl quite naturally took to watching the Limited as it flashed through each afternoon, bound from far off New York to equally far off San Francisco.

The culmination, though, of the unhappiness in Hattie Lou's life came about at the time of the Ice Cream Festival of the First Methodist Church. For weeks, she had been preparing for this. For days she had planned what she should wear, what she should say and do. For the first time in her life, Hattie Lou Harkness was to have a beau.

Then, on the day of the festival, during the middle of the afternoon, Aunt Cynthia had upset everything by calmly announcing that no young scamp would be allowed to escort her niece that night. Such affairs were not for young girls to attend.

Hattie Lou went to her own room and took out the little gown that she had fashioned with her own hands for the evening and looked at it longingly. Then she layed it aside.

"It's no use," she muttered to herself, "Aunt Cynthia just can't understand. Out there, somewhere, people are happy but here, there's only Aunt Cynthia and she can't understand."

If she had cried, had thrown herself into a paroxysm of weeping, there might have been no unusual trend to the happenings of the remainder of the day. But Hattie Lou merely stood in her window staring down toward the railroad tracks. She heard the whistle of the coast to coast Limited and she watched as it came in sight, snorting in defiance at the little town. Then, a strange thing occurred. The steel flanges of the wheels passed over and exploded two torpedoes, fastened to the rails and the great, pulsing train rolled to the edge of Farm Center and stopped.

Hattie Lou watched in wonder. Never before had the Limited honored Farm Center. There must be trouble.

Hattie Lou slipped from the house and into the street. She made her way quickly toward the stalled train. At the station, she met a brakeman.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Washout ahead, kid. Say!" and the brakeman eyed the girl with approving eye, "What keeps you in this hick town? With them looks of yours, you ought to be ridin' in that private car on the end."

Hattie Lou turned away caught by

those magic words. Private car! That meant there was someone of vast wealth, vast importance aboard. She turned again to the grinning brakeman.

"Whose car is it?" she asked eagerly.

The brakeman laughed. "You never heard of 'em, kid. They're New York swells, the Van Gores."

But, as Hattie Lou walked slowly toward the rear of the train, the laughter of the friendly brakeman fell on deaf ears. For Hattie Lou knew the magic of that great name, Van Gore. Perhaps there are some in these United States who have never heard of the Van Gores of New York but the ignorant ones never pick up a Sunday supplement. There were only three men in America who were wealthier than old Peter Van Gore.

Hattie Lou stood beside the car and through the open windows, there came music from a phonograph. They were dancing, in there. She heard the rippling laughter of a woman and the deeper tones of a man. Love was in there, love and wealth and happiness. Hattie Lou walked to the rear of the train and on the observation platform, there was a little group of men and women. They looked up at sight of Hattie Lou.

"Well, so long folks," one of them cried, "This is where I get off."

Hattie Lou smiled and flushed and the man made as if he would leap over the brass rail. Hattie Lou turned and ran and the party all laughed.

"Better watch out for these hick vamps, Spence," cried one and then they all laughed again.

Spencer Van Gore could afford to laugh at the jokes of his friends. Younger son of old Peter Van Gore, he had gathered together this crowd of friends, back in New York, and with his sister Grace, they had started in the private car for San Francisco where lay at anchor, the private yacht, "Nanka." They were going to sweep through the tropical splendor of the South Sea in that blaze of indolent glory that seems to be the birth-right of certain rich men's sons.

He was perhaps a year older than Hattie Lou but he had traveled, he had spent too much money, he had made

costly friends and he had learned that there are women who are playthings where there is much money. Long since, his father had found it convenient to pay the bills and discount the worry.

His sister, Grace, was the only one who kept pace with him and there were times when Spencer found it convenient to have her about as a shield. Grace was coldly indifferent to most of the world. She took what she desired and she paid as she felt inclined.

So these two strange scions of a great family found themselves held up in a little town that they had never even known to be on the map, due, of course, to the washout ahead.

From the vantage point, some distance away, Hattie Lou stood watching the magic car. She saw a young woman leave the car and walk slowly toward town. She had a small bag in her hand. Even at that distance, the woman appeared dejected but Hattie Lou hurried toward her with a thirsty curiosity.

When the two women were close, Hattie Lou saw that the other had been crying. She looked very tired as she nodded at Hattie Lou's greeting.

"Were you on that private car?"

The woman turned belligerent eyes and nodded. "Yes, worse luck."

Hattie Lou stared and the woman went on. "I'm a lady's maid and I've been with Miss Van Gore for three months. It was a rotten job but the wages and tips made up for it. Then, when we stopped in this God-forsaken little burg, one of those swells back there got fresh and I slapped him. Then I got the boot. Fine bunch, they are!"

Old Judge Landon used to say that a woman can see an opportunity where a man can see only commonplace. Hattie Lou was no exception to the rule. She had seen an opportunity and her whole being sang. Here was her one great chance to get away from it all. Fate was playing into her hands, at last. No more Farm Center, no more Aunt Cynthia. The cheeks of the girl grew crimson, her nostrils dilated. She walked slowly from the woman at her side, dreaming with the wildness of a starved soul, caring nought for consequences that

she had never been taught to fear. Romance, glittering and shimmering called to her and she stopped not at the manner of going.

At the rear of the private car, the little group were gathered and to them Hattie Lou went.

"Which is Miss Van Gore?" she asked.

Grace inclined her head and Hattie Lou went on.

"I—I—saw your maid whom you had discharged. I—I thought perhaps you would take me in her place."

Grace Van Gore stiffened, for she was not accustomed to securing her help in this fashion. Had her brother not touched her arm, Grace would have turned her back squarely on the girl but Spencer Van Gore raised his left eyebrow. From long experience, Grace knew that her brother was to be humored and she had long since ceased to care what he did. She was as much a cynic as her brother and they each lived their lives as they pleased. So Grace motioned to Hattie Lou and led her inside the car.

The splendor of that luxurious car struck Hattie Lou then and she stared about her at the mahogany woodwork, the little tables set at convenient angles, the compartments toward the rear where the occupants slept, cut flowers in crystal vases, hanging on the sides of the car. Books and magazines were strewn about and a white clad porter was straightening the wicker chairs. It was such a plaything as is familiar to wealth but I doubt if a soul in Farm Center had ever been inside a private car, before.

Grace Van Gore spoke sharply. "If I employ you, I take it that you will be willing to accompany me on the yacht trip?"

Hattie Lou stared at the other girl. "Yacht trip!" Grace explained.

"My father's yacht is at anchor in San Francisco and we are going on a year's cruise in the South Seas. If you don't want to go, for heaven's sake say so, now."

But Hattie Lou did want to go. Desperately she wanted to go. The South Seas on a private yacht! The very thought made her blood tingle. There came the memory of wild tales that she

had read. Voluabably, Hattie Lou assured Grace of her desire to accompany the party. She would work well and for little or no wages and Grace was not above taking advantage of the girl's ignorance with regard to the wages paid a lady's maid. It was all settled and Hattie Lou was to leave with them when the train started.

Hattie Lou left the car and made her way to her aunt's house, feverish with suppressed excitement. Well, she knew that were her intentions to become known, she would be prohibited from carrying out her wild plan. But at this point, Hattie Lou became canny.

She went into the house, paused a moment and then went to her own room where she packed her few belongings in a worn bag which she hid beneath her bed. Then she went out to wait.

After supper, all of Farm Center that was physically able, attended the church festival, that is, all of Farm Center except Hattie Lou. Aunt Cynthia went with Abner Flutte but she did not approve of young girls attending anything so boisterous. But this time Hattie Lou made no objections. She could scarcely wait for her aunt to leave the house and when she was at last alone, the girl stole to her room and secured her bag. Then she went into her aunt's room and penned a little note in which she said that she was leaving forever. She was careful not to explain how she was leaving so that there could be no pursuit.

With these things accomplished, Hattie Lou went out into the night to face the world, to see the unknown, to play and to live. There was just a little fight with her pride at the idea of becoming a servant, even though this was to be a high class one. But the ultimate gain would offset that.

Down on the tracks in the private car, Spencer Van Gore turned to his sister. There was a curl to the lips of his cynical young face.

"Is this girl coming?"

Grace sneered and laughed.

"You always were a fool, Spence. Yes, she is coming and I suppose that you will be ordering me to discharge her before we reach the coast. Sometimes,

I wonder at your taste for ladies' maids."

"It seems to me that I remember an affair with a chauffeur that cost the governor a cool hundred thousand," snarled Spencer.

Grace pressed her teeth into her lower lip and turned away. Her brother bit the end from a cigar savagely and joined the others.

Hattie Lou reached the car then, a little nervous, unable to keep from casting frightened little glances over her shoulder. Grace looked at her and shrugged. She called the porter and ordered him to show the girl to her quarters.

Hattie Lou flushed but followed the white garbed porter to a neat little cubby hole that was to be hers. It was just large enough for a tiny berth, a mirror and a wash stand. There was a minature apron of lace and a cap to match and Hattie Lou donned these, surveying herself with a smile in the mirror.

There came the harsh voice of train men and the locomotive whistle began to shriek into the night. Slowly the train rolled away and Hattie Lou sat there, a little afraid, very excited. Each revolution of those great wheels was taking her further away and the knowledge thrilled the girl like rare wine. It was her real, adventurous, woman's heart that beat high with hope.

It was a glorious adventure when she helped Grace disrobe that night. Hattie Lou handled the lace and ribbons lovingly. Even Grace smiled sleepily as the girl stood in the doorway, ready to switch off the light.

"I want to thank you," Hattie Lou said, "For letting me have this chance to get away from all that back there. You see, I have no mother and my—well, my aunt did not care much for me. I shall always love you for helping me, Miss Van Gore."

Grace Van Gore smiled a thin little smile and the harsh lines about her mouth relaxed a bit. She rather pitied this child.

"I'm afraid that you won't thank me, some day," she said.

But Hattie Lou shook her head, snapped off the light and went out. She

bumped into Spencer Van Gore. Apparently, it was accidental and she apologized and would have hurried back to her little cubby hole but the man caught at her hand. She laughed and drew her hand away. She ran toward her room and closed and locked the door, leaning against it. There was a wonderful smile on her face. Outside, Spencer Van Gore cursed silently.

It was a thrilling adventure to sleep, or rather to try and sleep as the car sped along. Half of the night Hattie Lou lay awake, propped on her elbow, watching the country roll past in the moonlight. She knew no regrets for her hasty action in leaving the home of her aunt. There would be no one to miss her, to note or care about her absence.

The next day was an adventure from early morning until late at night. She anticipated the slightest wish of Grace Van Gore and she was rather fascinated by Spencer Van Gore. She thought that he was very kind to take an interest in her. She was entirely innocent and the thought of wrong had no place in her scheme of things. She was adventure bound, eager and radiant and at the end of the day she was the only one who was not travel weary.

Spencer had partaken too freely of the liquor abroad. His face was a dull red and his eyes little pin pricks of fire. He came on Hattie Lou alone and he caught at her hand. It was difficult to push him away. A little frown came over the face of the girl as she went about her duties.

There was another man who watched the girl closely. This was Travers Dale and he had tried to kiss her the second day. He had sworn in surprise when she had repulsed him. He laughed and she began to avoid him.

The days and nights sped by on wings and already the lights of Oakland were coming into sight. The long trip was nearly over and all of the party were glad save Hattie Lou. The men had smoked too much, had made too frequent trips to the liquor room. The women had quarreled. Silence lay thick and brooding and all were longing for the comfort of a hotel room.

Broodingly, Spencer watched Hattie Lou. His eyes were bleary and his lips curled. He saw her go into Grace's compartment and he arose and followed. Hattie Lou looked up in surprise and the face of the man made her draw back in terror. He came toward her and she tried to scream but the sound died in her throat.

Spencer laughed and put his arms about her. His breath was hot on her face. She tried to beat him away but her fists were little and soft and he only laughed.

The door of the compartment opened and Grace stood there. She looked at her brother and her lip curled.

"The usual thing, Spence," she said.

The man turned away from Hattie Lou and cursed. His face was ugly and his hands twitched.

"Get rid of this girl," he ordered and then he left the room.

Hattie Lou crept close to Grace, her body shivering and her lips atremble.

"What shall I do, Miss Van Gore?" she asked.

Grace shrugged. She was growing weary of her brother's attention to her maids. She was never able to keep one for any length of time.

"I'm sorry," she said, "But I must let you go."

Hattie Lou went very white and her eyes were large with doubt and wonder.

"Do you mean that you will let me go, away out here?"

"Look here," Grace said, "I'm sorry, of course. I'll see to it that you are not turned adrift penniless but I can do nothing with my brother. He can draw on father and I can't. Do you understand?"

And so, a few hours later, Hattie Lou came to the apparent end of her great adventure. In Oakland, she had been allowed to go, though Grace, true to her promise had placed a roll of bills in the girl's hand that, later, she found to contain over five hundred dollars.

Aboard the ferry, with the lights of 'Frisco gleaming through the fog that overhung the bay, Hattie Lou stared ahead. She could go back to Farm Center but she doubted if her aunt would allow her to remain under her roof, now.

Too, she did not wish to go back, just yet. She was beginning to awaken a bit, to harvest a bit of the tawdry tinsel that seems to line each golden rainbow, but she was not ready to quit.

Hattie Lou walked out of the great ferry house and by some rare good luck asked directions from a kindly police officer who directed her to a hotel that catered only to women traveling alone. She deposited her funds, here, with the matron and sank wearily to her bed in the clean little room that had been assigned her.

The next day, a new determination entered the soul of Hattie Lou. She would not allow these people with their smugness to ruin her life. She was glad that she had left Farm Center. She would search for work, here in the city and with this intention, she left the hotel and began. But there was another angle. There was little that Hattie Lou could do and she had no references. It was late afternoon and her faltering steps led her to the long wharves where great steamers were tied up. She was very tired and her spirit lagged again. It was then that her eyes rested on a long, trim white yacht and she started as she saw the name on it. It was the "Nanka" and as she looked closer, she recognized the laughing party abroad. She saw Spencer Van Gore standing with Travers Dale and they were in apparently the best of humor. She even saw Grace. Then the girl turned away, very tired. It would have been heaven to have gone on that beautiful yacht. Now, what was there left for her to do?

She watched and she saw sailors cast off ropes and a little tug came up and began to edge the yacht out into the channel. They dropped down the bay and then they were gone. She was alone and great tears fell on her cheeks. Never had she been so lonely. She squeezed back the tears and clenched her fists. She hated these people. She hated them. Then she went back to her hotel.

A woman never fights for the love of it as does a man but when they once get their backs to the wall, there's trouble ahead for someone. Hattie Lou was no exception to this rule. Never in all of

her sheltered life had she borne enmity but that night as she sat in her bare little room, her chin cupped in her hands, she saw with a new and clearer vision.

In the soul of Hattie Lou Harkness there was stalking a stranger. She had fled from Farm Center that she might learn of the great world and its wonderful storehouse. She had hoped to gain the pretty things that a woman loves. She had seen them on that private car. Wonderful laces, soft linens and furry ribbons. Party frocks and silken negligee; dainty slippers and stockings of warm, clinging sheen. Is there a woman in the world who does not want all this? Hattie Lou had seen a bit of this woman's heaven and then was it rudely snatched from her lips.

It hurt. It dulled something inside of her. The childlike lips were becoming hard, the tender eyes a bit narrower.

There followed a week in which Hattie Lou searched vainly for the answer to her problem. First of all, she must have a means of livelihood. She began to approach the places where employment was dispensed and she learned of life each day. She found much that she might have innocently accepted at an earlier day but Hattie Lou was learning fast.

The best, though, that she could find was a job of dish washing in an all night restaurant and she hated the repellant work. She feared the dark streets after night fall. She was always tired. She cared little whether she ate or not. She grew melancholy, morose, and then she lost her pitiful job.

Something under five hundred dollars remained of her scanty funds and when that was gone, God only knew where she would turn. The girl had sunk into an apathy that oppressed her very soul. She had reached the point where she did not care. But over and over she thought of that last scene on the private car when Spencer Van Gore and his heartless sister had tossed her, thoughtless as to consequences, on the raging stream of life. They had left her to drift like some poor derelict that is an ever present menace to lawful navigation. She would drift along until removed.

She walked slowly down to the wharves

and she seated herself close to where she had last seen that graceful "Nanka" on the eve of its departure. She looked out across the bay and she hated those people with their wealth, their smugness. She yearned to make them pay, to even the score. She glanced down and a daily newspaper lay at her feet. Mechanically she picked it up and spread it out to search the want columns for work.

Her eyes fell on the first page. Across the top ran a scare head in letters an inch high. She read and then she started. Again she read:

"Millionaire's Yacht Goes Down With All Hands in South Seas.

"Spencer Van Gore, his sister Grace, and a party of distinguished New Yorkers are lost when explosion wrecks yacht. Word of disaster brought by steamship 'Granado' which answered their signal of distress but arrived too late. Only floating wreckage is found.

"The death of Spencer Van Gore recalls many scandals in which this scion of one of the wealthiest families in America became involved. It is rumored that the recent affair between Grace Van Gore, who also perished, and a chauffeur, cost her father a hundred thousand dollars. The parents of the ill fated young people are stricken with grief, in New York."

There was more but the smaller type danced before the eyes of Hattie Lou. She arose and walked slowly toward her hotel. She went to her room and sat on the edge of her bed, lost in thought. Dawn found her there but there was a smile on her face, a smile in which there was no laughter. Then she slept.

With the coming of afternoon, Hattie Lou arose and dressed herself. She went below and drew from the matron her scanty supply of money. Next she went to a large department store and made certain purchases. Afterward, she went back to her hotel and that same, mirthless smile was on her lips.

Toward noon, the next day, Hattie Lou checked out from the hotel and took a taxi cab to the ferry. Mid-afternoon found her aboard the transcontinental train and six days later, she stepped out

of the Grand Central Station in New York City.

Hattie Lou smiled grimly beneath her heavy black veil and glanced down at her costume of deep black. Then she gave a determined little toss of her head and motioned to a taxi driver.

He assisted her in and she gave an address on the Avenue. Then she leaned back against the hard leather cushions of the cab and allowed herself to smile again.

When a man gambles, he holds a portion of his funds in reserve against an unlucky turn of the wheel. Not so with a woman. Hattie Lou was risking her soul on a turn of the card. Another half hour would determine the result.

Before the huge marble home of Peter Van Gore, father of Spencer and Grace, the cab halted and Hattie Lou motioned to the driver to carry her bag to the door. She paid him with her last bill. In her purse remained exactly thirty-four cents. Then she rang the bell.

As the great brass door swung open a trifle to permit a liveried butler to slip out, Hattie Lou drew her mourning veil closer about her face. She spoke sharply.

"I am Mrs. Spencer Van Gore. I have just reached New York from San Francisco."

The Van Gore butler was too well trained to show any emotion he might have felt. He pushed open the door and stepped aside that Hattie Lou might enter. He followed her in and the great door swung closed. Hattie Lou trembled but she bit into her white lips. She had staked everything on this throw of the dice. It was her last chance for the things she wanted, the luxuries, the playthings. And, too, this would mark her revenge for the treatment she had received at the hands of Spencer Van Gore and his sister.

"The family is at dinner, Mrs. Van Gore," murmured the butler. "Will you step into the drawing room until I can send them to you?"

As Hattie Lou stepped into that darkened drawing room, there came the faint odor of verbenas. She drew back her veil that she might see this wonderful palace. She was awed at the magnitude of the

room, the luxury. Fear crept into her heart. How could she expect these people to believe her absurd story? Would they not likely throw her into the street where she belonged? She had no marriage license and she had been too innocent to think of forging one. The enormity of it all smote her and stunned her. That huge room with its costly tapestries, its trophy of foreign land, its ankle enveloping rugs. She had been insane to attempt this deception. They would laugh at her and turn her over to the police. Prison! She shivered. Her white lips trembled and she turned. She would slip away while yet there was time. She started toward the door and then she paused. Framed in the doorway was a woman.

She was silver haired and time had touched lovingly at her tender face. There were tears in those warm eyes. She lifted her arms.

"I am Spencer's mother, dear," she said and a moment later, Hattie Lou found herself sobbing brokenly in those dear arms.

As a mother soothes a little child, so did the mother of Spencer Van Gore soothe this boldly desperate little interloper. And Hattie Lou, who had never known the happiness of a mother's arms, lived again in that brief moment.

"You must not cry, dear," said Mrs. Van Gore. "I did not know that Spencer had taken a wife but now that I have seen you, I am very glad, and you were right in coming to us, at once."

Hattie Lou could not speak. Her voice was choked and broken. She heard another voice, and it, too, was soothing. She looked up at a tall old man whom she knew must be the father of Spencer Van Gore. His white hair was brushed straight back from a high forehead and there were tears in those eyes that his enemies loved to say were made of cold steel. He touched the arm of Hattie Lou and she attempted to smile.

"I never dreamed that Spencer would show such judgment," old Peter Van Gore said. "You see he never wasted much time on us. I imagine you knew him much better than did we. Always, Spencer was a wild lad and, now that he is

gone, we can see that perhaps it was largely our fault."

Mrs. Van Gore took Hattie Lou by the arm and led her up the stairs to a room that faced the Avenue. She sent away the maid and, herself, helped the girl to undress. With her own hands, she tucked the covers about the child-like face with the hint of tears still showing.

"This was Spencer's room when he was with us," said the old lady, "I am glad that God has sent his wife to us to fill the void."

She kissed the girl and softly withdrew, leaving Hattie Lou to stare into the darkness. She reached out her bare arm and touched the warm coverlet of silk. She felt of the sheets of pure linen. She closed her eyes. If God would only permit her, she would bring into the lives of this couple, the sunshine and love that had been denied them in their own children.

Downstairs, Mrs. Van Gore went to her husband and they sat in the little study, off the reception room and stared, together, into the brightly burning fire. Their unfinished supper was forgotten.

"I have wanted a daughter for so many years," sighed old Peter, and his wife patted his hand.

A bright-eyed little maid awakened Hattie Lou the next morning and when she had bathed and dressed, the girl went below stairs. The butler led her to the breakfast room where, about a cozy table, sat three people.

There was a smile and a caressing word from Peter Van Gore and his wife and then Hattie Lou stared at the third member of the family.

He sat in a wheel chair and he looked long and hard at the girl. He was broad of shoulder and he was lean and strong. His eyes were clear and his dark hair tumbled about a well shaped head. And yet, something was pitifully wrong.

"This is our other son, Grant, my dear," said Mrs. Van Gore.

Hattie Lou saw the man attempt to rise and then flush. His eyes fell and he murmured a word of greeting. The butler placed her chair and Hattie Lou sat down.

Though the two old people strove to carry on a conversation, Hattie Lou found herself constantly watching the man opposite her in the wheel chair. She could scarce believe that this was the brother of Spencer Van Gore. He was older by perhaps three years and there was strength where, in Spencer, there had been weakness. There was tolerance and kindness and—a wheel chair.

After the meal, which was surprisingly simple for the home of such wealth, they went out onto a little shaded porch.

"We are going to the country, next week," said old Peter, "Mother, you and Hattie Lou had better be about such shopping as you desire."

After he had gone and Grant had been rolled onto the little patch of lawn, in his chair, Hattie Lou found Mrs. Van Gore waiting for the story of Spencer's marriage and, with much biting of finger nails and a fear that was terrible, Hattie Lou told the tale she had planned. She said that she and Spencer had met in San Francisco and that they had loved each other at first sight. Spencer had wished to take her with them but Grace had objected. So they had been married and they had planned to return to New York after the yacht trip. Hattie Lou's intimate knowledge of these people gave the necessary plausibility to her story and because she was frightened and unused to lying, her emotion passed for sorrow and hysteria. The simple heart of Mrs. Van Gore was convinced and already she loved this girl who had come to her out of nowhere.

Mrs. Van Gore wiped her eyes and smiled.

"I am so glad that you came to us, dear," she said.

Hattie Lou was troubled and she arose and walked toward the wheel chair where Grant sat staring out into the Avenue. She slipped into a seat beside him and he turned his eyes on her.

"You—you'll be going to the country, too?" she asked, in an attempt to make conversation.

The man in the wheel chair nodded.

"Yes, I'll go," and after a bit he added, "To watch the others."

Hattie Lou looked at him and she saw

that bitterness that was in this man's soul. She wondered, yet she could not understand.

"You—you will be able to leave that chair soon, won't you?" she asked.

Grant Van Gore looked at the girl hard and his eyes were cold. His lips curled and he spoke from between clenched teeth.

"Spence never spoke to you of me?"

Hattie Lou shook her head and Grant slowly nodded.

"Well, I can't blame him. I'm not a pretty sight."

Hattie Lou tried to cover her mistake.

"I—I didn't know that—that——"

"That I was tied to this wheel chair for life?" finished the other. "No! Very few of my friends know, either. It's a bit tiresome, at times, sitting here."

Hattie Lou looked at the stern face in which there was now no trace of tolerance. It was almost that the man hated himself. A servant came, then, and rolled the man away for his daily taste of fresh air.

Hattie Lou sat there for a time and then she went in the house. Mrs. Van Gore came to her in her room and smiled.

"You were talking to Grant," she said, "And I wanted you to know of his condition. He will never speak of it."

Hattie Lou waited as Mrs. Van Gore opened a series of little cases of leather. In each of them was a medal of bronze and there were four countries represented among these tokens of a grateful civilization.

"Grant was an aviator," began Mrs. Van Gore. "He will not speak of it but from what his comrades have told me, he was among the best. After he had brought down twelve German planes, he himself was shot down and he fell between the lines. They brought him in, that night much as he is now. The surgeons shake their heads and call it shell shock. The specialists say that they know too little as yet of the peculiar maladies incidental to the shock of concussion to help him. So he sits there and broods and sometimes he swears and drives us from him. He cannot die and he does not care to live."

Hattie Lou looked from her window

and saw Grant returning, his head bowed on his great chest and a great wave of pity went out to this man who had given so much for a country that had already forgotten, while he must go on and on.

The girl turned her tear-moistened eyes to Mrs. Van Gore.

"Will he never leave that chair again?"

The old lady shook her head.

"No one knows, dear. A famous surgeon who spent four years abroad during the great war has said that a man like this will walk only when he wishes to more than he fears to."

And then Hattie Lou was glad that she had come, glad that she had lied, that she had deceived them with her tears. They needed happiness, sunshine, someone to care for them and love them. There came to Hattie Lou that glory of service which woman has known always.

Then passed many days of happiness in the great marble house on the Avenue. Easily, Hattie Lou slipped into the life of these people. She shopped with Mrs. Van Gore and she purchased the things that she had wanted all of her life. She saw, too, that it made Mrs. Van Gore very happy to buy them for her new daughter. Oh, it was harvest time for Hattie Lou and never had she dreamed of such a glorious, golden harvest. The old life was slipping into the dim, forgotten past and the future lay ahead, rosy with promise.

Old Peter Van Gore loved to come in after his hours at his desk and find Hattie Lou reading, quietly, to Grant. Were the truth known, old Peter already loved Hattie Lou more than he had ever loved his own daughter. She seemed to fill a void that had long been in the great house and when, one afternoon, she took the place of the servant who usually rolled Grant in his chair, they all understood that it was the awakening of a new and sacred trust.

She was a new hope, a new realization to Grant Van Gore. Once as they sat in the park, Grant brushed the book from which she was reading, into her lap. He took her hand. Of them all, Hattie Lou found it hardest to live and lie before this man with the clear, yet somber eyes

"I suppose that you are finding it hard

to forget Spence," Grant said and when Hattie Lou nodded, "He was always the luckiest one of the family. He was the youngest and usually, he got what he wanted. They turned him down in the army while I played patriotic fool and enlisted. He found you, even for a little while, and I came home—to this." And how that quiet bitterness cut into the heart of Hattie Lou as she sat there beside this man.

Scarce realizing her action, Hattie Lou closed her own warm hands about that of the man and she pressed it. He looked up quickly and the light that she saw in his eyes made her turn away. Then he spoke again in the same deadened voice.

"I was not asking for your pity," he said.

There were tears in her eyes as she whirled about.

"Oh, you must not speak that way," she cried, "You have no right to be so bitter. You are young, your life is before you. You have no—no regrets as—as some may have. You have played a man's game and God will not bind you to that wheel chair!"

Perhaps there was just a little of new hope in the heart of Grant Van Gore as they returned to the great house.

The day before they left for the country place on Long Island, came Doctor Gregg, the specialist, famed on two continents. He examined Grant very carefully and when he left the room, he found Hattie Lou waiting for him in the hall.

The great specialist took her into another room and he told her what he had found, what he had been striving to overcome for the past year.

"There is no reason on God's earth for him to stay in that chair," he said, "save that he is unable to will to get up. Shell shock or concussion shock are two things that the medical profession knows very little about. It has manifested itself in this peculiar condition. Perhaps, he will be that way always, I don't know."

Hattie Lou stood there and she twisted her little handkerchief into ribbons. She spoke with a sharp indrawing of breath.

"Surely there is some cure?"

The doctor only smiled and repeated the words of a great physician.

"A surgeon only binds. God cures."

The next morning, they left New York and in the open automobile, they raced out on Long Island to the country place of the Van Gores. It was a noble estate of many acres and the home that stood in the center of a great cluster of trees was that which only a man of untold wealth may own. There were many wings and accommodations for many guests and there were stables with blooded horses and dogs of high lineage. There were terraces about the huge place and fountains and beds of wonderful flowers. Over to the east, there lay a glimpse of the ocean.

Before this place, the car stopped and a footman lifted Grant from the car and carried him into the house, staggering under the weight. Mrs. Van Gore took the arm of the girl. More and more she leaning on this child who had come to her from out of the nowhere.

The days that came were filled to overflowing for Hattie Lou. She loved to ramble idly about the huge old place, singing the song that was ever in her heart, touching lovingly the flowers, now racing with a great coach dog, now stopping to scratch the nose of a blooded mare. The servants loved her and old Peter used to say that Hattie Lou was the image of his wife at an earlier day, which was high praise indeed, for these two old folks were a devoted couple.

Perhaps, though, it was hardest for Grant. Each afternoon he wheeled himself under the trees that he might watch Hattie Lou as she sped over the tennis courts, whipping back the ball with the young strength that was hers. Young folks from the nearby estates drifted in, old friends of the Van Gores, and they liked Hattie Lou and said so with the candor of the younger set of today. But Grant, after watching them, would close his eyes and dream that he again could leap over the net and return the balls she served so swiftly. Oh, God, to be free of that wheel chair.

And as he sat and watched her, Grant knew that love had come into his life, a great love that he must hide and cherish from the sight of the world. Not for anything would he have let Hattie Lou know. Then, he would call to some one to take

him in. Standing no more, he wanted to be alone. Always, though, he was infinitely patient, which caused some to wonder, knowing little of that which had wrought the change.

Hattie Lou was a woman and it would be foolish to say that she did not recognize these signs. She did see and the song in her heart grew loud until almost it deafened her to the rest of the world. Then would she remember the great lie, the lie she was living with every breath of her, with every day that passed. A lie, lie, lie, it seemed that the birds cried.

Only could she sit close to him and read, look into his eyes. In her heart she knew that she cared, cared more than she even understood, but never would she allow herself to admit this. She dared not. And the bands began to tighten, from then on.

Peter Van Gore and his wife used to watch Hattie Lou and Grant and often they turned to each other with a smile. They understood in their infinite wisdom and they even dared to hope.

So the summer passed with its quiet gaiety, for the Van Gores did no entertaining with Spencer and Grace less than a year in their graves. However, there were always a few friends in the great house. Grant's former comrades formed the habit of running down to see him and cheer him and he never knew that it was Hattie Lou who had instigated this.

They were going to stay through September at the country place and one night Doctor Gregg ran out for another look at his patient. He stayed on for dinner, though, and it was a happy little party, that night. The spirits of all seemed unusually high. Always it is that way before a great crisis.

Hattie Lou arose, after dinner, and went out on the terrace under the low hanging moon. She stood there so quietly, the moonlight turning her bare arms and throat into ivory, and she did not hear Grant as he rolled his chair close to her.

But Grant was loving her, that night, with all the pent-up love of a man who has been denied for too long. He knew that he must say what was in his heart, come what may, and the blind faith of lovers led him on as it has led millions of others.

The first that she knew of his presence was when he took her hand and very gently raised it to his lips. She made no sound but her lips trembled and a little shiver ran over her body.

"Hattie Lou," Grant said, "I would not dare to speak like this had I not read just a little bit of hope in your eyes. Is there a chance for you to care just a little for a hopeless cripple, a man without earthly use to himself or anyone else?"

She still stood there and he could not see that her eyes were closed, that she was fighting to say no when she wanted to say yes. He could not know the torture of that brave little heart as he caught her other hand and drew her close.

"Little lady," and he spoke so softly that scarcely she heard, "I want you for my wife."

She dropped to her knees there, forgetful of the new frock, and he drew her into his arms. He held her there and the minutes slipped away. God! They were happy and all the time fate was smiling up her scurvy sleeve.

They did not hear the butler who approached and discreetly coughed. Like two children they drew apart and the faces of both were flushed, but the well trained servitor did not even indulge in a smile. That could wait until later in the servants' quarters and then, well, the rest of them all looked to Roberts for gossip.

"What is it, Roberts?" asked Grant.

"The master is asking for you both in the library, sir," and as he walked away, Hattie Lou wheeled the chair of the man she loved through the door into the library.

There she stopped. Mrs. Van Gore was lying on a leather couch and Doctor Gregg was fanning her. Old Peter Van Gore stood near the window and there was a strange smile on his face. He held a slip of yellow paper in his hand.

Hattie Lou looked at them there and her hand went to her throat.

"What it it?" she cried.

"My dear," began old Peter, "You must prepare for a glorious surprise. We have just received a cablegram. Spencer and his whole party have been found!"

Just for a moment, the picture of them all was emblazoned on the burning brain

of the girl. Old Peter there with the cablegram, Grant staring straight ahead, his cheeks white as death and the surly look again on his face. Then she fainted quietly away, which, perhaps was merciful and she did not know when they carried her to her room nor when Doctor Gregg came with a smile for what he believed to be her new happiness.

In the library, Grant sat with his father before the fire and though neither spoke, each understood. There was nothing that could be said, nothing that could be done. If the heart of the broken man was breaking too, he made no sign that those about him might interpret. His dream was over, his little span of happiness had been bridged. Ahead lay life and a wheel chair and loneliness.

The days passed heavily and the doctor came and went. After a time, Hattie Lou would sit in a chair by her bed and stare out at the trees, now fast becoming barren and brown and ugly. She could only grimly await the end. Without the strength to move from her room, she must wait. The roses were gone from her cheeks and the happiness from her heart. The horizon was gray and the harvest had turned to tinsel.

She did not see Grant for several weeks for they would allow no one in her room save the nurse and Mrs. Van Gore. But the day came at last when he was allowed to see her and they rolled his chair close to hers. He waited until the attendants had retired and they were alone. Then he spoke, and he tried to make her understand that he knew of her greater love for Spencer. He tried to make her see that she was right and that he had been wrong.

"I'm going away," he said. "We can't both of us stay on, here. It's up to me to get out. I am glad, for your sake, that he is coming back to you. I was a blind fool and I shall not stay here to remind you of my folly."

Hattie Lou turned to him and had he watched her closely, he would have seen how foolish his own words were. He would have seen the love in her eyes, the hurt in her warm lips. Her voice was low.

"I don't want you to go away. You must stay here to meet your brother. They all need you far more than me."

They said no more, for though Hattie Lou longed with all her soul to tell this man of her deception, of her lies, she dared not. She could not bear the thought of the horror that must come in those eyes that had been hurt so much already. She could not bring more suffering to him. After a while, he rolled his chair away.

Then came days of waiting. Telegrams began to arrive from San Francisco, from Chicago, from Buffalo. And then it was the day of the arrival home of the long-lost wanderers.

The house had been decorated, friends had gathered and no word had been sent to Spencer of his wife. That was to be his surprise. The old people were here and there like children, eager with suppressed excitement. They could not see the wan cheeks of Hattie Lou. Grant spent little time in the house. He rolled his chair under the trees and smoked his pipe and closed his eyes.

It was late afternoon and they were expecting the arrival any moment, now. Everyone was nervous and they all watched the turn where the road entered the Van Gore Estate, for all the world like a great crowd of children. Hattie Lou came down when they called her, not quite sure why she did not slip away in the fast approaching night, yet realizing that she could not leave all this, these people whom she had learned to love so. She must face them, face her accusers and tell the truth. Then would be plenty of time to go. Then they would send her away and she could end it all, somehow. Some old strain of honor, of fairness held her to pay the piper, to harvest her folly, a harvest of tinsel where she had thought lay gold.

Grant came to her and touched her icy hand. She drew it away sharply and then they came around the turn and people yelled and cried and she could see Spencer standing up in the open car waving.

Mrs. Van Gore ran to her son and caught him in her arms. He kissed her and then he took the hand of his father. Grace was there with her cold dignity, offering her cheek to her mother and her fingers to her father. Back of her was Travers Dale. There were brief words of the shipwreck, of their exile on a little visited island to which they had drifted on a life

raft. There had been the long, long wait for a steamer and then—home. It was then that Mrs. Van Gore led her son aside.

"I have a great surprise for you, my son," she said. "Come."

She led him toward the palm where Hattie Lou was seated, apart from the rest, waiting as a condemned man awaits the hour of his execution. Grace and Travers Dale followed curiously and all three stopped for a moment to greet Grant, who passed them and went on. Hattie Lou was infinitely thankful that he had not stayed to witness the farce.

"And now for the surprise, Spencer," exclaimed Mrs. Van Gore. "Whom do you think is here?"

Spencer shook his head and his mother could keep it no longer.

"Your wife is behind those palms," she said, and hurried away.

For a moment, Spencer Van Gore stared after his mother, wondering, perhaps, if she had not suddenly become insane. Then he thrust back the palm and stared in at Hattie Lou. He whistled softly and stepped out of sight. Grace and Travers Dale waited.

Hattie Lou looked at this man calmly and he began to search his memory.

"I've seen you somewhere," he said.

She made no answer and after a time, he remembered. "By Gad! You here posing as my wife!"

There was a snicker behind him and Spencer turned to face Grace and Travers Dale, both of whom had recognized the girl even before he had. Spencer smiled a crooked smile.

"Not a word out of either of you," he warned his sister and friend, and then he turned back to Hattie Lou.

"My dear," he said, "this is a pleasure that is beyond my fondest dreams," and with that, he leered meaningly at her.

She arose and the repulsion in her eyes was but thinly veiled.

"Go on," she cried, "Tell them! I am waiting for that!"

But Spencer Van Gore shook his head. "You came here yourself and you've evidently found things pretty much to your liking. Thought I was done for, eh?

Pretty clever kid, you are. This is going to be interesting."

Grace left them with a shrug of her shoulders and Travers Dale watched with a new gleam in his eye. Here was fair prey.

"If you do not tell them, I will," Hattie Lou declared, and Spencer laughed.

"That would be rather hard after what you've been, wouldn't it?"

Supper was announced and with a show of mock courtesy, Spencer offered his arm. With quiet dignity, Hattie Lou accepted it.

The meal was a bitter and terrible thing to the girl, but she forced herself to smile and only Grant was able to see the suffering beneath those tired eyes.

Later, sitting about the fire in the open hearth of the drawing room, while tales of the shipwreck were being told and much good liquor was being consumed, Hattie Lou arose and slipped away to her room. She removed her clothing and in her sheer nightdress, tossed wretchedly on her couch, wooing the fickle goddess of slumber. She arose, after a time and switched on the light. She propped herself in bed with great, downy pillows at her back and she tried to read. But this, too, was impossible and she tossed the magazine to the floor. Then her door was thrust open and Spencer Van Gore entered the room.

Hattie Lou drew her nightdress about her throat and it seemed that an icy hand was creeping out toward her. She dared not think what lay before her. She saw Spencer lock the door and remove his coat. She tried to scream as he came toward her, an ugly smile on his lips, but only a weird, half-strangling cry came from her parched lips. Spencer touched her bare arm.

There was a flood of light in the room and Grace stood in the doorway of the adjoining room. With a little cry, Hattie Lou flung aside the hand of the man and ran to Grace.

"Don't let him touch me," she cried, "Don't let him touch me."

Some long-forgotten tenderness, some kindred depth of feeling roused in the breast of Grace and she placed an arm about the trembling girl.

"You always were a fool, Spence," she said, and she led Hattie Lou into her own room and locked the door.

In Grace's room, Hattie Lou sobbed brokenly and Grace let her alone. At last she grew calm and the two women sat down together. Hattie Lou found herself telling Grace the whole miserable story and, perhaps, Grace understood better than Hattie Lou imagined, for she said no word of condemnation.

"I reckon these few months of happiness were coming to you," Grace said at last. "You didn't have a very good time as a kid, did you? It was clever of you to come here and I'm not blaming you, but you'll have to learn to pay the piper."

"I'll go away tomorrow," Hattie Lou said, and she and Grace slept side by side, strange bedfellows, even for a night.

Hattie Lou, astir early the next morning, saw Grant sitting in his chair under the somber trees. She would have passed on but he called to her.

"Hattie Lou," he said, when she was at his side, "I cannot stay as I thought. I am leaving soon for the West, where I shall spend the rest of my life—alone."

She laid her hand on his shoulder as she answered. "No, Grant, you are not going away but I am! I have lived a great lie and some day you will understand. But I have loved all of you, so. Promise me, Grant, promise me that no matter what they may say, you will always know that—that I—I love you!"

She dared not stay and she turned to flee. Even his call did not deter her. She ran toward the house and her cheeks flamed. She stepped into a summer-house and confronted Travers Dale. Apparently, he had been watching her. He would not let her pass.

"Just a moment," he said. "I don't know what your little game is, but I do know you. Remember, too, that I tried to be nice to you back there on the car that time and you would not let me."

Hattie Lou tried to draw away but the man would not let her. He laughed as she struggled in his arms. He knew that she dared not protest.

It was then that an arm reached out and clutched the shoulder of Travers Dale, spinning him about. He faced Grant Van

Gore, sitting in his wheel chair, his cane in his lap, his eyes like bits of clear steel. He shook Travers as he would a child and then he threw him from him. Hattie Lou was gone and Grant quietly turned the chair in its tracks and rolled himself slowly toward the house.

It was late afternoon and Grace and Hattie Lou were together. The little grip was packed and all was ready for Hattie Lou to slip away. She was going back to Farm Center, to the little town within the gray horizon.

"Tonight you will stay with me," Grace said, "and I will help you slip away in the morning. If Grant loves you, he will come to you wherever you may be."

After dinner, Grace stole quietly up stairs and found that Hattie Lou had already retired. She had not been down to the evening meal. Grace locked the door as she came out, fearful against a recurrence of the events of the previous night. Then she went downstairs. The family sat quietly enough through the evening and at last they began to yawn. Doctor Gregg arose to leave.

"I smell smoke," he said, and all were immediately conscious that they had been smelling it for some time without giving it heed.

"Believe I'd investigate," warned the doctor.

Peter Van Gore rang for the butler but though they waited some minutes, he did not appear. By this time they were thoroughly alarmed and they all trooped out toward the kitchen. A wave of smoke greeted them and turned them back. The figure of Roberts, the butler, fought its way through the smoke. He was choking and after a time, he gasped that the whole of the basement was afire. Mrs. Van Gore slipped down unconscious into the arms of her husband. Doctor Gregg turned and helped to revive her.

"We'd better get out," warned old Peter, and they carried the woman to the lawn in front of the house.

A servant was sent flying to the next estate to telephone for help. The wires were already burned in two, inside. Then old Peter went white.

"Where is Grant," he cried.

The house was beginning to blaze, but

Grace and Doctor Gregg ran inside and fought their way through the smoke and fumes to the library. They found Grant sitting there in his chair, waiting.

"I thought you'd come after a while," he said, and added, "But I really didn't care, very much."

They rolled him from the house and out onto the lawn where a group of neighbors had gathered. A bucket brigade was being formed and then with a roar, a motor car drew up and Spencer and Travers Dale leaped to the ground.

"Everybody out?" cried Spencer.

It was then that Grace screamed.

"Hattie Lou! Oh, merciful God! I had forgotten! She's still in there and she's locked in my room."

There was a dead silence and everyone turned to Spencer. He allowed his head to droop. Travers Dale smiled, but an old man accosted young Van Gore.

"Your wife's in there. Ain't ye agoin' after her?"

Spencer seemed not to hear. He stared at that burning house and people whispered. They were holding back old Peter, who would have gone at once.

At the edge of the group, Grant had seen and had heard. He watched his brother and he knew that Spencer would not go. He gripped the sides of his chair and they crumbled beneath the steel of his fingers. Great beads of sweat stood out on his brow. His lips were parched.

"Oh, God," he cried, "Make me a man again, just for tonight."

And a loving and a kind God heard, or perhaps you prefer to believe with Doctor Gregg, that at last, Grant had willed to get up. He arose and people fell back before him. A woman fainted and somewhere a man swore. An old woman dropped to her knees. The fire lit it all up and played on his face and people sobbed aloud.

Into that door of hell he walked and disappeared. Heads were bowed, and more than one prayer went up to Almighty God.

Grace went to the side of Spencer. "You coward!" she cried.

Then she collapsed and was taken away.

Spencer Van Gore's face twitched and his eyes burned. He saw men and women

kneeling about him, praying for Grant who had gone where his craven soul had refused to go. He saw his own life in that brief moment that God gives us to see ourselves as others see us. At last he understood. He sprang forward and before any hand might stop him, he was inside the blazing house. Back in the crowd, someone cheered.

Grant, with his new found strength, had taken the stairs to the second floor in a few great leaps and at the locked door of Grace's room, he hurled himself against the heavy woodwork. Again and again he threw his weight against the door until it fell in with him and he stumbled into the smoke filled room.

He found Hattie Lou lying beside her bed and he stooped and picked her up in his arms. He staggered from the room into the hall and everywhere flames were licking at him. He held her close and stumbled on. At the top of the stairs, he stumbled and fell. He saw a body lying there. He heard a voice. In that fiery hell, he stopped.

"Spencer," he cried.

"I tried to come, old man," cried the other. "A beam fell and smashed me. I'm done for. Go on with her."

"No, no," cried Grant, "I'll come back for you. She is your wife. I'll come back for you."

Spencer shook his head and tried to smile. "She's not my wife, Grant," he said, "She's one of the few good women in the world and I believe that she loves you. For God's sake, go before it is too late. Look, the stairs are going."

And scarce understanding, Grant staggered to his feet and half stumbled, half fell down the crumbling steps and out of the burning house. Willing hands took the burden from his arms and then, he collapsed.

They carried Grant and Hattie Lou away and inside of the burning house, the floors fell through with a crash that you could hear for miles.

Old Judge Landon used to say, on the occasion of his monthly visit to Farm Center for court day, that the best thing about a romance was the happy ending. And I, somehow, figure that he ought to know, for he married Hattie Lou and

Grant, some months later in the little court room where he dispensed justice with one hand and pulled at his stubby mustache with the other.

Outside, spring was in the air and birds were coming north for the mating season. There was a promise of fruitage in the blossoming orchard of Miss Harkness. The sun was warm and a hound dog lay stretched in the center of the road beside the station.

The Limited whistled and people stopped

their several daily tasks to watch it whiz past Farm Center as it had done for the last twenty years. But a peculiar thing happened. The Limited halted and two people climbed aboard the last car. Then it went on.

Hattie Lou and Grant stood on the rear platform and the lights of Farm Center were beginning to come on as they slipped away toward the West and a golden honey-moon.

INDIVIDUAL LIBERTY

BY SHELDON Krag JOHNSON

ALL the hope of the future, all the promise of evolution, all the meaning of Life lies in Individual Liberty.

Individual liberty is a principle of universal application. It is an intrinsic right inherent in the essence of Man. It is the pristine state of unconditionedness.

Man, in his internal administration, blindly tries to set this at naught. Boldly, in the name of God, the Common Good or Expediency man lays down laws in denial of this. Secretly in fear, greed and self-righteousness he is motivated, developing as his alibi some unimpeachable proper name with a capital letter.

Individual liberty is subject to attack on a thousand sides. Because it is something man is innately in possession of, organized defense on its behalf can only begin when a specific attack has been made.

Many are the forms this attack has taken in the past; superstition and the bowing before false gods; vandalism and the extinguishment of learning; conquest and the imposition of machine-like uniformity upon the individual; greed and the bondage of slavery; the identification of church and state and the coercion of man's thought.

Today the imperialist fears it as the death knell of imperial power. The autocrat in the home bans it for it is the enemy of personal rule. The communist flees from the tyranny of capital only to embrace the bloody Commune. The pseudo-humanitarian exalts Brotherhood and smothers the individual liberty of the brother in the hood. The religious fanatic counsels submission to the will of God and sets himself up as the Loud Speaker of the will of an almighty made in his own image. The despotic reformer institutes censorship for the common good and then tells the "commoners" what that good shall be.

Those who seek their power on the side of the Many, defame Individual Liberty as identical with a devil-take-the-hindmost Separatism.

Those who play a lone hand for personal power, hide their separatistic acts beneath the folds of individual freedom. The opportunist plays both ends against the middle according to the expediency of the moment.

And these all believe that the Statue of Liberty in New York Harbor is really the "come-on" for all the poor fools in the Old World who still think that the original of American Hokum is something other than—just that.

Throughout the age-old struggle of man's pilgrimage back to his eternal home, the Beast, the Anti-Christ, symbol of aggressive error, has had but one objective,—to thwart, defeat, discourage, distort and dismay man's realization of the Divine Spirit of Individual Liberty.

We are already entered upon the last phase of this struggle. Relight the torches,—speed the runners who carry the brands.

"UNKNOWN" WOMEN OF FILMLAND

Number Four of a Series

BY ALICE EYTON

IN exploring the intricacies of any big scenario department one comes across certain personalities that have no definite, classified niche, however definite their opinions may be regarding the art-industry of picture-making. These are advisors, helpers, apprentices—whatever role they are called upon to play by the powers whose interest has brought them into the studios. They are learning and giving, building up ideas and observing technicalities. They have in a large measure, the future of the industry in their hands: because that future is going to depend, more and more, upon the mentalities that are growing up in the game—upon young people who will gain inside knowledge of every department of picture-making, whose minds are fresh enough to supply those elements of daring and originality that the shop-worn worker sometimes lacks.

In this interesting non-classified class is Miss Vianna Knowlton, of Lasky's, a young girl whom William de Mille sometimes calls his "imaginative instinct."

Miss Knowlton wrote her first play at ten years of age, and, being rather greedy of fame, directed it, and cast herself for the leading role. She attended the Girls' Latin School, belonged to the Class of 1917 at Radcliffe College—A. B. 1917, worked there in Professor

Baker's play-writing course, and for six years acted in the 47 Workshop Co. of Harvard. After college she wrote and directed pageants in and around Boston, was director of dramatics for a year with the Girls' City Club of Boston, and, embarking on "The Great Adventure," came to California in 1920, equipped with short money and high hopes, also with a letter of introduction from Professor Baker to Mrs. Flebbe (Beulah Marie Dix) of Lasky's.

Naturally Mrs. Flebbe discouraged her moving-picture ambitions as conscientiously as any other writer who had battled through to success would do; but she introduced her to Miss Frances Harmer (better known for her popular magazine stories than for her really serious work of helping and training aspiring authors); and the trio became such good friends that it grew increasingly difficult for Miss Knowlton to intrude the subject of business into their intercourse. At the same time her little stock of money was dwindling away, and being scantily replenished by the (to her) arduous work of typing. She was living at the Hollywood Girls' Studio Club, and wondering if she could hold out, when she won third prize in the Ince Prize Story Competition. A little later Miss Harmer, in truly feminine fashion, tele-

phoned her to put on a becoming hat and come down to the Lasky Studio. Here she met William de Mille, who, after exploring her mind a little, gave her a tentative engagement in his unit. She received another check for the sale of an original story, worked on the continuity (with Hazel MacDonald) of Rita Weiman's story "After the Show," and was then taken off writing in order to learn more about picture-making.

As William de Mille explained, when discussing Miss Knowlton, he does not need to study masculine reactions to his picture work, as he already knows those; but he is, more or less, dependent on his women workers to be able to arrive at feminine re-actions. And Vianna Knowlton, according to this master of the finer screen dynamics, is so sensitive that he frequently gets her re-actions to his scenes before she even expresses them in words. For this reason he keeps her at his side during the shooting of every scene in his plays. Thus, while forced to abandon her writing for a time, she is learning photoplay technique in the best school in the world—under a competent and experienced director, who has the vision that causes him to value the nuances of the feminine mind. And, speaking of the several young girls in his unit, William de Mille maintains that a sensitive imagination can compass experiences of life that are entirely foreign to the personality possessing such imagination. When, added to this element in his pictures, he has had the good fortune to secure a brilliant mind like Clara Beranger's to work on his continuities, and has the acumen to utilize

these aids, we can see why his pictures are "different."

Besides the work she accomplished before coming into the picture field, Miss Knowlton has illustrated two fairy tales: "Forest," and "Beyond the Woodland," and has another illustrated book being brought out by the Yale Press. So that her work on the set, in office, and in projection room, will not carry her too far from the literary world in which she has always lived, and moved, and had her being, she still surrounds herself with people who are actively interested in literature, and the world outside Moving Pictures. As stated in a previous article, her house-mates are Lucille de Nevers, Scenario Head at the Robertson-Cole studios, and Hazel MacDonald, of the "Herald." During her absence East (with the William de Mille unit, and visiting her people) she will be missed by the little circle who gather for lunch at "Betty's" place, and who discuss everything under the sun, from polyandry to the Methodist Vote, and who are striving mightily to save their mentalities from destruction at the hands of the Philistines of Filmland.

It has often been said, by girls who would give their right eye to get a chance to work out their destinies within the studios, that Vianna Knowlton is mighty lucky to get into the game under such favorable auspices. But it must be borne in mind that, if Vianna had not had the training and accomplishment back of her, she'd have scarcely interested such inveterate seekers of real talent as Mrs. Flebbe, Miss Harmer, and William de Mille. The latter,

indeed, would not have engaged her if he had not surmised that she might possess a quality a little higher and finer than mere talent—that quality that flashes here and there around the commonplace world, lighting up obscure meanings into definite symbols, interpreting the commonplace into terms of human psychology, so that the meanest can read his own history therein, and proving itself the superior of any other one quality possessed by the human race. To develop this quality, if she possesses it, Miss Knowlton is willing to put aside the thing she loves most—her writing—to stand hour upon hour on the set while a picture is being shot (and, if you think that isn't tiring work, try it some day), to keep her mind ever on the alert for the meaning of each scene, for its place in the whole continuity, for the possible ways in which it falls short of its intent, and to battle with her own personality whenever it stands in the way of her purpose. That is one aspect of the situation; another covers the whole field of girlish pleasures which must be given up in this most exacting business. And the rewards?—They have not been settled yet; but, apart from financial returns, which, in the beginning are so small as to be negligible, they will probably have to do with the politics, the sociology, and the evolution of the human race. For the day is certainly dawning when the screen must cover a wider field than that of mere physical sensationalism—must express the soul of our peoples, or perish through plethoric box offices. Which latter statement is a subtlety for each person to read as he may. Suffice it to say here that fortunes are easily made and lost, but to keep a steady hand at the helm of a plunging ship requires more strength than is given by the things that are bought with gold. And the turbulent sea of life is beginning to rock the Moving Picture Ship.



“IF a man does not keep pace with his companions, it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away.”—Henry David Thoreau.

“WHAT, then is the object, what the method, of an art, and what the source of its power? The whole secret is that no art does ‘compete with life.’ Man’s one method, whether he reasons or creates, is to half-shut his eyes against the dazzle and confusion of reality.”—Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE SCREEN STORY OF THE FUTURE

BY VICTOR SEASTROM

Noted Motion Picture Director

[**EDITOR'S NOTE:** *Victor Seastrom has been called by many "the Griffith of Sweden," and is without doubt one of the foremost directors of the world. Although motion pictures have not advanced as far in Europe as they have in America, Mr. Seastrom has brought to the screen many unusual, artistic ideas; and now that he has come to America to direct for the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, with all the facilities of that mammoth studio at his command, it is certain that he will outdo his previous efforts in film drama. What he has to say concerning adaptations and stories written direct for the screen is worth careful thought.*]

A GREAT deal of concern has been given the screen story of the future. Within the past twenty years screen story telling technique has made astonishing development and progress.

It may be said that telling a screen story is an art within itself. And being such, it is rapidly developing its own artists.

Since the invention of the written word it has been used as almost the exclusive means of conveying ideas. Since the advent of the film this condition has been changed.

It must always be remembered that literature and the cinema are two absolutely distinct mediums. For instance, Henryk Ibsen would have been a great screen writer because he was a great technician in the building up of his dramas. He developed his stage technique through years of mental discipline, and he was able to produce a subtle play like "The Master Builder" only after those years of technical development. But had Ibsen not been a great technician we would never have had his dramas at all. It was

his technique that first attracted attention.

So it will be with the screen story of the future. It will be written always with the screen in view, its character delineation, its emotional grasp, its technique will be handled by writers who have observed life and who depict it in such a way that it will follow in natural sequence as does a play by the great Norwegian mentioned above.

As an example of great screen writing I wish to refer to that gem of the screen, "The Girl I Loved." This story in its original conception, merely had the germ of an idea. The beloved Indiana poet merely wrote a fragmentary sketch.

The story as filmed belongs entirely to the man who adapted it for the screen, or, to be more concise, who built it up and made a completely human story of it.

When a great novel is filmed, much of its success depends upon its adaptation. The writer of the continuity must have to an unlimited extent, the visualizing power of the writer of the novel. The novelist, quite properly, keeps within the confines of his own artistic medium.

Now if the screen writer of the future combined the talent of the novelist—the visualizing power, with his own screen technique, he would, by combining as it were, the two mediums—be the great modern story teller.

Figures are always disconcerting, but at this day, the giant masters of the written word are not read by the vast majority of the world's population. Discriminating readers are developing each year, and more and more splendid books are being written and read in all languages. This is a hopeful sign and cheering to all lovers of books.

But the screen, depending as it does in its appeal to the imagination through suggested motion, is at present, and will no doubt remain, for a century or two, the universal language.

Literature has passed through many varying phases. The films will do likewise. Too many producers now and then mistake art for magnitude, forgetting that art is simple and unobtrusive. Gold neither makes an heiress nor a motion picture beautiful.

The writer for the screen, along with the director, should remember that the quality that makes his story stand out is the something deep within himself. He will, along with the great writers of all time, have the capacity for joy and sorrow far beyond the ordinary measure meted out to average individuals. It will be, as Goldsmith said, "the source of all his bliss and all his woe" but it will be that something which makes him an individual writer.

No art can exist without a large

amount of creativeness, imagination or inventiveness, or whatever you wish to call it. The artist who paints, the artist who weaves beautiful sounds in music, the artist who portrays souls—each and all must add something of himself—as the screen writer must do.

Many men have arisen in literature who have taken high places without having a great command of the written word. This is because they were immensely gifted in visualizing power and vitality. These men could not have succeeded as writers for the screen for the reason that the latter is so involved. There is no doubt but that as it develops in the years to come it will afford even greater and greater opportunities for many different kinds of writing talent. But, there will always be a certain amount of technique required. The very nature of the screen story commands it. Many writers of the written word acquire technique with no proper background of experience behind it. Naturally, their work has neither depth nor vision.

This is a pitfall the screen writer must avoid. If he wishes to write real screen stories, he must have lived a full life. He must bring sincerity to the screen, and a deep understanding of life. Charles Chaplin is able to register a marvelous pathos on the screen for the reason that his life was early touched with pathos—and he never forgot it.

The screen writer must first of all have something to say, and secondly, the vitality and sincerity that will enable him to say it in a deeply human way. But technique is vastly essential. It is the cornerstone

upon which his story must be built.

The written word, centuries-old, has produced many great writers. By the time the art of the film has reached its fiftieth anniversary it too will have many distinguished names upon its lists.

All great stories are based upon fact. It is woven into the web of imagination according to the artistic power of the writer. A great many of the things we know are learned through imagery and symbolism. The screen is the most perfect of mediums to get these things in their simplest forms to the audiences of the world, who in many cases have not had the opportunity, and in others, the intellectual capacity, to appreciate the greatest fiction.

The writer of the screen story, dealing in symbols, imagery and action, visualizing with accurate power and precision has even a greater opportunity for intellectual world service than the writer of fiction and drama in its present forms. His audience is so much larger that there is at present no comparison.

Therefore I feel that the screen of the future is apt to make room in greater measure for the original story written by screen dramatists who have studied the technique of the screen.

By combining creativeness with technique the screen writer of the future will rank high. His audience, being world-wide, will enable him to talk in a world language that will be easily understood.

THE NEXT ISSUE

DO you know the ten greatest persons in motion pictures? What ten persons have contributed the most to the advancement of the Eighth Art? Beginning with the August number THE STORY WORLD will inaugurate a series of articles written by a man who has been a member of the motion picture profession since its infancy, in which these questions will be answered. The opening article will tell you who is undoubtedly the man responsible for motion pictures, and consequently the most noted figure in the profession, but it will also offer a condensed history of the screen art, covering the early inventions and showing who have made possible this great medium of expression. Every writer should know the contemporary history of his profession, and we are certain that you will not wish to miss even one of these fascinating articles.

In addition to this feature THE STORY WORLD will, of course, be brimming over with the usual inspirational, constructive articles that help the creative writer along the road to success. Another model photoplay and a picture story will be listed in the table of contents; and, last but not least, Carl Clausen, whose work is so well known to STORY WORLD readers, will offer his opinion in the merry controversy now going on between the Conservative school of writers and the Modernistic group known as the Young Intellectuals.

In other words, the August STORY WORLD will more than uphold its usual high standard.

PRIZE WINNERS ANNOUNCED

THE STORY WORLD'S Criticism Contest, which has just ended, has undoubtedly been of great benefit to the thousands of competitors. Nothing can be of more benefit to the student of photoplay writing than the analyzing of the photoplay and the setting down thereafter on paper of the good and bad points of the production. In fact, the contest editors themselves learned much from reading the manuscripts that flooded their desks.

A large number of contestants, of course, as is usual, misinterpreted the rules. Many excellent criticisms were thrown out because they exceeded the word limit, while others were criticisms of photoplays not based upon "original" stories, and consequently did not come under the heading, "The Best Original Photoplay I Have Seen Since January 1, 1923." There was also the usual sprinkling of cynicism and sarcasm—in other words, destructive criticism, which can never be of value either to the writer or to the reader. These, however, were in the small minority.

The first prize of \$25.00 was awarded to Mary H. Strader, 1145 Randolph St., Oak Park, Ill., whose criticism of "Back Home and Broke," an original photoplay by

George Ade, showed a firm grasp of film technique, combined with an unusual ability to analyze.

Second prize, \$15.00, was awarded to C. W. Ladd, Los Alamitos, Calif. Mr. Ladd's review covered John M. Stahl's unusual photoplay, "The Dangerous Age," which has been acclaimed not only by many of our contestants, but also by some of the most noted dramatic reviewers of the country, as one of the really "big" productions of the year.

The third prize of \$10.00 goes to Melnotte C. Wade, 417 Cottage St., Hot Springs, Ark., whose criticism of Henry Symonds' original photoplay, "Forget-Me-Not," was convincing, accurate and handled with real literary dexterity.

The contest editors are convinced, after noting the enthusiasm of those who participated in this contest of critical ability, that the original story embodies much more appeal to the spectator than does the adaptation. It is also interesting to note that the three plays commented upon by the prize winners rank very high as box office successes, thus proving that the public likes, first of all, a story that has been written directly for film production and not one that has been borrowed from a sister art.



THIS MONTH'S "PICTURE STORY"*

"THE BIG TOP"

BY JOHN WILLIAM WARFEL

HAWKERS' cries and lions' roars, flying flags and tramping feet, rainbow balloons and pink lemonade, soft sawdust and hard seats. That's circus day. While the whole country dangled legs from precarious seats and breathlessly awaited the first blare of the crimson-coated band, the Javette Flying Four, Defiers of Death, sat in their dressing tent. Jean Javette, clown, painted extra twists of merriment at the corners of his mouth. His twin daughters, Dale and Rhoda, in tights and spangles, sat before their trunk, Rhoda admiring what she saw in her mirror and Dale practicing finger exercises on a dummy keyboard.

"Bad stuff, Gilbert." Javette spoke anxiously to Rhoda's husband who stood beside him.

Gilbert, who had been gazing furtively at Dale for some time, shifted his eyes and looked quizzically at the clown.

"This music business," Javette resumed.

"Oh-h," Gilbert muttered unconcernedly and returned to his absorption in Dale.

"Gil!" Rhoda spoke sharply.

He turned nonchalantly and walked over to where she sat.

"Gilbert Sears!" she whispered fiercely, "you've got no eyes for anybody but her!"

"What you going to do about it?" he returned insolently.

The wardrobe woman passed through and stopped a moment beside Javette.

"She's Myra over again," he said, nodding his head at Dale, who was totally oblivious to everything but the keyboard in front of her.

"I've got to stop it before it's too late," and he stepped determinedly to her side.

"You're a renegade to your profession, Dale. You think of nothing but music. That's the way your mother went. I won't see you go the same way. You've got to throw this contraption out and forget it. When you're under the canvas you can't be thinking of two things. You've got to keep your mind on your work or you are lost."

As he turned away Dale stared after him as if she could not believe her ears.

"Why—why—Dad," she began, her lips quivering.

The wardrobe woman went over to her.

"It's the one thing I want to do," the girl sobbed. "Why should I have to quit music? What does he mean when he says I'm going like my mother?"

"My dear, years ago your father and mother did a flying leap together but your mother never had her heart in her work. The one

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thing she cared for was music and you have inherited her love for it. One day when you and Rhoda were about five years old you were allowed to go out with the parade. You disappeared and they found you in a music store begging for more music. You had heard a piano as the parade passed by. Your mother then insisted that you be given instruction each winter when the circus went into winter quarters. You took to it eagerly and you and your music were your mother's pride. But in her own work she took less and less interest. One day she took her leap half a second too late. She didn't miss your father's fingers by half an inch but that was enough. They picked up her broken body sixty feet below. Oh Lord, child, don't blame your father. Pity him. He never did aerial work again, though he was a famous trapeze artist. He took on Gilbert Sears, trained you twins to act with him, and he himself took to clowning, poor fellow, tumbling around, making faces and cracking jokes while his heart was breaking. You can't blame him for wanting you to give up music when you know what happened to your mother."

"I can see how Dad feels," said Dale, "but why not give up the trapeze instead of music, if I can't do both. Music is in me, like it was in mother. I can't give it up. Why can't he understand?"

"It's his pride in the act. It was his and your mother's before you, and now with his children in it, well, it seems to belong to the family. Like a possession. And then he has been under the canvas all

his life. He can't see anything else. But don't think I'm not sorry for you. I am. But don't fret. Maybe there'll be a way, somehow."

Out in the big tent a trumpet blew and the Javette Flying Four leapt to their feet, and the great crowd leaned forward to catch the first possible glimpse of this much advertised attraction. Rhoda and Dale came dancing across the arena, Gilbert strutting pompously after them and Javette behind him aping his every step. Small boys shrieked and graybeards chortled at his antics but for all his grimaces the old clown kept his eyes anxiously upon Dale. The quartet took places beside the lift ropes, the announcer shouted, "The Javette Flying Four! They defy death!", the band burst into a deafening crash, the clown cut a final caper and ten thousand eyes bent their gaze upon the defiers of death. While Gilbert pulled Rhoda overhead, Javette took a somersault past Dale, listlessly awaiting her turn.

"Wake up!" he spoke sharply.

She started.

"Do you think you'd better go through with it?" he asked anxiously.

But Gilbert was already pulling her up. The audience leaned forward in gaping suspense, the act was going over big, but to the clown it seemed as if it would never end. Troubled by a persistent premonition he could not keep his eyes off of Dale, for all his horseplay. Her dark head up there so far above him almost touched the white top. Her body was not taut and tense like Rhoda's but drooped listlessly. As he looked up at her

imploringly, trying to catch her attention, he saw her arms begin a weaving motion, her fingers twinkling in the air as if they were strumming a keyboard. The audience took this for comedy and began to point and laugh.

Gilbert and Rhoda had already swung off and leapt and Gilbert having passed the nadir of his swing would certainly return before Dale could reach him. Javette jumped for the side guy line. The audience half rose and gave one gasp of horror, for Dale, an instant too late for her take-off, shot through the air. She came tumbling into the net, struck it in a twisted heap, rebounded and lay still. The clown, with the true showman's instinct of amusing the public at all costs, swung the unconscious girl across his shoulder and with tears trickling down his painted, grimacing face, trotted comically away toward the dressing room exit. The audience, coming to the conclusion that the whole business was part of the fun, laughed its delight at this finishing bit of hokum and chuckling, turned to watch Gilbert and Rhoda finish the act.

In the dressing room it was discovered that despite the nasty fall Dale had suffered nothing more than a sprained neck.

"You little minx," the wardrobe woman whispered as she massaged her, "I believe you put one over on us."

Dale looked away shame-faced.

"It was a mean trick to play on poor Dad, but I couldn't think of any other way."

When the manager came in to inquire after her he wanted to know

when she would be able to resume her act.

"Never," the old clown answered for her. "She's not going the way her mother went. I almost held out too long again. She's going to New York to study. Myra would want that."

"But how about your contract?" the manager objected.

"Contract be damned! If you think it will injure the show you can have whatever the court will allow you, but there'll be only three of us to finish the tour."

The following morning Gilbert entered the dressing room where Dale was packing.

"So you think you're going, do you?" he asked sullenly.

"I must. I can't keep my mind on my work and you know what that means with us."

"I tell you you're not going. I can't stand it here without you."

"I'm sorry, Gil. I'll miss you, too."

Angrily he grasped her shoulders and turned her round to face him.

"Don't pretend you don't understand me! You know I love you!"

"Gil! Aren't you ashamed of yourself!" she exclaimed. "What would Rhoda say?"

"But suppose there was no Rhoda."

He held her closer.

"Do you love me? Tell me!"

She flung him away.

"Don't say such things to me. Leave me this instant!"

As he slouched through one flap, Rhoda entered through the other.

"I heard you!" she cried to Dale as she sprang forward. "You rotten vamp! You cheap little thief!"

Why don't you get a husband of your own instead of trying to steal mine. It's a good thing you're leaving or I'd fix you—I'd let you through the net some day!"

Billie Templeton, dilettante artist, breezed into Professor Mazzini's studio one day. He found no one in the reception room, but from the next came the clear melody of Mendelssohn's Spring Song, exquisitely rendered. After the last note he called out:

"I say, Mazzini, old top, you're a bear on that little old thing; fairly makes one see the daisies beside the twinkling brook, what?"

He strode across the room, pushed the portieres airily aside with his stick and saw a girl at the piano.

"I humbly beg your pardon;" he bowed low, but did not retire. The girl was too pretty.

"I suppose I'll have to grant it after such a compliment," she smiled. "Ah, here is Professor himself."

"So, so, Mr. Billie," Mazzini shook his mane in that gentleman's direction, "taking up ze young lady's time, eh? She have no time to waste on idlers like you. Good afternoon."

"But not before you have introduced us," wheedled Billie. "That would hardly be proper."

"Miss Dale Javette," said Mazzini, "will you say good afternoon to Mr. Billie Templeton. So! Good-bye. I take you as far as ze door."

"But tell me, Mazzini, where did you pick up this prodigy?"

"She is ze mystery girl. She come to me only in ze winter for many year. Zis spring she leave

as always, come back again in two weeks and say she leave me no more until she become ze great artist."

"She's already that."

"But yes, and you are already too much interested," retorted the professor. "Go!"

"Begin!" he nodded to Dale and started his customary pacing up and down the room. But what was the matter with the girl? Such playing might be that of a beginner. He stopped her abruptly, wringing his hands.

"Listen, cheri, where is ze fairy blossom touch? I hear zum, zum! Elephants!"

Dale turned demurely.

"He's a very nice young man, don't you think so, Professor?"

Mazzini clutched his hair.

"Voila! Another career ruined!"

Out on the road things were not going well. The public resented the cut in the Flying Four. The manager threatened Javette with suit and the clown went about his fun-making with less and less heart. To add to his troubles he discovered one day that the end guy ropes of the life net were held together with but a few frayed strands. The ropes were new. Some one had deliberately cut them. When Gilbert and Rhoda went on Gilbert swung his hands a trifle too wide and Rhoda came tumbling to the net. Fortunately she landed fairly and was not hurt. When she climbed back for another try Gilbert scowled and later berated her for using bad judgment in her leap. Though he did not have evidence to charge Gilbert openly Javette was convinced that Gilbert was deliberately endangering Rhoda's

life. As if he did not have grief enough, the manager made good his threat and not only brought suit, but attached the troupe's bank accounts and withheld their salaries pending decision.

Rhoda wrote to Dale and Dale received the letter at the close of her practice hour while she sat waiting for Billie. He came every day now. She knew his step and the Spring Song was her signal to him that she was through and was waiting for him. While she was reading the letter she heard the studio door open. She brushed away her tears and began her customary greeting, but there was little spring in it.

Billie looked in, puzzled.

"What's wrong, little girl? That's not a spring song. Sounds like a bleak winter wind with a sob in it."

Dale's fingers trailed off into nothingness and her voice into tears.

"I've got to give up my music. I've just had a letter. There is no more money."

Billie laughed cheerfully.

"Is that all? I've got scads just lying around idle. You must let me help you."

Dale jumped to her feet.

"Do you think I would accept an offer like that?"

"Oh say, now, I didn't mean anything, honestly I didn't. Couldn't I fix it up with Mazzini, then, if you don't want to take it direct from me. Any way you say if you will only let me help you. Please."

She shook her head.

"It would be the same thing. Please go. I've got to find a way alone or quit."

Billie Templeton served tea in his studio oftener than he painted pictures. It was a favorite gathering place for his friends and Helen Van Court and her mother had a habit of dropping in quite often for a cup of Billie's celebrated brew. Billie's being a wealthy bachelor certainly detracted nothing from its flavor.

"Billie, I want you to paint some back drops for my Charity Bazaar."

Helen's voice had a note of ownership which always irritated Billie. Her mother gave him her most sugary smile and said, "My dear boy, you couldn't refuse Helen, I know."

"Gosh! I detest these charity things."

"But think of the good use your brush would be put to," gushed mother.

"And I must have a soloist, also," continued Helen coolly. "One good enough for a feature."

Billie's indifference changed into interest.

"What sort of a soloist?"

"Oh, instrumental or vocal, doesn't matter which, just so it's something exceptional."

"I know the very person for you, a most remarkable girl studying with Mazzini. She's a wonder."

Neither mother nor daughter fancied so much enthusiasm.

"Is she pretty?" Helen drawled.

"Very, and her talent is as extraordinary. She's in need of money and I'd like to finance her but she insists on making her own way. She hasn't made a public appearance yet but I think it could be arranged with Mazzini—for a price. Apt to be pretty steep."

"Dear me," Mrs. Van Court fidgeted, while Helen watched him narrowly.

"How very romantic," she purred, "and she wouldn't accept your assistance. Unusual for one of these poor art students. Or perhaps," she tried to laugh lightly, "she is merely clever and is playing for bigger game."

"She's a lady," said Billie stiffly. "There's no need for us to discuss her further."

"Oh," Helen quickly changed her tactics, "I certainly did not mean to infer anything else, silly boy. I'll be glad to put on your little charmer, Billie. How much do you suppose she'll ask?"

"Oh-h, two thousand, I should say."

"Heavens, that's a bit staggering, Billie."

"I'll tell you, I'll give you my check for that amount, then you make out a check to her."

"My word, Billie," Mrs. Van Court shrugged, "you are surely a persistent helper. Oh well, Helen, play the game that way if it pleases our dear boy. But I trust you won't carry this little romance too far, Billie. Deserving art students are not always as ingenuous as they look. So be careful," she nodded playfully, "and good-bye."

Helen's signature was hardly dry on the check before Billie was in Mazzini's studio waving it under the professor's nose.

"So, Papa Crab," he cried gaily, "instead of spoiling your mystery girl's career I'm going to help her stick with it."

"She was just telling me that she was going for good," said Mazzini.

"Zut! Zut! listen to her—Chopin's dirge!"

Billie slipped through the portieres and dropped the check upon the fingers picking out such mournful chords.

"That ought to put the Spring back into the Song," he laughed. "Leave off your dirge."

"What's this?" asked Dale. "I don't understand."

"You're going to play at the Charity Bazaar, Helen Van Court's latest stunt. That's her check in advance."

Dale sprang to her feet.

"Oh you're wonderful, perfectly wonderful!" and before either of them knew it had kissed him.

Billie turned dizzy.

"Dale!" he whispered and caught her in his arms.

She jumped back quickly.

"I didn't mean it that way," she stammered. "I was just so thankful. Please forget it. Please!"

"I don't want to forget it. I love you."

"But who is this Helen?"

"Never mind about Helen. It's you I want," and he held out his hands.

Dale shook her head.

"You don't know anything about me. You must wait, Billie—dear."

"I'd wait forever for that!"

Helen and her mother called on Dale the next day in regard to her numbers on the program. They had come hoping to find a clever adventuress. They found a demure girl. They tried by adroit questioning to find out something about her but she evaded all reference to herself. On the pretense that her hair was loosened Helen went to

Dale's dressing table in the next room. Dressing tables often hold family skeletons. True enough, on this one stood a photograph of the Javette Flying Four, Acrobatic Troupe, and beside it lay Rhoda's open letter.

Charmed by a circus girl! From Dale's the callers went immediately to Billie's studio and while her mother pestered Billie with "dear boys" and sly taps, Helen called up a theatrical agency. Jubilant with a new idea she joined her mother and Billie.

"Do you know, I've decided to work up a circus stunt with real circus entertainers. There's a circus just closing its season over at Brooklyne."

Jean Javette welcomed the final performance of the Flying Four. These weeks of anxiety had dragged by like so many years and left him old and broken. This evening, because it was the last, something of his old-time jollity had returned. The audience repaid his sallies with hearty laughter, that is, all except two women in a box. When he did a special tumble for them and they seemed more interested in identifying him on the program than in his act, he turned his back to them. He had no time for frozen faces. He rollicked over to the guy ropes to make his usual test and fell over them with extra awkwardness. One rope was all right but the other not only gave way but the stake itself fell over as if it had been only barely stuck in the sawdust. Javette looked up and saw Rhoda about to leap. In a frenzy he grabbed both guy lines, dug his heels into the ground and flung his whole

weight backward to tighten the sagging net.

"Damn you!" he called to Gilbert above him, "I'll kill you!"

But the band drowned his voice and every eye was upon Rhoda instead of a fool clown pretending to bear the whole weight of the act.

Rhoda leapt, Gilbert spread his hands and she came tumbling toward the net. Javette dug his heels and stiffened his body but the terrific jerk was more than flesh and bones could bear. Something snapped as he was jerked forward and he crumpled up on the ground. His glazed eyes looked about for Rhoda. He had saved her. She stood over him unhurt.

"Thank God," he whispered and fainted.

When the ambulance had taken him away Rhoda turned upon Gilbert.

"What's the idea, letting me drop like that?"

"I can't help it if you can't do your act, you awkward fool," he told her. To himself he was saying, "I'll get you yet. The old man, damn him, is out of the way now. Nothing can stop me."

Some one was asking for him. A young woman came forward.

"I am Miss Van Court and this is my mother. I understand that the circus disbands to-night. Now I want a good circus act for my Charity Bazaar and I was wondering if you would perform for us."

"Is it under canvas?" Gilbert asked.

"No, it will be in the Auditorium."

"That means that we would have

to work higher and without a net. It's very dangerous and worth a lot of money. We couldn't do it for less than two thousand dollars."

"All right," Helen agreed. "Come and see me to-morrow. I'll give you a check then."

She turned to Rhoda.

"Pardon me, but you look so much like some one I know. Do you happen to know Dale Javette?"

"She's my twin sister."

"Do you know Dale?" Gilbert brightened. "Some girl, I'll tell the world, and quite a musician, too, they say. You know she used to be in our act, but she was so crazy on music——"

"Gilbert!" Rhoda interrupted angrily, "Miss Van Court is not interested in our family history."

Miss Van Court smiled sweetly as the two glared at each other.

"I'll see you to-morrow, then, Mr. Sears."

The next afternoon when Gilbert went to the Van Court apartment, Rhoda went to the hospital. She found her father conscious, though suffering from severe internal injuries.

"But they don't worry me as much as expenses," he fretted. "What are we going to do for money? And there's Dale, too. Oh Lord, and I had looked forward so much to this day. My troubles never end."

"Never mind, Dad, we're booked for a performance at the Charity Bazaar. It's good money, but it ought to be. We'll have to work without a net."

"No! No!" he cried. "You mustn't try it. Rhoda, I hate to tell you,

but I've got to. I don't trust Gilbert."

"What do you mean?"

He told her of the frayed ropes, the loosened stake and Gilbert's spread hands.

"And he called me an awkward fool because I tumbled! He's had it in for me for a long time."

She recalled the scene between him and Dale before Dale left the circus.

"He's determined to get her," she thought bitterly.

"Rhoda," her father was saying, "I feel that I'll be leaving soon to join out with the Big Top out yonder—where your mother is, and I can't watch out for you any more. You'll take care of Dale, won't you? I want to see her before I leave."

Rhoda arose from beside him.

"I'll be careful," she kissed him hastily.

"And I'll take care of Dale," she muttered as she went out the door. "Oh yes, leave her to me."

In the meantime Gilbert's call upon Helen had taken an unexpected turn. She had given him the check for the act and he was about to leave when she said, "As Dale Javette is your sister-in-law, you are of course interested in her welfare."

Gilbert looked at her warily. What was the dame getting at?

"Dale has attracted a society man whom—well, to be frank in whom I am interested," she continued. "From what I have seen I gather that you would not care for this interest to go any further."

"I'll say this, that whoever comes between Dale and me will take the trail that doesn't lead back."

"Oh, don't put it so strongly as that. I have a simple plan. This man I speak of does not know that Dale has a twin sister. Suppose that I should bring him to your apartment on the pretense of consulting you about the entertainment, and suppose he should catch a glimpse, just a glimpse, of your wife——"

Gilbert grinned.

"I get you. But how about adding five hundred to this check?"

That evening Rhoda and Gilbert sat in their apartment, each watching the other covertly. How could she foil Gilbert and have her revenge upon Dale, thought Rhoda. How much had the old fool of a clown told Rhoda, thought Gilbert, and how much did she suspect.

There was a telephone call for Gilbert.

"That dame coming to talk over the act. You go doll up and when she's gone we'll go to a cabaret and celebrate with a little of the old girl's money."

Helen and Billie came shortly after and when they had talked over the act for a few minutes Gilbert went into the bedroom to get a photograph. He left the door open and revealed Rhoda in negligee combing her hair at her dressing table. Rhoda with the brush lifted above her head saw the face of the man in the other room staring at her in the mirror. As Gilbert passed her he patted her on the shoulder and closed the door after him. He found Billie on his feet, his face white.

"Why is that girl in that room?" he demanded.

Gilbert looked at him coolly.

"Why shouldn't she be there? She's my wife. Anyhow," he snarled, "what's she to you?"

"I beg your pardon," said Billie. "She looks so remarkably like some one I know."

They had not been gone long when Helen called him up again.

"You overplayed and made Mr. Templeton believe that he was really mistaken," she told him angrily. "Now at the performance have your wife wear a mask doing your act. When she goes off she will remove it as she bows and then exit hurriedly. Dale has a musical number just before your act. Everyone will think that the musician and the circus performer are one and the same, and Mr. Templeton will be convinced that he was not mistaken at your apartment."

"All right, but it's worth another five hundred. No? Then nothing doing."

"Very well," came rather faintly to him over the wire. "I'll write another check and bring it to you on the stage before you go on for your act."

"That's the stuff," Gilbert chuckled. "And say, I can't see why that guy's not keen on you. You're some queen yourself."

He laughed and turned away as he heard the receiver bang up at the other end of the line. Rhoda had just entered from the street.

"What do you know, Dale's on the same bill at the Bazaar. And say, this dame thinks it'll be more spectacular if you wear a domino during the act and whip it off for the grand courtesy. How about it?"

At the mention of Dale, Rhoda's eyes burned.

"I will not wear a domino," she said wilfully.

Then a secret idea struck her. "Oh, all right, I don't care," and she turned to hide a smile. "And I'm glad Dale's on the same bill with us."

The Bazaar had opened. Booths were running at full blast, the stage of the theater was all set for the novelty numbers and in another wing a miniature circus had sprung up. Gilbert Sears was looking over his aerial apparatus. While Helen Van Court was waiting backstage for Gilbert, Billie Templeton was looking for Helen to find out at what time the theater would open. When Gilbert returned from his final adjustments, Helen met him and handed him the additional check.

Gilbert boldly took her hand along with the check.

"You're some schemer, kid, and now I think you ought to come through with——"

"I've paid you enough," interrupted Helen, drawing back from him. "There'll be no additional check."

"It's not check, it's cheek I want. Come on, kid, a little kiss," and he caught her familiarly by the arm.

"How dare you!" cried Helen and pulled away.

"All right, the job's off."

"Surely you'll carry it through."

"No, it's off."

"And nothing else, I mean more money, will tempt you?"

"No, nothing else."

"Well, hurry."

With a triumphant leer, Gilbert caught her to him and kissed her not on the cheek but full on the lips.

"I beg your pardon," they heard behind them. "I did not mean to interrupt."

Billie Templeton was disappearing around a piece of scenery.

The theater had already filled up. Placards announcing "A marvelous, mysterious musical wonder. Ask Billie who she is," had done their duty. Dale appeared, she played, she conquered, and Billie's friends crowded around him demanding to meet his protege. A huge placard was now placed upon the stage: "The mystery solved in the grand arena. Bring Billie to see who his prodigy really is." Billie was angry. What was Helen pulling. While he was being escorted to a seat of honor by his laughing friends, Dale, to her great surprise met Gilbert behind the scenes.

"What in the world are you doing here? Where are Dad and Rhoda?"

"Rhoda is putting on an act with me and your father is in Stanford Hospital. He was hurt the last night of the circus."

"And you didn't let me know?"

She ran away without waiting to hear more, found a telephone and after some difficulty with the hospital office was allowed to talk to her father direct.

"Yes, isn't it strange. Here we all three are on the same bill. Gilbert and Rhoda are going on soon."

"Do you mean they are going to do their flying leap?" she heard him gasp.

"Yes, why not?"

There was no answer.

"Daddy, daddy, do you hear me?" she asked frantically. What was the matter? She ran back to her

dressing room. She would go to the hospital at once. But she found the property man waiting for her. The trapeze actress was sick and wanted to see her at once. Dale hurried to Rhoda, and found her limp and moaning in a chair.

"Oh, oh, this terrible pain in my side. I can't go on, Dale, and what 'll we do? We need the money so. Oh, oh, what'll I do?"

Dale was already changing her clothes.

"I'll go on for you. I was just starting for the hospital, but I'll go after the act."

"Here is the domino they want you to wear," whimpered Rhoda, and Dale was gone. She tipped to the door after her smiling maliciously. Revenge was sweet.

While Gilbert awaited his moment calmly and the figure in the mask sprang nimbly from trapeze to trapeze, a taxi pulled up at the stage entrance and a clown tottered through the door. Would he ever be able to make the distance which lay between door and stage? He shuffled forward inch by inch. The familiar crescendo of the band leading up to the final leap pounded in his ears. God Almighty, help him! There is Gilbert swinging head downward in the great arc, there is his girl ready to leap. He opens his mouth to cry out but his voice dies in his throat. Oh Lord! He flings himself forward with superhuman effort, his arms and legs shambling loosely in their weakness, his head wagging on his shoulders.

The crowd is attracted. Ho! Ho! a clown! Ha! Ha! that's a good stunt.

The clown falls, rises again, totters forward. The crowd roars. Once more the clown falls, rises again and looks up. He can't make it! He had hoped to get under and break the fall. He struggles forward. He can't take his eyes off her. There she is taking her last somersault, there her hands are reaching to meet Gilbert's, but that fiend has spread his apart, and there's no net beneath her! God in heaven! But look! The girl makes one wild clutch as she misses him. Then like lightning her arms shoot up and close around Gilbert's neck and hold tight. Gilbert clutches at her, tries to break her hold, but her arms close the tighter. He is choking. He tries to reach up and make the bar, but he can't make it. His knees begin slipping and he loses consciousness.

The old clown, with his head still thrown back, unable to take his eyes off of the horror above him, staggered forward until he stood beneath the two bodies. Bracing his legs and stretching out his arms he called to whom he thought was Rhoda to let go and drop. Rhoda herself, finally driven by her conscience, came running upon the stage. She saw Dale drop into her father's arms and both fall into a heap. She saw Gilbert's knees straightening and his body slowly sliding from the bar high overhead. She shrieked and ran forward with wide spread arms. The heavy body came crashing into them and two defiers of death had defied for the last time.

Billie and Helen were the first to reach the wounded clown and his daughter. Billie removed the dom-

ino from the white face of the girl.

"My God!" he gasped. "Dale!"

Helen made a desperate play.

"Her husband seems badly injured, too."

Dale stirred. Billie lifted her against his shoulder.

"Daddy? Where is he? I heard him calling me to drop."

The clown's lips moved. "Is that you, Dale?"

"I'm going out with the Big Top. I've wanted it so long but the great Ringmaster saved me for this. Where's Rhoda? It was a hellish plot. My children," he reached out feeble fingers and Billie and Dale clasped them.

A little later Billie asked Dale a question. "Are you able to tell me who the other girl and man are?"

"My twin sister and her husband."

He gathered her up in his arms and turned to carry her off the stage. Helen and her mother intercepted him.

"I just wanted to inquire about your little protege, dear boy," Mrs. Van Court simpered. "Weren't you surprised to find that she is as clever on the trapeze as the piano?"

"Surprised and proud," Billie answered.

"But Billie," said Helen, clutching at a last straw, "spangles and tights."

Billie looked at her slowly. She read in his glance her own few and brief clothes, the kiss she had sold to the trapeze man and the tragic and futile end to all her plotting. He walked away without a word, happiness in his arms.

One day in spring when all the world, like the Big Top, had come out of its winter quarters, Billie entered Mazzini's studio. The lightsome lilt of the Spring Song floated to him from the other room.

"Springtime in cheri's heart," said Mazzini.

Billie crammed the professor's hat on his head and pushed him toward the door.

"Go get some in yours, too, old top."

Billie went into the music room, sat down on the piano bench beside Dale and caught her fingers.

"There is only one piece I'd rather hear some one else play than you," he whispered. "Three guesses. It's a march and it's Mendelssohn's—and will you keep step with me?"



"THE first time I read an excellent book, it is to me as if I had gained a new friend; when I read over a book I have perused before, it resembles the meeting with an old one."—Oliver Goldsmith.

THE GOVERNMENT AGENT IN FICTION

BY LEMUEL L. DE BRA

Former Government Agent and Noted Writer

A FEW years ago when I was a "revenue man" back in dear old San Francisco, Harry Bedford-Jones roared into town one day with his two cars and entourage, and after engaging quarters and doing his morning stunt of ten thousand words he began looking the city over for material.

Some time later a friend told me to be sure to read a "corking San Francisco story" by H. Bedford-Jones in a current magazine. Said friend knew the author and had given him all the necessary "dope." He hinted that H. B.-J. had put me in the story.

I read the yarn with interest and astonishment. I, "Lemuel Blank, of the United States Internal Revenue Service" was trailing a beautiful dark-eyed woman who had smuggled in a lot of aigrettes!

Now this man Bedford-Jones stands something over six feet and has a pair of fists that in the space of ten years has utterly wrecked twenty-two full-grown, he-man typewriters. I, being a young chap with peaceful ways, have never considered it—er—advisable to mention this matter to his face. But since Bedford-Jones is now in New York on his way to England, and I am writing this in Florida for a magazine published in Hollywood, I'm going to expose him and his aigrettes.

Understand it wasn't the mention of the beautiful woman that riled me. In those days I was young and unattached; and if the aforesaid beautiful woman had been the proper sort I undoubtedly would have taken a proper gentlemanly interest in her; but in her aigrettes—never! As an Internal Revenue official I didn't even know what the dad-blamed things were!

I did know, of course, that smuggling

cases came under the jurisdiction of the customs people. So I went up-stairs to the offices of my friend Tidwell, then special agent of the customs for that district.

"Tell me," I said, "what kind of jewels are aigrettes?"

Tidwell stared, then laughed. "Jewels! You poor fish, they ain't jewels. They're feathers!"

Well, how was I to know? I was a perfectly honest "revenue man." I wasn't on speaking terms with either jewels or fine feathers.

The whole affair made me peeved. I decided that if a brilliant writer could turn out stories of the government service and get good money for them, perhaps a poor plodder like me with no talent but with a whole flock of hard-earned knowledge and experience had at least a fighting chance. So I started writing stories of the government service, using for my first efforts some of my own experiences.

My success surprised me. I found editors and readers keenly interested in my tales of the adventures of internal revenue and customs agents. I found editors particularly glad to deal with a writer who seemed to know his special field.

The United States Government is an organization whose activities are as varied and as intensely interesting as anything you can find in the business world. The extent of its organization, the number of personnel, the complexity and importance of its work, surpasses in fiction possibilities any other undertaking in the world.

And yet there have been very few good stories written around the work of our government. There have been still fewer photodramas. Here, then, is an immensely rich and almost virgin field awaiting the writer and the photodramatist.

Now I write these stories easily because I obtained my material by actual exper-

ience in the government service; but that is not necessary. There is a valuable mine of fiction and photoplay material in every government office. If you use a little tact and courtesy you can tap this mine.

When I wrote "Red Retribution," a story of the Department of Justice, published in Blue Book Magazine, I knew very little of the work of the D. J. agents; but I went to them and got all the material I needed. When I wrote "Moc Don Yuen Meditates," published in Popular Magazine, I went to the Customs agents for inside stuff on opium swindles. I have always found even the busiest operatives willing to help.

That many writers who try stories of the government service do not take this trouble to get their material accurate shows in the stories. The slip Bedford-Jones made was not by any means a horrible example. His error was no worse than many others that appear every now and then in fiction magazines.

Some time ago *Detective Story Magazine* published a novelette entitled "The Revenue Man." I happened to be a "revenue man" at the time, and I read the story. All through the novelette the "revenue man" was chasing jewels that had been smuggled in from Canada. Perhaps it was a good story, but with me it fell flat. I knew that any revenue man who spent his time chasing jewels would be fired. Such work belongs solely to the Customs agents.

And Secret Service! Ye, gods, what fiction blunders have been made in thy name! I have read stories of post-office robberies, white slave cases, smuggling cases, bolsheviki plots, bomb outrages, moonshiners, and even common every-day murders, in which the main investigator was a "U. S. Secret Service Agent." And right from Washington, too! Yes, sirree!

Now in real life, as any one can easily learn, these stern-jawed, eagle-eyed chaps with black hats are known as "operatives" and they have only two duties: running down counterfeiters, and guarding the President. There was a time, dating back to the Civil war, when Secret Service men did almost anything; but in the days of the good king Teddy each branch of

the government service was provided with secret agents of their own who became specialists in their particular line.

That's why I become a trifle impatient with stories, often by our best writers, wherein some omniscient character termed vaguely a "secret agent of the government," works through a series of tales involving almost everything in the catalogue of crime. One day this agent ferrets out a nest of blackmailers; next day he traps a rum-runner; then he solves a problem that requires an intimate knowledge of "dope" or counterfeit money; and so on.

Now this can be done, in fiction; but unless you want government men to laugh at your story, you want to know how to do it. Looking at the matter from a common sense point of view you will realize that, as a rule, the man who knows enough about counterfeit money to hold a job with the Secret Service wouldn't be worth his expense money working on a narcotic case. It takes months, yes years, to learn the detail of each department and the tricks of the clever rogues who violate the laws that particular department is supposed to enforce.

The department that comes the nearest to being an exception to this rule is the Department of Justice. And right here let me say, fellow scribes, there's your chance! The D. J. offices are bursting with thrilling stories almost ready-made and aching to be told. I don't pretend to know half the duties of a D. J. agent; the agent seldom knows, himself. This is one of the most fascinating and little known lines open to fiction writers and photodramatists. In war times, the D. J. man is about the whole cheese; and let me advise you not to tread on his toes at any time.

The Department of Justice, Bureau of Investigation, has certain specific duties charged against it, such as investigating so-called white slave cases, tracing stolen automobiles shipped inter-state, investigating alien anarchists, crimes committed on American vessels on the high seas, or on foreign vessels in American ports, and many others; but the D. J. man may be called upon at any time to help out or take entire charge of any government investigation.

Remember this, however: when the D.

J. takes over such an investigation they invariably employ special men with special knowledge. The regulars don't pretend to know it all—like the average government agent in fiction. These Special Employees may be given credentials, or they may be sent out to work "under cover." I remember a chap who was a confirmed opium smoker and who worked for the D. J. as a Special Employee. "Hitting the pipe" brought him into daily contact with a notorious gang of white slavers. He did excellent work; but in the end the opium got him.

Aside from the Special Employee, the Bureau employs two other types of agents. The Special Agent is the one you read about in the papers. He does "open work," carries credentials, and tells you his business when he calls on you. You'll find him hanging around the office mornings waiting to see the chief.

Then there is the Special Confidential Employee. He's your ideal fiction agent. You can put him through all sorts of thrilling stunts with little fear of missing the actual truth, which, by the way, is not easy to get. These men (and women) always work "under cover." They never carry credentials. You'll never see them around the office. They get their instruction secretly, disappear, work up the case, find the guilty men, report secretly by number, and some one else gets all the glory of making the arrest.

Don't have your Special Confidential Employee working on an ordinary case. Give him (or her) a thriller, a mystery that the men assigned regularly to that work have failed to solve.

Next to these D. J. men, and the Special Customs Agents (who work on smuggling cases and Customs frauds) I would put the U. S. Coast Guard as the most fertile field for fiction plots and photodramas. The coast guard vessels are termed "Revenue Cutters" and probably for that reason the public usually confuses this department with the Bureau of Internal Revenue. These Revenue Cutters assist the Customs Service in running down smugglers, go to vessels in distress, and do almost everything in the line of guarding the sea coasts. If you can write

ship and sea stuff, here is a rich and practically unworked field for splendid stories.

Then there is the Internal Revenue Service with its stamp tax frauds, liquor conspiracies, income tax tangles, and a dozen other lines; there is the more recently organized prohibition and narcotic departments; there is the land office with its oil lease disputes and land swindles; the post-office inspectors who investigate mail frauds; and dozens of other government offices with hundreds of stories in every office.

Not a few of my stories of the government service were taken almost without change from actual cases. I remember the time Ralph Oyler, now Narcotic Agent-in-Charge in New York City, was helping us get at the inside of the "dope" situation in San Diego. Oyler "filled in" with a smuggler who knew all about border conditions. We pinched Oyler and his "pal" and threw them in a cell in the county jail. If a crook will ever loosen up, he will do it about two o'clock in the morning. This bird, mistaking Oyler for another crook, told his whole life history. I took some of the incidents, gave them a simple twist, and sold the yarn, "Crooks is Crooks," to Blue Book.

But don't be in a rush to write "dope" stories. Unless they're done carefully and in a new way they're hard to sell. Adventure, for instance, has a standing edict against opium stories. Other editors have evinced a prejudice against stories of drugs or drug addicts. Why, I don't know. I have every reason to believe that the "dope" stories that I have had published have been very favorably received by magazine readers both here and in England.

So pick your field, then cultivate it. Get acquainted with a D. J. agent or a Secret Service operative if you can; but that isn't necessary. Once you choose your particular branch, you'll find many ways to get a line on their work. You'll find then that you've struck an almost inexhaustible source of excellent magazine and photoplay plots.

ARE AMERICANS PEOPLE?

A SYMPOSIUM

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In previous issues of THE STORY WORLD many authors have argued with extreme brilliance, pro and con, the question of American and European, or Modernistic, literature. Now comes Sheldon Krag Johnson with a viewpoint totally different from that of any who have heretofore contributed to these columns. No one could be saner in his attitude toward both schools of writing than is Mr. Johnson, who is widely known for his fascinating editorial essays on philosophical subjects. You will enjoy reading this contribution. In the coming issue another interesting article on this topic, by Carl Clausen, the well known fiction writer, will be offered to our readers.]

PPIPE all hands to watch the battle of the Simple vs. the Complex. We have heard that one can be so simple that one is foolish, but the idea that one can be so simple that one is clean, is a new one.

There is no question but that there has been a greater development in matters of sanitary plumbing in this country than anywhere else in the world, but is plumbing therefore to be the symbol of the genius of America? Should we push the Statue of Liberty beneath the waters of the Atlantic and erect in its place a model bathroom O. K.'d by the plumbers' union?

One need not particularly pick on Emerson Hough. He merely slashed with a broadsword instead of pricking with a rapier. Eugene Manlove Rhodes handles a lighter weapon. Apparently there are the writers of Western Romance, our "true literati," and then there are the others, "rancid and unclean." Rhodes, also is cleaner than other men. It sounds like the nucleus of a new organization, the United Cleaners of America. They write simple stuff in simple English about simple days in the clean open spaces where everything, except for various and assorted forms of violence and sudden death by glinting knife and smoking gun, by arrow and rope and tomahawk, was pure and beautiful and peaceful and clean and manly and strong. And no one even suspected that there was such a thing as a complex or a sex urge. The segregated districts of cow towns and mining camps, the drunken spreeds and gun fights and murders are expurgated out of historical

existence, at least so far as being impurities, by these chroniclers of the Order of the U. C. A.

Just what has started this sputtering of the United Cleaners is hard to determine, unless it is that their sense of purity had to find expression. Certainly they have not been particularly put upon by the Young Intellectuals. It is true that Mencken, et al., have been rather cold toward the native values of Iowa and the "Corn Belt Celestials" but this could not have concerned the O. U. C. A. who sing the heroic deeds and high courage of the pioneers of the open range.

It is to be noted that it is the pioneers that they chronicle. Pioneers who lived objective lives among objective conditions and met them in a simple, clean, objective way. A clean chivalry, born of awe, toward the few marriageable women in the country, a clean shot or a clean knife thrust. Even the pale alkali dust that eddied above the milling cattle was clean in its way. No wonder those who knew the old days are class conscious.

And because theirs is the glory of pioneer days it might be hoped that they would see that the new order of writers are also writing of pioneers and therefore hold for them a proportionate tolerance.

Eugene Rhodes, long accustomed to the wind-swept reaches of Forest Knoll and Prairie Road thinks that the filled-in spaces of the Square of Many People and the Street of Introspection are limited, confining, cramped, crimped and curtailed. Also that they are bad smelling and dirty.

On the other hand the introlooking,

psychological tabulators of complexes, inhibitions and urges that are part of the human specimens who flicker in the congested areas, glance out on the unpopulated barrens that so excite the lovers of open spaces and wonder what there can be in the virginity of an unwritten scroll to rave about.

The point is, that both these factions are right as far as they go and that neither of them go half way. As representatives of American literature they are just what they admit themselves to be, biased, prejudiced factions, each condemning what they do not understand.

The school of the United Cleaners fixes its gaze upon that vigorous objective life that characterizes pioneer activity, on the fringes of unexplored physical land and extols it. This is good and as it should be.

The school of the Y. I. on the other hand, is writing of the explorations of those equally active and courageous pioneers who are penetrating new reaches in thought. This penetration is just as worth while, just as necessary and inevitable and requires just as much integrity of character as the preliminary exploration of the physical country.

Psychical country is just as real, just as hazardous, and just as vital to the human caravan as is physical country. Inevitably it is more complicated, more difficult to track in, than is physical country, but that is no adequate reason for stigmatizing it as dirty.

But of these two factions, that one which can recognize that there is such a thing as a complex, stands closest to the American Spirit. For that Spirit is a very complex thing. In spite of all the undermining influences now so insidiously and assiduously at work at corrupting Americanism, it is still the spirit of freedom. And freedom is a very complex thing.

Substitute for Young Intellectuals, the term New Pioneers and we will get a more accurate designation of the group in question. This group has the advantage on the other group, the Cleaners, the clean men from God's clean open places who are cleaner than other men because

these latter are judging by standards which, in a way, are as obsolete as the dodo.

I can hear the rattle of Rhodes' cutlass as he lays about him in denial of this, proclaiming that the qualities that characterized his Westerners, were of that sterling and fundamental nature which will abide wherever real men abide, etc., etc., etc., but as a matter of fact this is in no sense precisely true.

Some virtues the Westerners shared with all men the world over and others which were peculiarly emphasized in them, such as great physical hardihood, courage and endurance are no more priceless in their way, than the intellectual fearlessness and patient persistent search for truth, that is at the heart of the new order of things.

The western characteristic of being in non-understanding awe of the female of the species is not necessarily a virtue. It is an index of the awe that accompanies a great need and a great unfamiliarity with the solace of that need, but it is not that virtue which is the flower of a fine understanding.

On the other hand the probers of the hidden reaches of being, are not all possessed of an immaculate viewpoint. In many cases they have lived so enmeshed by man, that they have lost sight of God, a thing that does not so often happen in the open places. Because sex is the most importunate and the most vital of all the urges that beset man, once mere self-preservation is more or less provided for, it is inevitable that much along this line should be reported back by the scouts in this new territory. For the important thing about these reports it, that they are merely reportings, no more, and the particular stress that each is characterized by, represents no more than the reactions of that particular scout. Therefore, as forerunners of an ever increasing knowledge, they are highly significant, but their particular emphasis is of only minor importance.

The Westerners were all right. All credit to them. But so also are the people of the crowded places. Rhodes calls them shrill. But then that is only his unim-

portant stressing of an irrelevant peculiarity. Rhodes is given to irrelevancies. For instance he "calls" Stanley K. Booth for twitting Americans about using garlic. In the first place this is immaterial to the issue. In the second place Mr. Rhodes must have been excited, for by no reading of Booth's article, can he be construed as indulging in any such "twit." Booth merely said that the American likes hokum, as the Spaniard likes garlic. He might have said as a mouse likes cheese. A calmer reading by Mr. Rhodes of Mr. Booth will clarify this point for the former. But the point is, that it is incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial to the *n*th degree. And as a matter of tone values, what could be more "shrill" than this piccolo picking?

Rhodes says that the Young Intellectuals hate America and everything American. He is now touching upon something vital to the issue. What is "something American?" Does Rhodes know?

The doubt is legitimate. For he links Americanism and Democracy together. This is interesting in view of the fact that, the Founders of these United States of America specifically decided against a democracy in favor of a republic. There are quite a few individuals in this country to day with as much title to the designation, "American" as any one in this controversy, who hold strongly that it is our present drift from a representative republic into a "purer" democracy, that is one of the signs of a falling off from the high ideal of Americanism.

What is the ear mark of an American? We can not be guided by priority of residence, for if we are, then we shall all give place to the Red Indian. This particular type of "American" does not even share the franchise with those who dispossessed him.

Is it priority among the Caucasian settlers? If so where will we draw the line. If Mr. Hough was correct in his dates of his first ancestral immigrant, then I am more of an American than he was by a generation or so and I shall insist that the dead line fall just after my own ancestral entrance.

Shall we move the dead line up to just

after the war? Why? If Europeans of a century or so ago made good American stock of today, what has happened to them that they are no longer fit to perform the same service?

It is obvious that this line of argument is unworthy of the great and serious minds engaged in settling this matter. Evidently we must seek some other standard. Why not try measuring by the standard of the ideals entertained by those who started what we are now wrangling about?

Why not look at it this way? What are the great spiritual qualities which characterize Americans of today? What were the great spiritual ideals that animated the Founders? Is the former the logical outgrowth of the latter?

In our commercial life we exemplify the spiritual principle of human service. Disregarding all the just and unjust criticisms that can be leveled at our commercial systems, in the last analysis we must face the fact that business is, after all, nothing but the activity of human service. What business has long endured that did not in substantial measure, serve? In our power of organizing this affair of human service, we are pre-eminent. In what sort of atmosphere can such a growth occur? Obviously only in one of commercial freedom. What animated the founders? The desire for freedom. Every kind of freedom. Freedom of trade, of representation, religious freedom, individual freedom. Is our modern life the natural crop from such a soil? Obviously.

In our political life we exemplify the principle of freedom. Grant that our institutions are being undermined. Grant that the significance of the word spelled P-r-i-n-c-i-p-l-e has sunk into such obscurity that nearly everyone now thinks that it is spelled p-r-i-n-c-i-p-a-l and that the only interest anyone takes in the word is the kind the banks talk about.

Nevertheless it remains a fact, that more different kinds of people exercise free suffrage under the Stars and Stripes, *and on the whole prosper*, than under any other flag. This is the kind of freedom the founders meant to establish.

In our individual life, which necessarily

still pivots around the home, we have a greater degree of freedom than any other people not only contemporary, but out of history. More things in the way of different commodities and different ideas enter the American home than any other similiar unit with any other people. Also the American family has a freer range of contact, travel and a going-forth than any other unit. Furthermore it is less trammelled in the matter of dead letter maintenances of the husk of the home after the spirit that makes home a reality, has moved on, in other words it has freer access to divorce than home units of other countries, unless that of Norway and Sweden be excepted.

The founders built on freedom and what we now have is a legitimate and logical conclusion of such premises.

The God of our Forefathers knows that there are powerful currents working to deny, to undermine and to corrupt this freedom. Some of it is done frankly but most of it is done in the name of Liberty and Freedom and Americanism and by corrodng amendments to a Constitution, the integrity of which, nevertheless, remains intact.

Now comes a new element, the O. U. C. A. humming the tune of America 'Tis of Thee, to adulterate the purity of the original stream with their own peculiar discoloration.

Riding with easy swing from out the pages of an intensely objective past, they rein in at the borderland of the new subjective country and take pot shots at the advance guard of the new era.

As Rhodes himself admits he "just tossed a spear across the border to see what would happen." A characteristic cowboy trick. He comes to the edge of a country, new to him, sees some critters that he does not understand and lets fly to see what they will do. A bit of delightful self-indulgence that any one who ever packed a gun will understand. Hough has evidently missed the introduction and thinks it is a real fight or else he is heavy handed.

But can it be a real fight between these chroniclers of the old and of the new?

Are these later day scouts to be put upon because they report and analyze

what they see? Are they to blame because the national subconsciousness contains much of sex? Did anyone hold the Rhodes' and Houghs' responsible because the West was filled with Redskins and rattlesnakes?

Shall the new be silenced by the very ones who sing of the brave *free* days of the unfenced era? Shall these inimitable story tellers of the men who lived and dared and did things in the splendid freedom of a virgin empire, turn their ink-stained lances against those who would sing of the conquering of the untracked deserts and forests and mountain heights of that vast region of the subjective life?

Is life only in the objective? Is the objective itself necessarily more clean or fine or true or American than the subjective? Is sex itself something so unclear that it can be mentioned only in blushing apology and then only to lie monstrously about it? Is the cause of cleanness or freedom or Americanism furthered by such Ostrich-like stupidity?

This "scrap" is but a bit of cow-boy kidding or else it is an issue that runs far deeper than any family quarrel between the American Literati. If it is the latter, it transcends any such limitation as might be imposed by chartering Americans by heredity.

The spectacle of a writer, who has had at least a speaking acquaintance with big and generous days, attempting to confine the meaning of Americanism to the blood stream of past century immigrants and in particular to his own, is something to strike chill to the hearts of all those who realize that Americanism is an attitude of the spirit and not a mechanical sequence of formalism expressed by who one's ancestors were.

By what token is an American to be recognized as such? By the extent to which he subscribes to the proposition, that there is such a thing as individual freedom, that there *should* be such a thing as individual freedom and that Americans started out to manifest a certain measure of it for themselves as a people and that what they have manifested they like and are going to keep and nurture and increase in every way, every day, in spite of all pseudo-American opposition.

Freedom does not mean the erection of an artificial entity which is to absorb the individual. The State exists for the good of the individual. No inversion of this proposition, no matter how subtle or how well camouflaged, can thrive in the atmosphere of that individual freedom which is the essence of Americanism. Individual freedom does not mean license or chaos. The protection from license and chaos does not mean paternalism or communism or hide-bound nationalism or the exaltation of that pseudo entity, the State, at the expense of the individual. On the contrary that protection *does* lie in the re-affirmation and articulation and exemplification of individual freedom by individuals, for individuals, as a principle applicable to all alike. It means breadth and tolerance and charity and good will and some measure of mutual understanding.

Rhodes says that the Young Intellectuals are egocentric. I wonder what he now thinks of those American writers, who, having won for themselves a place in America as the descendants of immigrants, would now bar all immigrants; who sing of the free life of the great West that was, and who would make his song a dirge and an obituary on the life and death of American freedom; who fatuously think that their Americanism lies in physiological accidents of birth which

would partially perish with their deaths without heirs, instead of knowing that it lies in a spiritual principle, a psychological viewpoint, an emotional reaction, which is not to be maintained merely by physical breeding nor by a back scratching order of smug, sanctimonious, cleaner-than-thous who would fence America, that their own perishable purity be not polluted.

Singers of the open range, would you betray the sources of your own inspiration? Extollers of the wide free sweep of the unfenced country, would you deny posterity that very freedom you have known, because the terms and conditions under which you have known it have passed into history? Chroniclers of a breed with whom tolerance was a habit of mind, would you dishonor your splendid dead with intolerance? For shame! Rally! Be big enough to partake of the new era and we gladly forgive you in memory of all you have given us of the glory of the days you tell us so lovingly about.

Forget your transient indigestion and we will forget with you, your unguarded belching, that you may be purged, cleansed indeed, by that great current of truth seeking which is the magnificent heritage of that worshipper of freedom, the real American.

—Sheldon Krag Johnson.



“**T**HE best technical training is that which is entirely disassociated from any idea that permanent work is being done. No one can get on very well or very far in English composition who is not able patiently and faithfully to do a great deal of work simply for the sake of learning how to do it, entirely realizing that the thing produced is of no value when it is done.”—Arlo Bates.



“**H**OW pleasant it is to reflect that all those lovers of books have themselves become books.”—Leigh Hunt.

“DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS”

A VIVID AND FASCINATING PRESENTATION OF WHALING LIFE
IN THE FIFTIES

BY DOUGLAS Z. DOTY

THE director, Elmer Clifton, was eighteen months making this picture, so I have been informed. It is well worth seeing because its many good points outweigh certain structural weaknesses.

Just as all good Americans are thrilled to have the pioneer days preserved for all time in that magnificent picture, *The Covered Wagon*, so the public, especially New Englanders, will be gratified to have a true picture of that very picturesque and practically obsolete phase of American life—whaling—perpetuated by the camera for future generations as well as for present day enjoyment. All those who protest against salaciousness on the screen and cry out for wholesome pictures of educational value should make a point of seeing this picture.

As I just remarked, I imagine the sea episodes were taken first because in the real hazard of the adventure if the principal actors had been lost at sea, that would have been the end of the picture. There is no fake about the sea sequence. When you actually witness the long boat manned by six sailors, the leading character of the story in the bow with his harpoon poised, all thrown into the sea, as with a lash of his angry tail, the ninety-ton whale overturns the boat, you have a thrill that has rarely been

equalled since motion pictures were invented. The role of hero, by the way, was played by Raymond McKee, a newcomer to the screen but an actor well known to the stage; and it was refreshing to see so many new types, so many faces unknown to most of us who go to see pictures. We in Hollywood are so accustomed to seeing a certain actor in a certain type of part, that new faces give us a fresh interest and a greater illusion of reality because they appear to be the people they represent, instead of the well known actors we meet in restaurants day after day and who, for us who live here, are merely acting parts on the screen rather than living them.

Here we have an original story by an unknown writer, and though some of its fine points have been hurt in the cutting of the picture down to the prescribed footage, it yet makes good with record breaking audiences wherever it is shown.

The industry is rapidly coming to it—I mean the building to order of a story around a given theme in a given locale, just as dramatists from the days of Molière have built plays directly for the stage to please their public.

The story: Morgan, an austere Quaker, is the owner of several whaling vessels which put forth from New Bedford, and has never

ceased to mourn for the loss of his only son—a whaler like his father and his father's father. His daughter Patience, a girl of perhaps twenty-five, and his orphan granddaughter, Dot Morgan, a child of fourteen or fifteen, constitute his household. The scene is laid about 1850 in the town of New Bedford. One of Morgan's ships is about to sail. Samuel Siggs, a suave soldier of fortune, and who has a strain of oriental blood in him, is eager to win Patience, partly because of her loveliness and partly because of her father's fortune. Dexter, childhood sweetheart of Patience, returns from college, inopportunately for Siggs, who thereupon plots with Jake Finner, a ruffian sailor, to make way with young Dexter. Siggs, pretending to be a Quaker, obtains a position in Morgan's office, while Morgan himself refuses to allow his daughter to marry Dexter because that young man is neither a Quaker nor a whaleman. In fact, he makes his daughter promise she will not marry any man who is not both. Dexter cheerfully agrees to become a Quaker and is also considering the idea of going on Morgan's whaling vessel in the hope of qualifying as a suitor. He is saved the trouble of a decision by Finner, who has secured the position of first mate on the vessel and who, just before sailing, shanghaies Dexter. Dot, punished by her grandfather for some little escapade, is locked in her room and refused permission to see the vessel sail. Dot thereupon dons a boy's suit of clothes which conveniently she finds in the attic, and escapes to the wharf. Her youthful swain, a

boy of eighteen, has shipped as cabin boy and Dot sneaks aboard as a stowaway. Once at sea the shanghaied Dexter is brought on deck and put to work by the whitehaired old skipper. One night Finner, now mate, brains the old captain and throws his body into the sea. He tells the crew the old man fell overboard and boldly assumes command. Finner's brutality leads to the beginning of a mutiny. He comes upon the stowaway and grabs little Dot. As she struggles to escape, the mutinous crew, divided into two camps, start to fight each other. The victorious side, headed by our hero Dexter, go after Finner, rescue the girl and then put Finner in the brig behind the bars. In the meantime we see the smooth Mr. Siggs winning old Morgan's approval to his suit for the hand of Patience. Then follow the exciting episode when the real whales are sighted, the lowering of the boats and the giving chase. Dexter and his men in an open boat are finally pitched into the sea as the whale's flukes turn over the craft. They are rescued by another boat, the whale finally killed and his carcass hung up along the ship's side, and the crew proceeds to cut it up.

The ship is nearing home, presumably after months in mid-ocean as Patience finally gives her consent to marry Siggs. Her father, ill almost unto death, makes it his last wish that the marriage shall take place at once. The big storm of melodrama is not absent as the mighty sailing craft nears its anchorage. Siggs is escorting his bride to the Quaker meeting house where the marriage is to be per-

formed. Picturesquely enough they set forth in an old fashioned four-in-hand coach, the rain beating down. Finner has succeeded in escaping from the brig, determined to even scores with the mutinous crew, especially the ringleader, Dexter. But Dexter dives into the water and swims for shore. Finner lowers a boat manned by six men and starts in pursuit. The two men reach the shore about the same time and a terrific hand-to-hand struggle ensues, rain beating down, illumined now and then by flashes of lightning. In the meeting house, according to the quaint Quaker custom, the couple are about to be married without ring or minister by the simple process of holding hands and agreeing to be faithful to each other. Dexter, having knocked out Finner, rushes to Patience's house and from there to the little church. His face appears through the window of the meeting house as Patience is about to utter the irrevocable words. Dexter, tattered and wet, jumps through the panes of glass and grabs Mr. Siggs by the throat. Having put that gentleman out of business, he turns to Patience, with the usual happy ending.

The qualities that charm one in this picture are the quaintness, the freshness, the vividness of it all. There are no sets. Everything is precisely what it purports to be, and herein lies the poignant realism of the whole fabric.

Perhaps the original story was mutilated somewhat in cutting the picture down to the necessary limits. Certain it is that when old Morgan grabs the American flag out of his

dead son's sea chest in the attic, wraps it around him and melodramatically demands that his daughter shall marry no other than a Quaker and a whaleman, and she being a dutiful daughter of that day easily promises—certain it is, the thoughtful spectator is not entirely convinced that even a narrow-minded old Quaker like Morgan would so badly and tyrannically plot to mold his daughter's life without a deeper motive than pride of tradition.

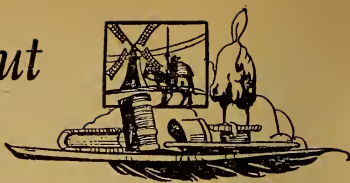
It is true that in those earlier days obedient daughters often married against their own inclinations to please their parents; but such possibility on the part of your heroine makes of her a very supine creature in whom we of today have little interest. With greater footage a more convincing motivation of the main action could have been achieved. However, the story presents a marvelously vivid picture of a bygone day and an almost vanished calling. In a more modest way it is as valuable, as an historical document, as *The Covered Wagon*.

It was John L. E. Pell of New Bedford, the author of the story, who conceived the idea of perpetuating in pictures the early life of the whaleman; and his fellow citizens financially backed him up.

The square rigger, *Charles W. Morgan*, the oldest whaling vessel afloat, was refitted and, manned by undergraduates from various Eastern colleges, went off on a two months' cruise in the Caribbean sea. It is stated that 150,000 feet of film was used to record the work of capturing the five whales, out of the eleven they encountered.



Facts about Fiction



THE FANTASTIC IN FICTION

The Why and How of Making the Impossible Seem Possible

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND

ONE of the most profitable fields of fiction, if the writer knows how to cultivate it, is that which for lack of a better term we may call "Pseudo-Scientific." Jules Verne's signal success is a case in point. The public, especially in these latter days, is insatiably eager for science mingled with fiction. Given a sufficiently arresting premise, a strong imaginative sense, some skill in the distortion of facts and—of course—the essential dramatic instinct without which no fiction-writer can thrive, the literary worker should be able to reap comfortable rewards from this branch of work.

I broke into this field as long ago as 1906, with a story called: "The Lunar Advertising Co., Ltd.," the basis of which was the proposition that with sufficiently strong electric lights and powerful lenses, advertising matter could be thrown on the surface of the moon. As I presented the subject, almost anybody but a technician might have been convinced that the exploit was really possible, and the story "went." The essential factor in such work, of course, is attention to minute details—but of this I shall speak later.

I followed this story up, some time later, with "The Million Dollar Patch," dealing with the subject of planting and resuscitating Egyptian wheat found in a Pyramid. Science tells that no such wheat, 3000 years or more old, has ever been known to germinate; but the public still likes to believe that it can—hence a story which the Munsey people published.

The next of a series, interspersed of course with many "normal" stories, so to speak, was "My Time Annihilator," something along the lines of H. G. Wells' "Time-Machine,"—which, by the way, I had not at that time read. Wells is, of course, one of the most successful modern "science-fakers." The skill wherewith he makes the impossible seem possible may well serve as a model for any aspirants in this line of endeavor.

My "House of Transmutation" dealt with some rather horrific adventures in remodeling a gorilla to human form and intelligence. This was a novelette, and attracted a reasonable amount of attention. I had to do a good bit of study on evolution, biology, anatomy and surgery in preparing for it. I will confess to having been a little influenced by that real masterpiece, "The Island of Dr. Moreau," in writing this story; though, of course, the handling was essentially different. And right here let me remark that science-faking requires a great deal of research. One has to "bone" an immense mass of data, in order to give the requisite air of verisimilitude. Slipshod methods simply won't do. It is the progressive marshalling of minutiae, the cumulative assembling of (often willfully falsified) data which convinces the reader that: "Well, it's mighty strange but still there *might* be something in it, after all." On a pinch, one can quote learned authorities which never existed, and fabricate weighty conclusions out of whole cloth. If one cannot, it proves that one has not the requisite ananiacal and analytical twist to make one a success at this peculiarly mendacious form of story-telling.

In 1909 I launched into a really ambitious story, "Beyond White Seas," which ran as a serial in one of the Munsey publications. The theme of this was that, since all our biological development is based on chlorophyl, the life of a region lacking this essential transmuting substance would be radically different. I took a shipload of mutineers into Arctic regions where chlorophyl had never existed, and brought them in contact with life-forms, both lower and humanoid, which furnished about 80,000 words of thrills. At the same time this story managed to get a few truths over and teach a number of lessons. Parenthetically, science-faking really can be made mildly didactic. In the bushel of chaff, a grain of good wheat can be hidden. Let the writer nobly resolve that, for every 100 lies, he shall tell at least one truth of real value to the world, and perhaps he can somewhat salve his conscience.

My "Man with the Glass Heart" adopted a theme which the title sufficiently explains. After reading it over, myself, I was almost convinced that the surgical miracle described was possible. Why shouldn't immortality be conferred by some mechanical device? Perhaps the immortalized world of the year 3500 may yet erect "monuments more enduring than brass" to the memory of one who first conceived this idea. It's unpatented; go to it!

I next, in the same year—1911—turned out "The Elixir of Hate," based on the old Elixir of Life theme. If the Elixir of Life can suspend the advance of age, why might not some similar compound turn back the hands of time and make a man grow progressively younger? The manner in which the aged, scientific villain trapped his enemy and administered the potion, causing the victim eventually to become a child; and the hair-raising way in which the child took vengeance, provided shudders for about six issues of the "All Story." But Lord knows I had to burn the midnight tungsten over books on chemistry and alchemy, to do it!

My "Crime Detector" involved some mechanical and electrical effects that would have made Edison, Marconi and even Tesla and Steinmetz turn pale. As

for my "In the Fourth Dimension," I believe even Einstein would have considered it relatively too relative. It brought in the pieces-of-eight, however; and there was nothing intangible or fourth-dimensional about them, either.

Nineteen-eleven saw me well launched on my career of scientifically running amok. "Darkness and Dawn" originated in a chance conversation with a scientifically-minded writer. We fell to discussing what would happen to a couple of human beings—a man and a woman, of course, left all alone in the world. For parts of three years I worked at this problem, turning out three complete novels on the subject: "Darkness and Dawn," "Beyond the Great Oblivion" and "The Afterglow." It is only stating a fact to say that these serials "went big;" and even after the last was published, demands were made for some further adventures of Allan and Beatrice. My imagination along this line, however, is *ausgespielt*. After 225,000 words of solid imagining, there's a limit! Small, Maynard & Co. lumped the three novels into one book, which enjoyed a very excellent sale, and branded me, without hope of controversy, as an incorrigible liar.

In 1912, I took up the theme of a super-scientist discovering a radio-active principle which, at any distance, could dissolve gold to ashes. The tricks he played with the world's treasures and with the war making financiers would have surpassed all credulity had I not bolstered them up with a wealth of convincing data. There's nothing like quotations from eminent authorities, minute descriptions of machinery, discussion of atomic and ionic vibrations, and the like, to gloss the impossible and trick it out in shining garments of truth. H. K. Fly Company published this novel, after its magazine run, and I bought a car that really went, with the proceeds of my shameless prevarication.

This book really had some moral *raison d'être*. It contained numerous sugar-coated pellets of anti-militarism; exposed the hideous wastes and cruelties of war; pointed the way toward the socialization of the world's resources; and taught a good many lessons about the real powers behind

the governmental thrones—the powers of Capitalism. Thus, you see, even a fable of this character can convey its kernel of truth.

To record all the stories and novels which I have built up on pseudo-scientific themes would convert this brief article into a catalogue. I will mention only a few more. "The Night Horror," which ran as a novelette in the "Blue Book," handled the theme of a scientist transplanting an executed murderer's brain into the skull of a huge dog, resulting in a series of crimes and outrages that must have kept a few timid readers awake o' nights for a while. At least, I hope so! "The Empire in the Air" dealt with the calamities of the world when invaded by a hostile army of Things from Interstellar Space. I wrote close to 100,000 words on this, and invented calamities enough to please the most exactly pessimistic; all thoroughly propped with a wealth of scientific details. "The Love Wrecker" recorded the career of a rather outrageous old misanthrope who reversed the formula of a love-philter, so that any who partook of it would loathe the formerly-adored object. Unfortunately for himself, the villain by accident took an overdose of his own medicine, and perished by hating himself to death—surely a unique way to shuffle off! If there's anything in the way of love-philters I didn't investigate while writing this cheerful novelette, I wonder what it may be?

"The Air Trust" dealt with the attempt of two sinister capitalists to corner the air-supply and sell it through meters to the world's oppressed. When the novel appeared in book form, I wrote a little preface for it, from which let me quote a few lines to illustrate the principle that a scientific fairy-tale must seem to possess a certain logic:

"This book is an attempt to carry the monopolistic principle to its logical conclusion. If a monopoly be right in oil, coal, beef, steel or what-not, it would also be right in larger ways involving the use of the ocean and the air. Had capitalists been able to bring the seas and the atmosphere under physical control, they would long ago have monopolized them. . . . Granting, then, the premise that the air supply of the world could be controlled, an Air Trust logically follows. Such a Trust

would inevitably lead to the utter enslavement of the human race. . . ."

How this enslavement was riveted to the world, and what befell therefrom, furnished material for about 80,000 words. It required some hard research and study, all very useful. Of course, the grasping monopolists at last fell victims to their own greed, perishing miserably in an immense steel chamber of oxygen in their own gigantic Air Plant—which is quite as it should be. And the hero and heroine lived happy ever after.

This introduces the question as to the story-element in such work. Romance must always, if possible, be interwoven with science. The scientific warp must be shot through with the woof of human interest and love. He who aspires to become a weaver of scientific themes must take heed to keep his patterns well adjusted; for otherwise his appeal will be limited to the scientifically-minded. And for one such reader, scores of romance-eaters exist.

Nothing succeeded in checking my deluge of scientific vagaries. In 1915 I wrote "The Plunge," that with much detail described the events sequent on a meteor striking a passenger dirigible in mid-air. I also turned out "The Fatal Gift," on the theme of a woman being made absolutely and perfectly beautiful by scientific means. A rare old tragedy developed from her excessive pulchritude, you may believe! For this story I invented a preface which gave with utmost detail the various—faked-up—authorities and processes consulted; and so brazenly realistic were my data that I even received letters from anxious readers, wanting to know how *they* too could be made fatally beautiful! Speaking of limits—!

"Cursed," in 1918, handled a lot of Oriental taboos, imprecations and poisons, and made me sweat not only over books on chemistry and ethnology, but also forced me to study the Malay language. The story repaid me, though, for after its magazine run it went into book-form with Small, Maynard, then—like "The Golden Blight"—into a Grosset and Dunlap reprint, and finally ended up as a Fox production; one case at least where science-faking made the pot boil merrily.

"The Nebula of Death," in the same year, gave 120,000 words of scientific reasons why a nebula of poison gas might easily enough obliterate such of the human race as hasn't skill enough to combat it. Such a slaughter, my friends! I certainly eliminated the unfit at a marvelous rate. Other writers have killed their thousands, but I have butchered my millions. When murdering, do a good job of it. Anything worth doing at all . . . you know!

"The Flying Legion" was packed full of science, most of it fraudulent. Why stick to facts, when fancies can be tricked out in such alluring guise? Remember, however, you must always build up a presumptive possibility, and lard it well with baits of actual truth. From this you can slip easily to the manifestly impossible so disguised that the bolus goes down without a quiver on the reader's part. That book—McClurg—was verily well-packed with ions, vibrations, etheric interferences, transmutations of matter and all the rest of it, *ad lib*. It cost a lot of study, but it paid liberally. Which, after all, is the prime factor for such of us gross materialists as like to feed regularly and burn gasoline.

Then there was "The Living Head," involving a lot of biological science and surgical work to make a master crook—blind, with a broken spine and a body completely paralyzed—manage a gang of as sinister malefactors as ever ravaged society. This story paid a lot of grocery bills that had no illusions in them at all. *Verb sap*.

"The Thing from Outside" is the most recent member of my Fake Family. It recounts the appalling fate of some luckless explorers attacked by a silent, invisible Thing which wants their brains for experimental purposes. Oh, a very shuddering sort of story, indeed! I had to read Charles Fort's "Book of the Damned,"

before writing the story. I wonder if Fort will reciprocate by reading my phantasmagoria?

One redeeming feature of the business is that it really teaches you a lot. You have to buy, beg, borrow or—hm!—otherwise procure scientific books, and read, read, read. Each story you write enlarges your fund of information as well as your bank account. This is better, is it not? than just shovelling out the he-and-she stuff which constitutes so vast a percentage of modern fiction?

For Science, even in her fictionized forms, is august. She is the conquerer of time and space, of matter and force. And who shall say that today's fiction may not be tomorrow's fact? In some cases where credulity might be strained too far, as in my "Collier's" story: "June 6, 2606," I lay the action so far in the future that no one can ever accuse me of being brother to Ananias. Wise idea, eh?

Science-faking has, too, the redeeming feature of making people think. It cannot but incline the reader's mind to what is increasingly becoming the most important factor in the world's thought—the scientific habit of mind. To this extent it helps chase away the pestiferous little imps of supernaturalism and superstition. And to this extent, does it not—in addition to furnishing diversion—possess a certain social value?

By no means do I confine myself to scientific fairy tales. Most of my work is legitimate enough. Only now and then do I break loose, choose an alluring theme, sand the rail, pull out the throttle and go careering on a mad run through the uplands of Science. It's an exhilarating form of sport; and what's better, it pays.

It amuses the writer, teaches the public something, and helps pay the butcher, the baker and the pneumatic-tire maker—and so why shouldn't everybody, all round, be quite content?





A CYNICAL and senile dramatic critic whose general attitude of mind would seem to indicate that way down in his heart he believes that the stage began to decay when Edwin Booth departed from this life and that culture died at the moment of Queen Victoria's demise, petulently inquires "Why is a motion picture?" At first glance that appeals to one as being about as insane a question as "Why is a cow?" or "How high is up?" Yet, after a moment's consideration, it becomes reasonable. The very fact that it has been asked by a man of intellect, who has made a place for himself in metropolitan journalism, justifies an answer. If there is an element of flippancy in the question, there is no reason why the answer should not be a thoughtful one. Why, then, is a motion picture? Why is this colossal embodiment of art and industry surviving and growing physically and spiritually, year after year? Why are millions of dollars invested in studios and equipment, distributing systems, and theatres that are attended by multitudes of people every day and night in every nook and corner of the world? To make money? That's no answer. Money-making necessarily is involved in producing and delivering the supplies to meet any demand. Money is made out of the publication and sale of Bibles. There are few if any institutions, enterprises or human endeavors known to organized society that do not involve the making of money for someone. In spite of all the altruism in the world, wherever a demand exists money is made from the effort to create and deliver the supply to meet that demand.

Ministers of the Gospel are paid for supplying the demand for spiritual enlightenment, religious teaching and consolation (although not as much as they deserve, as a rule). Creating a supply automatically follows the existence of any demand. Why, then, the demand for motion pictures? Why do these millions of normal, enlightened and cultured men and women pay for the privilege of witnessing screen productions? First, and basically, they want to be entertained. Entertainment is the objective of this whole great system of making and exhibiting motion pictures. But what is this thing that we sum up in the single word "entertainment"? There are so many words that we use every day of our lives without pausing to analyze them and realize their real meaning—so many conditions in our intimate lives that we accept as a matter of course without really knowing what they are. It's a lot of fun when we do indulge in a little analysis, and some interesting facts are revealed to us. Let us get down to the root of this important part of our existence that is known as entertainment. A man is born on earth and reaches maturity possessed of certain fundamental objectives. The first is self-preservation. He must feed and clothe himself and supply himself with various necessities. Next, the normal man looks about him for a mate, acquires a bit of ground and builds a house, marries the girl and establishes her in that home, begets and raises a family, cherishes and protects them and seeks happiness for himself and his wife and children. These are the fundamental endeavors of every man. In carrying out these endeavors he encounters many obstacles. He is constantly in conflict with opposing forces both internal and external. He struggles with his own

baser nature, with evil impulses, with the Caveman within that he has inherited from his earliest ancestors, with the hereditary taint of the beast. Every man is to a certain extent a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Then, he is in conflict with nature. He wrests metal from the earth, wood from the forest, conquers distance with railways, ships and aeroplanes wrought from these raw materials, sows and reaps, builds cities, and achieves a thousand and one collateral objectives. He struggles with his fellow men, with forceful men, dishonest men, competitive men. From beginning to end life is a struggle, sometimes pleasant, friendly and agreeable, sometimes bitter and heartbreaking; but always struggle, conflict. Few men ever reach the goal towards which they set out. Few succeed in measuring up to the ideals of their youth. Few of the dreams of success and accomplishment come true. Few men find the Dream Girl of their romantic youth. Few women find the Prince Charming of their adolescent imagining. So, always, men and women have turned to history, song and story, to fable and legend, to epic and saga, fiction and drama, that they might visualize the success and achievement of others, real or fictional. The prehistoric caveman returning from the hunt related his prowess to admiring listeners or one with a more active imagination than his fellows sang of a fictional hero who performed admirable and miraculous feats of daring and faced amazing dangers. Down through the ages stories have been told by word of mouth, in verse or prose, or enacted on the stage, and today on the screen. Life is full of unfulfilled ambitions, hopes deferred, broken dreams, repressed impulses, emotions and desires. Youth sets up a splendid array of various idols, but many of them topple from their pedestals, crumble and disappear. It is a relief and an inspiration to turn our backs on our own struggles and lose ourselves for an hour or two in the fictional drama of the screen. And the reactions of different people in an audience are interesting. The young lovers see in the screen sweethearts who overcome obstacles and opposition and arrive at a happy ending, what they fondly hope will be the result of their own courtship. The older man and woman whose wedded life

has been happy recall their own wooing and live over again the springtime of their lives. Those whose romances have gone on the rocks of unhappiness and despair, dream of what might have been and find happiness in their dreams. What glorious deeds and heroic feats the round-shouldered, tired-eyed bookkeeper was going to perform—when he was eighteen. But somehow duty and service, the grind of earning a meager living, has prevented him from becoming the D'Artagnan or the Robin Hood of those day-dreams of long ago. His castles are still in Spain, and he has never found sufficient time or money to seek them. But for an evening in the theatre he is the romantic hero that he had intended to be. He does not see Fairbanks, Valentino or Hart on the screen. He sees himself—the self that he had planned to be. It is he who draws the sword and fights his way through the opposition of a dozen adversaries for the love of a beautiful maiden. The little gray dressmaker does not see Norma Talmadge or Mary Pickford—or any of the other radiant stars of the screen. She sees herself and she loves and conquers in the way that she might have done if she had not had to sew ten hours a day in order to pay for her boarding house meals and her hall bedroom. The gouty banker does not see Charlie Ray. He sees himself back on the farm, happy and lighthearted. The pale little cripple becomes a broad-shouldered, muscular football hero. The humble deacon is a flashing buccaneer. The sunken-eyed, ugly-faced servant girl is a beautiful heiress for part of an evening. And it is good for them. They go back to their own everyday lives better and happier for the wistful imagining that has given them temporary surcease and solace. Call it entertainment—but it is something more than mere amusement. It is an indispensable human institution and it has its place in the scheme of things just as the church, the university, the clinic and civil government has. It is of greater value and importance and more a human necessity than the novel or the stage drama, because it reaches a greater number of people and it speaks the same universal language to all of them. It is not costly, so it remains within the reach of all. And just as the physician, the

clergyman, the attorney and the statesman give to the world something more than they are paid for, something that cannot be appraised in dollars and cents, so does the author, the photodramatist, give a quality of happiness to his fellow men that cannot be measured by any of the standards of barter and exchange. It is an inspiring thing to know that the photoplay that one has visualized and builded with painstaking skill and care, the story

that one has written and rewritten, cut and changed, and shaped scene by scene and sequence by sequence, is going to be broadcasted throughout the world and carry a message of peace and gladness to millions of weary men and women who are seeking "entertainment" and a temporary escape from the bondage of their own lives. That is "Why is the motion picture," and I am possessed of a well-defined feeling that it is a darn good reason.

A NEW DEPARTMENT FOR PHOTOPLAYWRIGHTS

BEGINNING with an early issue, THE STORY WORLD will inaugurate a department devoted to brief synopses of photoplays written by its readers. This department will include each month at least four unusual screen stories in condensed form, and you are invited to participate in its benefits.

It is a well known fact in the world of drama that the condensing of a plot synopsis will immediately show up its structural weakness. Indeed, it is said that David Belasco will seldom consider a stage play for production unless the author is able to reduce the plot to a 150-word skeleton that will present the high lights in a convincing manner. If the playwright is able to do this, Belasco is willing to consider the completed manuscript.

The technique of the photoplay, of course, is considerably different from that of the stage play, and consequently producers prefer, as a rule, to read complete stories that give the incidental action as well as the main situations. However, for his own benefit, every writer of photoplays should adopt the policy of making the brief synopsis, even if same is not submitted. In this

manner the writer may test thoroughly the soundness of his story, and it is to encourage this practice that THE STORY WORLD will conduct the new department.

Each month the editors will select the four best synopses submitted, publishing them and releasing copyright thereof to the author, thus affording him further protection for his work. All contributions accepted for publication will be paid for and those unavailable returned to the author, if a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed. To stimulate further interest in this department a prize of \$10.00 will be awarded each month to the best synopsis printed.

The selection of the prize-winning story will be left to the readers themselves, who will be asked to send in the name of their choice. The result will be tabulated and the synopsis obtaining the largest number of votes will be awarded the prize. In the event of a tie vote the full amount of the prize will be awarded to the tying contestants.

No synopsis is to run more than 250 words, and all manuscripts must be typewritten, double spaced, on 8½x11-inch manuscript paper.



IN THE FOREGROUND

Brief Editorial Chats on Timely Topics

FOR the first time in the history of motion pictures, the author—especially the photodramatist writing directly for the screen—has been given official recognition and endorsement by the big men of the industry. The past few years have seen scores of conferences—local, national and international—all devoted to producers, directors, actors, publicity men or exhibitors. But it remained for the Authors' League of America, with the aid of Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky, of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, to call the First International Congress on Motion Picture Arts at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, New York, June 7th and 8th, and to devote the entire program of that unusual gathering to the art of writing the photoplay.

It was no assemblage of pygmies. Those who were present—and there were delegates from every large European country, as well as from the ranks of American producers, directors and writers—represented the top of the profession. They were "big" men, and they spoke in a "big" way. They knew their subject, and they did not hesitate to tell their brother delegates just what they believed to be wrong, or right, in the motion picture industry; what practices should be altered and what should be retained; just wherein the film industry is strong, and what constitutes its weaknesses.

It is significant that, almost without exception, these speakers declared that, despite the height attained technically in the production of screen dramas, the one great weakness of the Eighth Art lies in the scarcity of good stories. In short, the concensus of opinion was that if motion pictures are to advance, the men and

women who write the stories must tell their plots in screen language, must learn the peculiar technique of film drama, and must cease the present futile attempt to borrow from the other mediums of expression.

There were some dissenting opinions, of course. W. B. Maxwell, the English novelist, for instance, declared that the book was the thing, and that any good book would make a good picture. But there is reason to believe that Mr. Maxwell may have been prejudiced. He has never been very close to the film industry—and also, in his own words, he admitted that "few novels are good novels." That, we take it, means that few novels are suitable for adaptation. Consequently the producers must look to the screen writer for the majority of stories they film.

Just how authors may learn the art of writing for the camera seemed to be a puzzling problem to many of those present. Will H. Hays, however, offered the suggestion that it is possible for any writer to obtain a thorough course of instruction in the technique of photoplay writing. He mentioned in this connection two of the leading schools—Columbia University and the Educational Department of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, which offer the opportunity of studying screen technique by correspondence. Such study need not necessarily bar the author from the writing of fiction; but—as in the case of the late Emerson Hough, creator of "The Covered Wagon,"—it will enable the writer to embody screen values in his fiction stories, making his "rights" doubly valuable, and helping him to reach an audience many times greater than possible through the one medium of the printed page.

Mr. Adolph Zukor, of the Famous Players-Lasky Company, the largest producers of films in the world, undoubtedly hit the keynote of the convention when,

in the course of his address, he stated: "We hope to show the authors gathered here that the artistic future of motion pictures depends to a large extent on their active cooperation. The author has a creative mind, but in telling his stories he has been using merely words. The motion picture is an entirely new medium of expression, and in the telling of his story for motion pictures, words are not enough. The author must so arrange his situations, his action and his characters that the story can be photographed.

"I want to emphasize the fact that *the motion picture has a technique entirely its own*, and that unless the author masters this technique we will not be able to do justice to the stories that are born in his mind."

The same line of argument was advanced by Mr. Clayton Hamilton, prominent author and educator, and Director of Education for the Palmer Photoplay Corporation, of Hollywood. In his speech, which was roundly applauded, Mr. Hamilton made a fervid plea for screen technique. He deplored the fact that many short-sighted producers are, at present, paying big money for "names," forgetting the fact that the writer of the "original" screen story almost invariably turns out the best dramatic product. That this type of producers is rapidly learning, through the box-office, that names count only when coupled with merit is merely another indication that the day when the well-grounded screen writer will receive the recognition to which he is entitled is near at hand.

A touch of humor was introduced by Elmer Rice, prominent dramatist and photoplaywright, who subtly satirized the prevalent principle of adapting fiction to the screen by comparing the photoplay with the stage drama.

"An author must protect his own personality, his own genius, on the screen by writing in terms of the screen," said Mr. Rice. To illustrate his point he entertained the delegates with a description of what would happen to a George Bernard Shaw play if handled in a manner similar to that employed by certain film producers. "Assuredly one would not ask Bernard Shaw to write his plays first in fiction form and then turn them over to

someone else to be adapted for stage presentation," he argued. "Mr. Shaw, when he writes a play, writes it in dramatic form—just as it is to be produced. Can you imagine an announcement running somewhat like this: 'The Theatre Guild presents Robert Milton's production of "The Devil's Disciple," adapted by Arthur Richmond from the story by Bernard Shaw; play by Eugene Walters; supervised by Theresa Helburn?'"

Despite the witty manner in which Mr. Rice presented his argument, its soundness and the serious principle behind it made a strong impression upon those who were present.

Similar endorsements of screen technique were given by Dr. Rowland Rogers of Columbia University; Jack Cunningham, who wrote the continuity for Emerson Hough's "The Covered Wagon," and a number of other persons prominent in the world of motion pictures, including Allan Dwan, director of "Robin Hood" and many other big productions. Mr. Dwan was especially vehement in his plea for the story written for the screen. "We cannot photograph words," he said. "We must have action. Authors must write for our medium. We have no prejudice against literature as such, provided we are not asked to photograph it. We admit the commercial value of a popular book or play and a well known author's name. We admit that many good plays and books suffer on the screen. But we maintain that a great portion of this suffering is attributable to the author's failure to put his story into screen form. I believe we can get together with the authors. We must get together, but it will only be done when writers recognize our field of expression and adopt the screen style of writing. When that day arrives the greatest curse will have been eliminated. There are only three courses for authors: They may stop writing for the screen entirely; they may risk alteration of their stories into screen language or they may learn to write screen material themselves. We need the author's faculty to create situations. We want his faculty to create action, characterization and plot; but we cannot use his interesting discussions of mental processes unless they are put into screen form and

are portrayable as photographic action."

Extreme frankness was evident, especially in the informal discussions following the various addresses; but by thus threshing out the questions involved, definite understanding of them was arrived at, and there is no doubt but what the congress has given great impetus to the profession of screen writing and, incidentally, furthered the spirit of cooperation between the author and the producer—something that in a majority of cases has been sadly lacking.

On the final day of the congress Adolph Zukor made announcement that the Famous Players-Lasky Company, for the purpose of placing the screen story upon the same dignified basis as the stage play, offers an annual prize of \$10,000 for the best story written for the screen during each twelve months, beginning with September 1923. This award will be similar to the Pulitzer award which is given annually to the best stage production. The prize will go to the writer who is credited with the story when it appears on the screen. Mr. Zukor stated that, despite the fact that the Famous Players-Lasky Company is sponsor for the prize, no favoritism will be shown toward pictures written for that corporation. In fact, to insure absolute fairness he recommended that a jury be appointed to judge the various stories, and that this jury should consist of the President of the Authors' League of America, a newspaper editor, a novelist, a dramatist and a motion picture producer.

Undoubtedly this will be a strong incentive during the coming twelve months toward the writing of better stories, and the photodramatists of America may well tender Mr. Zukor a vote of thanks for the interest he has shown in their behalf.

Another congress along similar lines is to be held next year. In other words, the photoplay writer has come into his own. He is now recognized not only as a factor of the motion picture industry, but as the most important factor.

To THE STORY WORLD, which has in the past persistently maintained that the story is the thing and that the trained screen writer is the one upon whose shoulders the welfare of the motion picture pro-

fession rests, the outcome of the First International Congress on Motion Picture Arts is indeed gratifying. It was, of course, inevitable that the photodramatist would eventually obtain this recognition; and now, occupying as he does the pre-eminent position in the ranks of the Eighth Art, with all the responsibility that this implies, it is the writer's duty to justify the confidence that has been placed in him by the big men of the industry.

The Joy of Self-Expression

THAT the real reward of writing lies not in the financial returns, or in worldly fame, but rather in the satisfaction and joy of self-expression has long been maintained in these columns. The writer who enters the profession of photoplay or fiction writing solely because of the money to be made therein will fail. The man or woman who sees in the screen or printed page merely a means of satisfying a personal desire for the adulation of his or her fellowmen will also fail. But, quite paradoxically, the sincere person who adopts writing as a profession because he feels within him an irresistible desire to express himself—who has a message to give and who cares not one jot or tittle whether it brings him either financial reward or social influence—that person will eventually gain both.

We are living in a mercenary age. A majority of persons judge success in terms of dollars and cents. But there still remains a stalwart minority that has not been blinded by the glint of gold. If you are writing conscientiously, earnestly and from the heart, someone of this minority will eventually recognize the worth of your product. The fact that you may, so far, have met with rebuffs—your stories rejected, your efforts apparently unappreciated,—should not discourage you.

In this connection we wish to reprint for the benefit of STORY WORLD readers an editorial that appeared in a recent issue of the *Christian Science Monitor*. It is well worth reading—not merely once but several times. Clip it out and paste it on the wall opposite your desk; and when the blue devils of doubt assail you, ponder the thoughts contained therein and take heart:

"There is scarcely anyone among those outside the literary circle who has not at some time in his life felt an overwhelming desire to write. This itself is noteworthy, as it is an indication that we all possess within us some message which tries to find expression, and the impulse should be encouraged, rather than checked. The unfortunate part of this almost universal desire to write is that publication is regarded as the essential to success. This is true enough if those who seek this expression are writing primarily for the purpose of securing a place in the literary world. If, on the other hand, the measure of success desired lies simply in the personal gratification of recording on paper hitherto intangible and fugitive thoughts and ideas, how much greater really is the achievement!

"Words form so commonplace a part of our everyday life that one is likely to be misled as to his ability to write. 'Words,' said Stevenson, 'are like blocks in the nursery, this one a pillar, that a pediment, a third a window or a vase.' Anyone may play with these word-blocks, arranging them in such order as best forms the design of his thought. If this arrangement expresses the thought to the satisfaction of the one who forms it, it is eminently successful; but to be successful from a literary standpoint, the pattern devised must prove acceptable to the world.

"Herein lies the great point of difference. Why should one who feels the inward craving to write refrain because he feels that there is no market for his work? Publication is of secondary importance. If this message is of world interest, and the person through whom it finds expression prepares himself by study to give to it the proper literary form, it is inevitable that it should be published. If the message, moreover, is merely of personal or limited interest, why should it be repressed? It is an expression usually of

one's finer self, which, once released from the inner shrine, may grow to proportions beyond expectations. Even if it fails to grow, it is still worth while.

"In music one finds pleasure and comfort in playing to one's self; in art, one even slightly gifted finds gratification in transferring to canvas, no matter how crudely, bits of landscape or scenes which recall to him pleasant memories. There is no less pleasure in music because public performances are unthought of, nor less satisfaction in the artistic efforts because they are not to be offered for sale. The real reward lies in the striving to attain and the personal expression this entails. Writing offers the easiest medium known to that something within us which we prize more than we are often willing to admit, yet we place upon it needless limitations when we think of our literary effort in terms of the printed page."

New York Season Closes

FEW departments published in THE STORY WORLD have been of more interest, or of more constructive value, than has been our monthly review of the New York stage plays, conducted by Carrol B. Dotson. Mr. Dotson, himself a journalist and critic of note, has in each issue given to our readers detailed analyses of the most significant theatrical productions, in such a manner as to make his criticisms of intense interest and help to writers; and since the New York stage undoubtedly exerts a tremendous influence upon the drama of America—not excepting the screen—the benefits derived from this department have been of incalculable value. However, the New York theatrical season has come to a close. During the hot summer months, no new plays of consequence will be offered on Broadway. For this reason, THE STORY WORLD will discontinue its dramatic review section until Fall finds the metropolitan producers again active.





Good English AND ITS USE

A Department for Everyone who Writes

THE SHORT-STORY vs. THE SYNOPSIS STYLE

Which is Preferable in Writing for the Screen?

BY HAZEL W. SPENCER

A LETTER from a perplexed young student came to me some time ago, burdened with the following refrain: "We are told to present our screen stories as concisely as possible, to limit the number of words in which they are written, *and yet to finish them in a style calculated to attract the eye of an Editor.* What really is the perfect style for a photoplay? And which is more important, brevity or charm?"

My own views on this subject are not shared unqualifiedly by members of the writing profession and I should be sorry to lead anyone astray by an expression of mere personal opinion, but perhaps a frank discussion might stimulate some of my readers to further investigation and this, at least, is always beneficial.

It has always seemed to me that anything worth doing at all is worth doing as well as it can be done. If a photoplay is good enough to be written in the first place it is good enough to be written attractively. Of many produced plays it can be said quite truthfully that they were *not* good enough to be written in the first place, but of all such as are really definite contributions to screen art the value lies as much in the manner of their presentation as in their subject matter.

If an Editor finds a story interesting it is a foregone conclusion that it will reach the notice of the producer. On the other hand, what fails to attract the Editor rarely if ever gets beyond the Editorial

sanctum, for the producer has no use for what the Editor does not recommend.

Some Editors, to be sure, are much wiser than others and possessed of minds so keen and analytical that they can discover a gold mine beneath very unpromising strata, but it is not by any means safe for the beginner to count upon reaching this sort of an Editor; indeed he must be prepared to encounter many of quite a different variety.

Most Editors are in a hurry, and this makes them impatient of any unnecessary delay. They do not like to open a new manuscript and discover at first glance that you are going to be long-winded, wordy, and profuse. They are hoping, indeed, that your very first word will arrest their attention; that you will carry them at once into the midst of your action so that, no matter how long your story really is, they will *feel* that they are progressing rapidly.

Probably as much depends upon your first page and upon your opening paragraph as upon all the rest of your story put together. If you can catch the Editor's *instant* attention it is fairly safe to prophesy that you will hold it.

This takes ideas as well as style, but it takes style emphatically and unequivocally. Your ideas may even be those of another person, not your own at all, but if you know how to dress them attractively the Editor does not care a farthing *whose* they are, unless they happen to be very ancient and venerable indeed or frankly thefts.

The Editor actually says to you in so many words: "Charm me! Take me out of myself into a world of make-believe. Force my attention, even against my will. Hold it, grapple it; keep me thrilled, breathless, wondering. Make me your slave, your captive. Enthral me till I have forgotten every other claim but that made upon me by your characters."

If you imagine that you can accomplish all this by ideas alone you are very much mistaken. It is in your manner of *presenting* your ideas that the secret lies, and presentation is not a matter of ideas but of *words*. Not necessarily new words, but old words put to a novel and original use; combinations of words that attract and arrest the attention as inevitably as a new color scheme in the costume of your best friend; sentences that show your mastery of language; paragraphs that linger in the memory, not alone because of their contents but because of their color, their fragrance, their power, their amazing vitality. These are the qualities that attract an Editor, I care not whether his desk is in a publishing house or a motion-picture studio. If he has to read stories, *any* stories, he likes the well written ones best.

So do you. So does anybody. In his preference for the well-written story an Editor is not showing what you are pleased to suppose is partiality; he is simply showing good judgment. We are all partial to *good* things. If we are not it is because we are ignorant.

If you are told by your instructors to keep your stories within certain prescribed limits, to condense them into the smallest possible space consistent with clarity, you must take such advice with a grain of salt. Prescribed limits rarely go hand in hand with an attractive style, for the simple reason that you cannot write spontaneously under compulsion.

Nothing that compels you to write according to a definite rule will help you to develop a natural and graceful style, for grace is the accompaniment of unconsciousness, not of restrictions. The moment you feel yourself hedged about by the necessity for limiting your stories to a given number of words, that moment you will take leave of your spontaneity.

If you know anything about writing at all you will know better than to write too *much*, just as you know better than to talk too much; but it is as fatal to perfection of literary achievement to keep your mind on a definite figure, which you may or may not pass, as it is fatal to good service of any sort to work with an eye on the clock.

Forget limits altogether when you are writing and put your mind wholly upon the thing you are writing about. If the thing you wish to express can be expressed better in ten words than in five *use* ten. The expression is what counts, not numerical accuracy. And another thing: if you can describe your characters more convincingly by means of conversation than without it, *don't stint yourself on conversation*. In fact, don't stint yourself in any particular. Simply make it your whole object *to get your story over*.

Afterwards, when your story is completed, and you are perfectly satisfied that you *have* got (not "gotten," remember!) it over, then go all over it once more and see where you can cut it down. If you are sure that it would suffer by the omission of a single paragraph don't omit it! But very frequently you will find on re-reading a manuscript that omission, even of several pages, is exactly what it needs. In this case the sacrifice will be no hardship but rather a pleasure.

Do not, however, allow yourself to be advised against your own strong conviction. I have seen splendid stories cut down to their total loss of charm and character, and others built up with equally deleterious effect. The Story's The Thing! Let nothing persuade you to weaken or destroy its pristine power and charm. If an Editor insists upon making changes the result is his look-out, not yours; when it leaves your hands be sure that is the best story *in every particular* you were capable of writing at the time.

All successful Directors of Pictures being of necessity men of unusual originality and breadth of vision, it is not to be expected that they will handle your story without leaving upon it the stamp of their own individuality, but if the story as you first wrote it is sufficiently expressive of

real novelty and charm you need not be afraid that it will suffer by transference to the screen. It will be your own story still, if it was ever actually your story in the first place.

Now there is only one way to make anything your own and that is to do it your own way, to let it express yourself. It will not do this if you pattern it after a formula laid down for you by another person, nor if you fear to go beyond or stay behind the limits set for you by others. You must dare to be a law unto yourself.

This is not such hearsay as it may seem. I am not advising independence of all instruction and of all rules; far from it. What I am advising is respect for your own inner vision. While this inner vision is still groping and inadequate rules and instruction will help you, but it is more dangerous to depend upon them than to renounce them entirely.

If you imagine, for instance, that all successful photoplays must be confined to ten thousand words you are going to cramp and weaken your style at the outset. Naturally, other things being equal, all stories that can present a satisfactory picture within these restrictions will be more popular than those taking twice as long to read; but no story, manifestly compressed into a length unfavorable to its complete expression, will win you the applause possible to the same story when fully and attractively developed.

You must learn to suit the length of your story to your material. Some stories, equally interesting and worth while, can be told in much smaller compass than others. Nothing but practice will enable you to judge in such cases, but practice will do it and practice only. The thing of more importance than anything else in the world for the young writer to remember is to tell his story entertainingly. This should be his very first consideration. The question of length is entirely secondary.

Where you are writing for instruction the situation is of course somewhat different. Instruction is greatly facilitated if stories are not too long. You can cultivate a habit, too, and it is a very good one, of expressing yourself briefly; of saying things that are very much to the point with very few words. But it is a grave

mistake to allow your sense of the desirability of this habit to interfere with the smoothness of your style.

One of the reasons so many short stories in the *Saturday Evening Post* have been filmed is because they have been written so cleverly. The ideas were there to write about, of course, but the very same ideas have been written up in other magazines, with only the slightest variations, and nobody has ever heard of them again. The *Post* writers are trained entertainers, and they entertain by means of brilliant and original use of language quite as much as by the novelty of their ideas.

Take for example, "The Covered Wagon." The subject matter of this story is far from new; the plot is commonplace. But the great picture directed by James Cruze was only made possible by the great story by Emerson Hough. Hough wrote the story in a style that compelled the interest and clothed the dry bones of history with living flesh.

IN AND OUT OF THE DICTIONARY

A column of authoritative solutions to problems concerning the use of English, submitted by readers of The Story World.

"T. G., Kenmore, N. D." Please tell me what is wrong with the following sentence:

It's also a hundred feet long, though only fifty feet wide—as a horse-barn should be—with a great hip-roof, under which can be kept an immense amount of hay!

Answer: In a formal sentence of this nature the abbreviation of "it is" to "it's" is not good usage. Also, the parenthetical brackets are preferable to the dash; and neither the words "horse-barn" nor "hip-roof" require the hyphen. You would use "may" instead of "can." The cor-

rected sentence should read thus: "It is also a hundred feet long, though only fifty feet wide (as a horse barn should be), with a great hip roof under which may be kept an immense amount of hay." We neglected to add that the exclamation point is not necessary in a plain statement.

"L. R. S., Des Moines, Iowa." May the word "plenty" be used as an adverb? Thus: "It is plenty good enough."

Answer: No, this use is incorrect. "Plenty" is a noun, not an adverb. Its use in the sentence you have quoted is a colloquialism.

"F. C., Providence, R. I." I have been puzzled by the frequent use of the word "mutual" in modern advertising literature and indeed in much of our better class writing. May this word be used in the sense of *shared in common*? Is it really correct to speak of "mutual friends"?

Answer: Not according to the best grammarians. *Mutual*, properly used, means *reciprocal, interchanged*. I quote from Wooley's Handbook: "The title of Dickens' novel *Our Mutual Friend* is a quotation from some ill-educated persons in the story; it therefore furnishes no good argument for the correctness of the expression 'mutual friend.'" I saw on a milk wagon the other day the title "Mutual Milk Company." Such a use is utterly absurd.

"B. W., Grand Rapids, Michigan." I have been told the following sentence is incorrect. Please explain. "We planted a hedge around the yard and thereby giving the place a very nice appearance."

Answer: It is incorrect to introduce by *and, but, or* an expression not grammatically and logically coordinate with any preceding expression. Simply leave out the conjunction and your sentence will be satisfactory, although we should suggest that you use some other adjective than "nice" in this particular connection. "Nice" means *precise*; it is not properly used as an adjective implying degrees of attractiveness.

"F. H. J., Alhambra, California." Will you please answer two questions for me? Is it ever correct to use "most" in the sense of "almost"? And when you are speaking of the wife of a man whose name is preceded by a title do you give the title before the wife's name also?

Answer: No, to the latter question. The combination of *Mrs.* with a husband's title is incorrect. You would not say, *Mrs. Professor Smith*, but simply, *Mrs. John Smith*; or, if you wished to be very explicit, *Mrs. John Smith, wife of Professor Smith*.

It is not correct to use "most" in the sense of "almost." The use of "most" in this connection is dialectic.

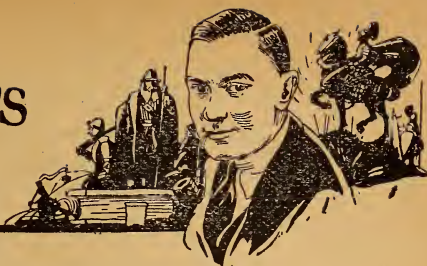
"Q. D., Fargo, North Dakota." What do you think of the habit of putting one's own humor or sarcasm in quotation marks? Is this necessary? Thus: It was a sort of "Cain and Abel" attachment.

Answer: Such a habit is both undignified and inartistic. The quotation marks are entirely superfluous.





H.H. VanLoan's OWN CORNER



HERE'S something you should read. A friend of mine is dramatic critic on a Los Angeles newspaper. She lives on the third floor of an apartment house, and the iceman has to carry a pretty good-sized "chunk" up three flights of back stairs three times a week. She believed he should be rewarded for the task for which he is paid. So, on several occasions, she left a couple of passes for one of the local picture theatres on top of the refrigerator. One day he asked her how she happened to get those passes, and she confided to him her profession. He was immediately interested, and did a little confiding himself. He told her that he wasn't an iceman by birth, calling or choice: the vocation had been thrust upon him. By nature he was a screen author. There were a whole lot of people, including certain producers, who disagreed with him, but, nevertheless he was born to write for the screen. When he felt the affliction coming on, way back in the Middle West somewhere, a couple of years ago, he wrote reams and reams of stuff. It was good stuff. It must have been, for he said it was himself. One night, he locked all the doors, turned the wick of the lamp down low, and disclosed to a visiting neighbor that he was a writer. The rural friend was at first amazed. Then, as the iceman read some of his stories aloud, the visitor grew startled. The little town really was harbouring a great man: a genius! A hundred years from that date, the nation would be celebrating his birthday, and tourists would journey hundreds of miles to gaze at the bucket he used to pull up from the well, and carve their initials in the barn where many of his immortal lines

were penciled! Both agreed that his plots were remarkable. The local moving picture theatre had never shown anything like them. It was agreed, without one dissenting vote, that the one and only logical place for this hay manipulator was in the immediate vicinity of Los Angeles: approximately Hollywood. Without waiting to consult anyone, or notify the producers of his intention, the rural genius at once packed his kit and journeyed westward. He has since admitted that he came West with enough funds to make about a dozen infrequent trips to food emporiums of lesser conspicuousness, the patrons of which were not fastidious in their tastes, and unconventional to such a degree that they paid no particular attention as to just how the so-called "nose-bag" was put on. During these trying times he made various attempts to pry his way into the various studios, but without success. Things went from bad to worse until finally the paramount question which confronted him was, how to exist without an income, and how to stop the outgo. His condition became very serious, and, finally he was compelled to take a position as dispenser of congealed hydrogen. And, for several months now he has been lugging it up flights of stairs and into cellars, and other precious places, in order to remain on earth and keep thinking of the one thing that interests him most. He spends his nights and Sundays in a small room working out plots. He refuses to permit anything to cool his enthusiasm and despite his adversity has a spirit of optimism which many of us would enjoy having. I have read a couple of his scripts. They're not bad: in fact they're better than many stories I've seen on the screen. He knows plot, theme and construction. He says he's going to fight it out along this line, no matter how long

it takes. I admire his persistency: it's taken men from lower depths than he is in at present and raised them to tremendous heights. Don't laugh at this ice-man. He's got a determination which should work out something to his great advantage. It would be interesting to learn what he is doing ten years from now. But, I'll bet he won't be carrying ice. If he is, it will probably be on one of his fingers, and set in platinum.

Peter B. Kyne, who is known to the majority of those who read fiction stories, rose right up before the Commercial Board of Los Angeles recently, and sang his "swan song" to moving picture producers. That was all right. He can divorce himself from pictures if he wants to: it's been done before. But, he certainly was a naughty boy when he declared almost in the same breath that the industry is "not an art" but a "cannery." Then he said a lot of other things which I can truthfully predict will not have any depressing effect upon our industry or raise the value of the Russian ruble. It was probably forgotten in the rush of the next day's business. The majority of us are more interested in learning how far the French are going to penetrate Germany and the wise philosophy of such a man as Emile Coue than we are in the blatant raving of a dissatisfied author. I shall not quote any of Kyne's eulogy. It isn't important enough. It may be that the reader will peruse this page in the morning, and I do not care to upset his day. But, I do wish to impress one truth upon every reader of this department, and, that truth is: that it seems to be a favorite game of the majority of authors to make a dash through our industry, grab as much money as they can possibly carry, and then run away and tell the world how bad we are. Of course, I refer now to novelists and fiction writers. And, in most cases, the material they have sold to producers has been of an inferior quality, for which they have received exorbitant, in fact ridiculously high, prices. Very few of them have made any

attempt to raise the standard of screen stories, but have slipped across their cheapest wares. It isn't nice of them to grab our "poke" and then deliriously proclaim our faults. It's darn poor sportsmanship. I happen to have learned from Peter B. Kyne's agent that he sold approximately \$100,000 worth of stories to these so-called "canneries." Does that rightfully entitle him to kick us? He will miss us a great deal more than we will miss him. In fact I might say at this time that the average producer will admit that today the name of the greatest living author has no drawing power, if the story he has written is not a good one. Goldwyn recently paid the steamship fare of one of our greatest living authors from Europe to New York and then handed him a railroad ticket from New York to Hollywood. He remained here two or three months. He wrote some stuff. They read it. Then they handed him a return ticket and bade him good-bye. He received a nice trip out of it: they received some words which they threw in the waste-basket. He put his name on the stuff he wrote and would have permitted it to go out under his signature. Goldwyn seemed to care more about his name than he did. The Goldwyn people knew that the public would go to see a picture with his name on it. But, they knew it would do him more harm than good. I could cite more cases, similar to this one. Some day, when I have plenty of time, I'm going to tell the readers of this department how the authors and novelists have "put it over" on the producer. No group of individuals has done more to make our beloved art a conglomeration of "canneries" than those novelists and story-writers who have dumped into it their cheapest wares. Some day a fearless producer will step to the front and tell some of his experiences with our big brothers. That producer will receive the greatest praise from that group of individuals who are trying to furnish the screen with better stories, and whose loyalty is largely responsible for the great strides this great industry has made in the past few years—the screen author.

AN ALL-WOMAN FILM COMPANY

MOTION picture history has recorded women serving in practically every important position, from that of producer, owner and promoter of film companies down as far as "important" carries. A new record has been inscribed upon the celluloid scroll, however, by the advent of an all-woman film company in San Diego, producing at the Sawyer-Lubin studios.

The owner of the company, the chief producer, the director, the co-director, the assistant director, the 'script clerk, the screen editor, the title writer, the continuity writer, and the publicity director are women. In other words, all important *creative* positions in the organization are filled by women.

Mrs. Lule Warrenton, who has been upon the stage and in motion pictures since childhood, is at the head of the company. Mrs. Warrenton "graduated" from character actress to writer and director of a number of productions with one of the largest Hollywood studios; then directed and produced for various independent companies, and finally left Hollywood to join the San Diego Conservatory of Music. Resuming her film activities, she made San Diego her headquarters.

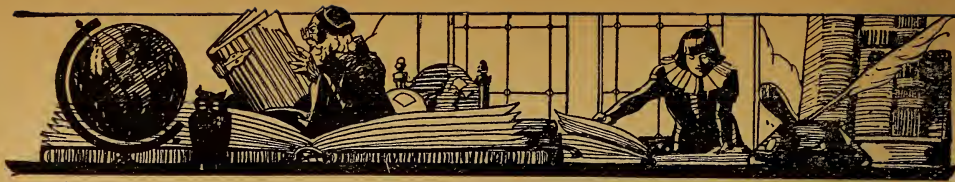
With Mrs. Warrenton in creative and executive positions are Mrs. A. B. Shute, Mrs. Katherine Chesnaye and Miss Edith Kendall. The fact that none of these three aides to the producer has had actual film experience, but each qualified for her position by taking training in a

nationally-known photoplay-writing institution of Hollywood, constitutes a news item almost as startling as the first. This innovation creates a precedent never before established in motion pictures, of persons who have adequate training but no practical experience taking high positions without serving any sort of apprenticeship.

Mrs. Shute is a writer, whose first novel was published about twelve years ago. Mrs. Chesnaye is a short-story writer, and has a remarkable background of practical experience. She is the wife of a British army officer, with whom she has travelled all over the world, on one occasion spending six years in Central Africa. The third of the trio, Miss Kendall, has been a news feature writer, but until her training in screen technique had no experience in any branch of motion pictures.

The company has completed one production, and an extensive series of five-reel dramas, as well as some educational features, is planned.

The special significance of this move may be interpreted in a number of ways. It is certainly a triumph for women in general, and the first that has been scored in our newest art. Moreover, it seems to mean that any talented "outsider" can enter films after receiving adequate training, without "working up from the bottom," a thing that has kept much new and virile talent off the silver-sheet.



The STORY WORLD'S SERVICE BUREAU.

THE Service Bureau Department, including the following list of fiction and photoplay markets, appears each month in THE STORY WORLD. We have been informed by our readers that by carefully perusing these pages they have been able to save a great deal of time and much postage in selecting buyers for their manuscripts. Although these lists cannot be kept absolutely up to the minute on account of late changes in policies, in most instances they represent stable, reliable markets.

Another thing in this regard: You may challenge the magazine rates, as we have designated them. The question of rates is indeed a puzzling one. However, since no editor has an invariable price, we have considered only an average rate. Therefore, you may find that a magazine which we have marked with an asterisk offers you a much smaller sum for a story than one we have left unmarked.

Also, you may challenge our statement that all these magazines pay "upon acceptance." Editors, again, have different methods of payment. Some enclose check as soon as a decision has been reached. Others send a voucher through the cashier's office in the course of a week, while still others take as long as a month. However, payment within thirty days is generally considered "payment upon acceptance."

Rest assured that this department is here to serve you—to answer the thousands of questions that must confront the

perplexed writer—questions pertaining to the many phases of photoplay production, to the fiction world, to creative writing in general.

G. Harrison Wiley, the technical expert, answers personally, by direct mail, your technical questions. Any queries having to do with the mechanical evolution of motion pictures should be addressed to him.

FICTION MARKETS

The following list of fiction markets includes only magazines that pay for fiction upon acceptance, at a rate of one cent per word, or better. Magazines which ordinarily pay over two cents are marked with an asterisk. A double asterick indicates those paying highest rates. In submitting work to these markets, writers should enclose stamped, self-addressed envelopes to insure the return of their manuscripts:

- Ace-High—799 Broadway, New York.
- Action Stories—41 Union Square, New York.
- Adventure—Spring & Macdougall Sts., New York.
- *Ainslee's Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- *American Magazine—381 Fourth Ave., New York.
- Argosy All-Story Magazine—280 Broadway, New York.
- Asia—627 Lexington Ave., New York.
- *Atlantic Monthly—8 Arlington St., Boston.
- Black Mask—25 W. 45th St., New York.
- *Blue Book—36 S. State St., Chicago.
- Bookman—244 Madison Ave., New York.
- Breezy Stories—377 Fourth Ave., New York.
- Brief Stories—805 Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia.

- *Century Magazine—353 Fourth Ave., New York.
- *Collier's Weekly—416 W. 13th St., New York.
- **Cosmopolitan Magazine—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- *Country Gentleman—Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia.
- Country Life—Garden City, L. I., N. Y.
- *Delineator—Spring and Macdougall Sts., New York.
- *Designer—12 Vandam St., New York.
- Detective Stories Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- *Dial, The—152 W. 13th St., New York.
- *Elks Magazine, The—50 E. 42nd St., New York.
- **Everybody's—Spring & Macdougall Sts., New York.
- Farm and Fireside—381 Fourth Ave., New York.
- **Good Housekeeping—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- *Harper's Bazaar—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- *Harper's Monthly—Franklin Square, New York.
- **Hearst's Magazine—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- Holland's Magazine—Dallas, Texas.
- **Ladies' Home Journal—Philadelphia.
- *Life—598 Madison Ave., New York.
- Live Stories—9 E. 40th St., New York.
- Love Story Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- *McCall's Magazine—236 W. 37th St., New York.
- *McClure's—80 Lafayette St., New York.
- McLean's Magazine—143 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.
- *Metropolitan Magazine—432 Fourth Ave., New York.
- *Modern Priscilla—85 Broad St., Boston.
- Munsey—280 Broadway, New York.
- National Pictorial Monthly—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- People's Story Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- *People's Home Journal—78 Lafayette St., New York.
- *People's Popular Monthly—Des Moines, Iowa.
- *Photoplay Magazine—25 W. 45th St., New York.
- **Pictorial Review—200 W. 39th St., New York.
- *Popular Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- **Red Book—36 S. State St., Chicago.
- **Saturday Evening Post—Independence Square, Philadelphia.
- Saucy Stories—25 W. 45th St., New York.
- *Scribners' Magazine—597 Fifth Ave., New York.
- Sea Stories—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- Short Stories—Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.
- Smart Set, The—25 W. 45th St., New York.
- Snappy Stories—9 E. 40th St., New York.
- *Success—1133 Broadway, New York.
- *Sunset Magazine—San Francisco, Calif.
- Telling Tales—80 E. 11th St., New York.
- Top Notch—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- True Story Magazine—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- Western Story Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- *Woman's Home Companion—381 Fourth Ave., New York.
- Woman's World—107 So. Clinton St., Chicago.
- Young's Magazine—377 Fourth Ave., New York.

PHOTOPLAY MARKETS

Below is a list of studios which furnish a general and fairly steady market for various types of photoplays. In each case, address your manuscript to the Scenarion Editor and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for return. It is especially important in submitting photoplays to keep a copy of your work, since motion picture companies, although endeavoring to return all material, are not required by law to do so, and your manuscript may be lost.

Fox Studios—1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.—Comedy dramas, melodramas and Western dramas for the following stars: Shirley Mason, Charles Jones, William Russell, William Farnum and Tom Mix.

Eddie Lyons Productions—Care of Berwillia Studio, 5821 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Two-reel comedies for Eddie Lyons and Bobby Dunn.

Ben Wilson Productions—Care of Berwillia Studio, 5821 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Two-reel comedies for Monty Banks.

H. and B. Productions—Care of Bronx Studio, 1745 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.: Dramas, comedy dramas and all-star dramas.

Century Studio—6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Two-reel comedies for Jack Cooper, Baby Peggy and Fred Spencer.

Phil Goldstone Productions—Care of Chester Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.: Dramas for William Fairbanks and Snowy Baker.

I. W. Irving Productions—Care of Cosmosart Studio, 3700 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Harry Reveir Productions—Care of Cosmosart Studio, 3700 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Shell Craft Productions—Care of Cosmosart Studio, 3700 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Two-reel comedies for Ted Henderson and all-star casts.

Clifford S. Elfelt Productions—Care of Fine Arts Studios, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Dramas, all-star casts.

Garson Studios—1845 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.: Dramas for Clara Kimball Young.

Goldwyn Studios—Culver City, Calif.: Big feature dramas.

Richard R. Seeling Productions—1442 Beechwood Drive, Hollywood, Calif.: Western dramas for "Big Boy" Williams.

Richard Thomas Productions—Care of Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Douglas MacLean Productions—Care of Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Comedy dramas for Douglas MacLean.

Irving Cummings Productions—Care of Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica

Bld., Hollywood, Calif.: Outdoor dramas for Irving Cummings.

Victor B. Fisher Productions—Care of Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood Calif.: All-star dramas.

Courtland Productions—Care of Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.: Unusual dramas for Guy Bates Post.

Lasky Studios—1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Calif.: Comedy dramas for the following stars: Betty Compson, Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Joy Moore, Walter Hiers, and May McAvoy. Also all-star dramas.

Mayer-Schulberg Studio—3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Metro Studios—Romaine and Cahuenga Sts., Hollywood, Calif.: Comedy dramas for Viola Dana and all-star dramas.

Palmer Photoplay Corp.—6362 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Purchase for their own production scenarios written by those who have taken their course in photoplay writing. They also act as agents for their students in the sale of scenarios to other producers.

Robertson-Cole Studios—Melrose and Gower Sts., Hollywood, Calif.: Western dramas for Harry Carey; dramas for male or female lead.

Joseph M. Schenck Productions—Care of United Studios, Los Angeles, Calif.: Dramas for Norma Talmadge and comedy dramas for Constance Talmadge.

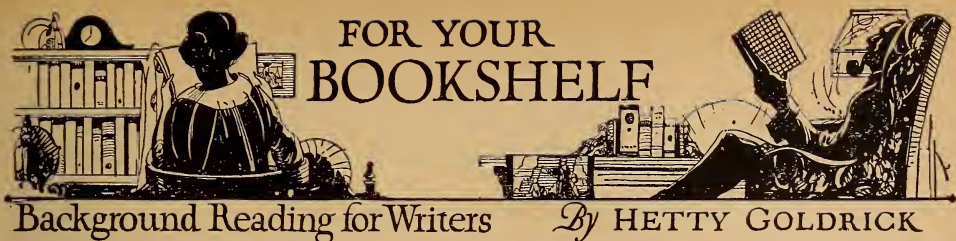
Maurice Tourneur Productions—Care of United Studios, Los Angeles, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Principal Pictures Corporation—Care of United Studios, Los Angeles, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Universal Film Co.—Universal City, Calif.: Dramas and comedy dramas for Herbert Rawlinson, Jack Hoxie, Wm. Desmond, Gladys Walton, Hoot Gibson, Neely Edwards, Lon Chaney, Reginald Denny and Roy Stewart. Also all-star photoplays and two-reel comedies.

Warner Bros. Studios—5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Comedy dramas for male or female lead.





"DRUMS OF DOOM"

By Robert Welles Ritchie.

Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers. Price, \$1.75

DRUMS OF DOOM is just like it sounds and you hear their ominous roll on every page. The story begins in the House of the Winking Light on San Francisco's steep cliffs and moves on to the Casa de la Sombras—the House of the Shadows—in the valley of San Ysidro. The San Francisco house had no windows except on one side and this was wholly glass. There was never a single light within this odd dwelling but at night the great revolving light on Alcatraz island swept its glassy front every quarter of an hour and penetrated the gloom within like a peeking, ghostly eye. About the house was a walled garden, and its gate was always locked and barred. Moreover this uncanny place was so situated that no other house in the neighborhood had a glimpse into the huge window or the walled garden, except one.

A beautiful girl and her paralytic father took rooms in this neighboring house across the way one day. The paralytic sat in his own window hour after hour, looking over into the garden and at night his daughter joined him watching the light wink on the huge window. Nathaniel Bullock lived in the mysterious house alone, without family, friend or neighbor. But one night when he was away he had a caller. Nancy had climbed over the wall, broken in a window and gotten certain papers. But her neat job was all but spoiled for Bullock inconsiderately returned a little early and led her a merry chase in the dark and tangled garden.

We next meet Nancy on her way to Mexico and the Casa de las Sombras where Don Elias Santandos dwells and shares a secret of the past in which Bullock and Nancy's father figured. On the way Nancy meets Peter Free, a young American looking for adventure. He finds more than he had bargained for, for Bullock overtakes Nancy, and Peter, as her protector, is drawn into the plot which is unfolded in the Mexican desert. The lost Murillo, the priceless masterpiece which a Queen of Spain had given to the Mission and whose theft and substitution was the cause of all the trouble, is found and restored to its rightful position but not before the drums of doom had rolled and beat out several fates.

To Peter and Nancy, of course, is meted their fortune of well-deserved happiness. They look upon the restored masterpiece hanging on the dark Mission wall, walk out into the sunlight and paint a picture for themselves more marvellous to them than any great artist might have done. For swift action "DRUMS OF DOOM" is a picture from beginning to end. The character of Don Elias is well drawn and one of the most interesting, if gruesome, parts of the book, is the description of peon life in the Don's little kingdom of the San Ysidro Valley.

"THE ENCHANTED APRIL"

By "Elizabeth"

Doubleday, Page and Co., Publishers.

Price, \$1.90

If I can ever get hold of enough money I am going to give every wife I know "THE ENCHANTED APRIL." She will have a delicious time reading what she herself would never dare say, scarcely think, about the four great facts which are supposed to make up a woman's life,

to-wit: God, Husband, Home and Duty, and even a more delicious one joining Lotty and Rose on a deliberate vacation jaunt from all four. There might be the serious consequence of all wifedom getting up and leaving home, but think of the happy welcomes upon their return.

If you have read "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" or any other of the "Elizabeth" books you can imagine something of the keen wit and captivating satire with which "THE ENCHANTED APRIL" enchants. Here are two rather weather beaten wives sitting in the dull smoking room of a cheap woman's club on a dreary, drizzly London day. Lotty is a nobody, the insignificant wife of the self-satisfied, pompous Mr. Mellersh Wilkins, solicitor. Rose, rather pretty and a worker among the poor, is the wife of a husband who makes his living writing the memoirs of Du Barry and other ill-behaved ladies. "Frederick was the kind of husband whose wife takes herself early to the feet of God." These two lonely wives, strangers, see each other read the same advertisement in *The Times*: "To those who appreciate Wistaria and Sunshine small mediaeval Italian Castle on the shores of the Mediterranean to be Let Furnished for the month of April. Necessary servants remain. Z., Box 1000, *The Times*."

Lotty boldly makes herself acquainted with Rose and with each to bolster the other in her wild dream, they take the castle, advertise for two other women to share the expenses, fib to their husbands, and turning their backs upon the four solemn facts of their lives go bask in freedom and wistaria, sunshine and happiness for one whole enchanted month.

The women they drew to share the castle with them are a widow who had an unceasing flow of anecdotes reminiscent of England's great, and lovely Lady Caroline driven to seclusion by many and persistent lovers and her marriage-urging parents. These four assorted women with their assorted foibles are perfect subjects for the graceful satire in which "Elizabeth" so excels. I fear that the demand for castles in Italy will be greater than the supply since it turns out that the Four Facts are irksome or delightful, all according to the point of view. The two unsatisfactory husbands find their way to the castle and disclose themselves to be perfect treasures. The tiresome widow becomes a charming old lady and sophisticated Caroline discovers that love is really lovely.

Beneath the author's light touch is a hand sure of its characters. The plot is spiritual rather than physical and I do not know whether such delicate nuances could be portrayed upon the screen or not but I heartily wish that such charm could.



"*AS society is organized today it is essential that every man or woman who hopes to make his or her way, at least to anything like eminence even comparative, shall be able to write fairly good English. In a world so largely dominated by the printing-press as is ours in these modern days, not only has the man who can express himself in ink a manifest advantage, but he who cannot is hampered from the start. The highest skill in composition which can be acquired is of instant practical value in every profession.*"—Arlo Bates.



Across the Silver Screen

THE LATEST PHOTOPlays IN REVIEW

BY *Fanchon Royer*

"Success"

AN outstanding original film play of the month is Murray Garson's production, "Success," distributed by Metro. Both the story and scenario of this photodrama of stage life were written by Adeline Leitzbach and Theodore Liebler, Jr., who rendered their plot interesting by means of several twists while consistently tracing their theme, the impossibility of success without reputation, through the whole. The picture abounds in delicate pathos which, here and there, occasions some truly compelling moments; of suspense there is a sufficiency.

With all of the components of an exceptional drama which should rightfully have classed it with "Humoresque," "The Old Nest" and "Just Around the Corner," this play was unfortunately entrusted to the direction of Ralph Ince who incompetently translated it with awkward staging and very little emphasis.

Barry Carleton, a Shakespearean star, permits popularity to weaken his moral fibre until Jane Randolph, his wife and leading woman, leaves him, taking their baby. Fifteen years later, Barry, now a down and outer, seeks work in "King Lear," being revived by old acquaintances of his. While in the manager's office he meets his wife and daughter, Rose, for the first time since the separation. The latter, who is to play Cordelia upon the demand of her suitor, the production's "Angel," takes to the old man at once although his identity is not disclosed. Barry, in turn is much affected by the

girl and there develops in his heart, a tremendous love for her.

The opening night of "Lear" finds the old fellow, denied a part in his beloved play, filling the capacity of dresser to Gordon, the young star. He recognizes that the latter loves Rose who reciprocates his feeling. This does not, however, prevent them from quarreling over the "Angel's" attentions to the girl. Later, just before curtain time, Gordon and the objectional financier engage in an argument which results in the former's indulgence in a spree. Intoxicated and unfit to go on, with his managers upset and his sweetheart horrified, Gordon is dragged to his dressing room by Barry who promises to straighten him up. After some delay, Lear is played magnificently with only one or two of the company aware that Barry has substituted himself for the indisposed star.

When Rose follows Barry home to thank him for saving Gordon's reputation, she discovers their relationship through his scrapbook. Reconciliation follows for everyone when Gordon, in humility, insists that he shall give Barry credit for his wonderful performance.

This story is, of course, one whose most valuable moments cannot be touched in a brief synopsis. Had its direction approached the scenario in merit, a much more artistic result could have been reached.

Brandon Tynan, in Carleton, characterizes the role excellently, well supported by Mary Aston, Naomi Childers, Stanley Ridges and others.

"Going Up"

It would be difficult to conceive a more delightful farce than has been produced

by Douglas MacLean from the stage comedy, "Going Up." Containing, as arranged by the staff, excellent plot material and abundant suspense well supported by competent comedy players, the picture is a near riot rivaling the best Chaplin and Lloyd vehicles in ability to keep the audience in a continuous uproar.

Excruciatingly funny situations, motives, characters and titles follow one another with a rapidity that admits of no letdown. The slapstick utilized, which has distinct value, is carefully measured and never influences the photoplay's classification. It is obvious that much attention has been expended upon the twists, gags and staging in which we repeatedly detect the well balanced hands of MacLean and his director, Lloyd Ingraham. The use of tinted titles for psychological purposes is an exceptionally effective feature.

A vacationing novelist named Street, through force of circumstance finds himself represented as an aviator. More, he discovers unhappily that he is scheduled to fly in a contest with much money and a girl's heart staked upon his triumph. Being entirely ignorant of a plane but unable to undeceive the throng, he finds himself going up after all attempts to gracefully evade the issue have failed. The chronicle of his flight ranks among the merriest screen material that we can remember.

MacLean gives one of his characteristically clean-cut performances, surprisingly well assisted by Francis MacDonald, Margery Daw and Hallam Cooley.

Associated Exhibitors releases the series of MacLean features of which "Going Up" is the first.

"Thelma"

Chester Bennett, for many years a Vitagraph director, with a typical Vitagraph cast, staff and outlook has independently produced Marie Corelli's "Thelma." He has also released it through Robertson-Cole which is of greater significance.

A perfunctory scenario, which makes one futile, exaggerated attempt at suspenses and one wholly thrillless effort at sensation, falls flatly into a mechanical rut in the hands of Thomas Dixon, Jr. The outstanding incidents of Corelli's

novel are included but neither characters nor story worthy of the names result.

If the script is uninspired, Mr. Bennett's direction is no less conventional. He stages his story with no striking effects, no sincere drama and particularly no departure from the staidest kind of fiction into life.

The cast itself, headed by Jane Novak in the title role, leaves most if not everything to be desired. There is one hideous unreal make-up, no characterization and little sympathy. Even one animating personality would have been a redeeming feature but such was notable for its absence.

Thelma, the daughter of a Norwegian pagan, is thought a witch by her townspeople for which she is made the subject of their curses. She meets an English lord who happens by and marries him after Sigrid, an unexplained hunchback, kills himself out of jealousy when he fails in an attempt to murder the successful suitor.

In London, Thelma is tortured by a scheming vampire whose attentions had formerly been spurned by the bridegroom. This artificial creature succeeds in convincing Thelma that her husband is untrue. The girl returns home to find her father burning to death in a boat at sea, by which means he expects to join the Norse gods in Valhalla. When the misjudged husband arrives in pursuit of Thelma the next morning all is again well and no unpleasant effects ascertainable.

This picture is a hangover from pioneer days. In no way can it be considered contemporary screen drama.

"Within the Law"

Bayard Vieller's famous stage production, "Within the Law," makes quite the best crook photodrama of the season. Adapted with unusual veracity by Frances Marion, it presents several really thrilling situations and combines a couple of good twists with an easily imaginable plot. Romance, although present in good measure, gives place, in this picture, to suspense and characterization.

The big moments could scarcely be handled to greater satisfaction than they are by Frank Lloyd's direction. This val-

uable management, with at least two striking performances and a third degree situation, brings about a truly tremendous climax.

Mary Turner, the shop girl who swears revenge upon Edward Gilder, her employer, when he sends her to prison for an offense of which she is innocent, is an almost unexcelled position for the star, Norma Talmadge; and the part is interpreted with all the alternating dignity and pathos of which she is so supremely capable. So vivid is the portrayal of the flame of resentment dominating Mary that the circumstance of the girl being projected, with entire ease, into a strata of society about which she could know but little does not appear incredible or even overdrawn.

Determined to fight capital upon its own "within the law basis," Mary heads an outfit of society blackmailers, very successfully. She finally collects Gilder's debt to her by marrying his son and then leaving him.

Joe Garson, a devoted member of Mary's crowd, having been "framed" by the police, murders the stool pigeon who has been his undoing. Both Mary and her husband are implicated. Their attempt to save Joe goes for naught when he confesses to spare his beloved leader's happiness. Mary has, by this time, been cleared of the original charge and, after Joe's confession, is free to enjoy the love which she has developed for Dick.

Lew Cody's rendition of Joe is as artistic a characterization as we have lately witnessed. Deserting the Cody personality, in olden days so overshadowing in his work, he creates a classic crook performance that builds up magnificently to the breaking point during the grilling to which he is subjected. Joe's nervous collapse holds the greatest sympathy in the play.

Jack Mulhall walks through Dick Gilder in a preoccupied fashion. More meritorious efforts are in the hands of Joseph Kilgour, Thomas Ricketts, Ward Crane, De Witt Jennings and Eilene Percy.

"Within the Law" is a First National picture.

"The Ne'er Do Well"

"The Ne'er Do Well," the romantic Rex

Beach story of Panama, has been made into a sprightly comedy drama by Paramount. Louis Stevens' translation of the novel makes a smooth scenario into which the high points stressed by the author have been incorporated, and his valuable suspense maintained. It is then rounded off according to our best photoplay standards. The result is a cinema story which, while by no means startling or even new in its nature, contains all the elements of satisfactory entertainment.

There is a charming swing to Kirk Anthony, the adaptable American lad who finds himself followed by a series of strange happenings in a Spanish land. It is to Thomas Meighan's credit that he plays the role joyously enough to overcome the fact that his years are quite obviously double those of his undertaking.

Shanghaied to Panama by his father's orders that he may be left entirely upon his own resources, meets Mrs. Cortlandt, a woman with full confidence in her own charm. Through her influence, the young man is located in a position, but not until he has met Chiquita, who provides his first incentive. Competition being rampant in that quarter, Kirk is forced to woo and wed with the proverbial American haste. That the boy has not realized the extent of Cortlandt's jealousy of him, comes home forcibly where there ensues a public denunciation by the older man just after his secret marriage to Chiquita. An angry threat to "get" Cortlandt finally jails Anthony when his supposed victim commits suicide in his room. The day is saved by Mrs. Cortlandt's revelation of her husband's farewell note.

Lila Lee is more pleasing than usual in Chiquita; Sid Smith provides some excellent comedy as her fussy, little fiancée; and Gertrude Astor plays Mrs. Cortlandt well enough.

Director Al Green guides the picture with characteristic ability. It will be remembered as a coincidence, that Mr. Green filled the capacity of assistant to Colin Campbell during the filming of the first screen "Ne'er Do Well," a Selig release. The present version is by far the more graceful picture of the two.



A huge production program is under way at the Goldwyn Studios. Two production units have just started work,

three directors are working on their stories and two companies are in the midst of production. Work is in progress on "The Rendezvous," a Marshall Neilan picture, and "In the Palace of the King," under the direction of Emmett J. Flynn. "The Rendezvous" is a tragic romance of Russian life, and among the players are Conrad Nagel, Elmo Lincoln, Eugenie Besserer, Richard C. Travers, Sydney Chaplin, Emmett Corrigan and Cecil Holland. "In the Palace of the King," adapted from the F. Marion Crawford novel, is a historic spectacle, the cast of which includes Blanche Sweet, Hobart Bosworth, Pauline Starke, Aileen Pringle, Charles Clary and William V. Mong.

Tod Browning is getting ready to make "The Day of Faith" from the celebrated novel by Arthur Somers Roche. Tyrone Power, Raymond Griffith, Eleanor Boardman, Charles Conklin and Ford Sterling have so far been cast.

George Walsh and Wally Van have been added to the cast of "The Magic Skin," which George D. Baker is directing. This is an adaption of Balzac's "The Wild Ass's Skin."

DeWitte Jennings has been added to the cast of "The Master of Man," Hall Caine's newest novel, which Victor Seastrom is directing.

Charles J. Brabin is directing Corinne Griffith, Frank Mayo and Myrtle Stedman in "Six days," by Elinor Glyn.

Metro Activities

"Conquest," an original by Sada Cowan and Howard Higgins, will be Mae Murray's first starring picture upon her return from the East. The authors will also prepare the continuity.

The cast for "The Eagle's Feather," which Edward Sloman is directing for Metro, includes James Kirkwood, Mary Alden, Lester Cuneo, Elinor Fair, Barbara La Marr, William Orlamond, Adolphe Menjou, George Siegmann and John Elliott. This is a Katherine Newlin Burt story, screen version by Winifred Dunn.

Pigeons, pigs, ducks, cats, oxen and dogs have been added to the cast of "Scaramouche," Willis Goldbeck's screen version of the popular story by Rafael Sabatini which Rex Ingram is directing.

Harold Shaw is directing "Held To Answer," by Peter Clarke McFarlane, the screen version for which was prepared by Winifred Dunn.

Principal Pictures Studios

Work is under way on "When a Man's a Man," the popular Harold Bell Wright novel, for Principal Pictures. This supersedes "The Winning of Barbara Worth," filming of which has been postponed for several months due to the extensive plans and preparations necessary to adequately produce this big story. Harry Carr and Walter Anthony wrote the adaptation of "When a Man's a Man," and Edward F. Cline is directing. The cast includes John Bowers in the title role; Marguerite De La Motte, Robert W. Frazer, Ione Marlowe, Forrest Robinson and John Fox, Jr. The exteriors for this picture will be filmed in the exact locales around which the story was written, mainly in and about Prescott, Arizona.

The scenario department of Principal Pictures is busy with the "Peck's Bad Boy" Series, which Sol Lesser intends to film. Stories are in preparation also for the newly signed vaudeville headliner, Harry Langdon. In addition to these activities, a series of nature studies are in preparation under the direction of Louis Tolhurst, inventor of a new lens which makes possible an interesting and comprehensive study of insect life.

Ince Studios

The question of who will play the role of Anna Christie in the screen version of the remarkable Eugene O'Neill play has superseded that of "Who Will Play Ben Hur?" The title role has not been cast. John Griffith Wray will direct the picture, and the screen version is the work of Bradley King.

"Judgment of the Storm," the Palmer Photoplay Corporation's premiere production, is undergoing final editing and cutting.

Woodward S. Van Dyke has been selected by Associated Authors to direct their second production, "Harbor Bar," a Peter B. Kyne story. Thompson Buchanan prepared the screen adaptation, and

Evelyn Brent and Monte Blue are playing the leading roles.

"A Man of Action," featuring Douglas MacLean, is nearing completion. This is an original by Bradley King which James W. Horne is directing. The star is supported by Marguerite de la Motte and Raymond Hatton.

Universal City

"Wanted: A Home" is the title of Baby Peggy's first big picture for Universal. This is an original by King Baggott and Raymond L. Schrock. Included in the cast are Fred Esmelton, Sheldon Lewis, William Conklin, Dave Lawrence, and Betty Francisco.

Hugh Hoffman has written the screen version of Gelett Burgess' novel, "The White Cat," for Gladys Walton's next starring vehicle. It will be filmed under the title of "The Untamable," with Herbert Blache directing. Malcolm McGregor, Etta Lee and John Sainpolis are featured.

"Where Is This West?" is the rather interesting title of a new Jack Hoxie comedy-drama written by George C. Hull. George E. Marshall is directing.

Perley Poore Sheehan, who adapted "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," is devoting himself again to magazine writing. Before entering the picture business his work was well known in *Munsey's*, *Century Magazine* and others.

A new mystery drama, called "Legally Dead," and featuring Milton Sills, has just been completed at Universal. Claire Adams plays the feminine lead and William Parke directed. The story has to do with the bringing to life of a human being with the use of a newly discovered drug known as Adrenalin.

William Desmond is busy again at Universal City on "The Skyline of Spruce," under the direction of Robert Hill. The story is by Edison Marshall and was

adapted for the screen by Paul Scofield. Included in the cast are Virginia Brown Faire, William Welsh, Albert Hart and Fred Kohler, with Rin-Tin-Tin playing a featured role.

David Torrence, Lionel Belmore, Esther Ralston, Mike Donlin and Alfred Fisher comprise the cast of "Thicker Than Water," which is Charles Kenyon's adaptation of Margaret Bryant's novel, "Richard."

Miscellaneous Activities

With the finish in sight of Mary Pickford's Spanish picture, it has been decided to call it "The Street Singer." Immediately upon completion of this work, Mary will begin preparation of the script of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall."

Jack Pickford is making preparations for a Kentucky mountain story. Julianne Johnston and Anna May Wong have so far been cast in Douglas Fairbanks' new picture, "The Thief of Bagdad." Raoul Walsh will direct the star.

At the Hollywood Studios Irving Cummings is making "Broken Hearts of Broadway." Colleen Moore, Johnny Walker, Alice Lake, Tully Marshall, Kate Price, Creighton Hale, Arthur Stewart Hull, Freeman Wood and Anthony Merlo make the cast interesting.

Roy del Ruth is directing Billy Bevan in "Knip and Tuck" at the Sennett Studio. The comedian is supported by Harry Gribbon, Alberta Vaughn, Mildred June and Kewpie Morgan.

Mack Sennett promises a rare treat in the near future, to-wit: Ben Turpin in a series of travesties on "William Tell," "Romeo and Juliet" and "The Barber of Seville."

"Back to the Woods" is a new Christie comedy, the cast of which includes Neal Burns, Vera Stedman, James Harrison and Ward Cauffield. Scott Sidney is directing.



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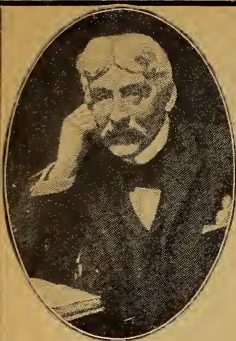
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Euphrasie Molle, school teacher, recently sold "The Violets of Yesterday" to Hobart Bosworth.

G. Harrison Wiley, research director at Metro Studios, through Palmer training raised himself from a minor position to a place of responsibility.

Gladys Gordon undertook the Palmer training in a spirit of scepticism. Now a staff writer in a large Eastern studio.

Mrs. Bernadine King, of Kansas City, recently sold her story through us to the Caldwell Productions.

Francis Knowles, Eastern attorney, now on Eastern studio staff.

Mrs. Katherine Cook Briggs, Washington, D. C., recently sold "The Ninth Name."

Kenneth M. Murray, New York, recently obtained a studio staff position.

Phyllis Chapman, New York, in a large Eastern studio where her work is attracting the attention of the studio executives.

Ethel Styles Middleton, Pittsburgh, wrote "Judgment of the Storm," the first Palmerplay, on which she receives royalties on the profits for five years, having already received an advance payment of \$1000.

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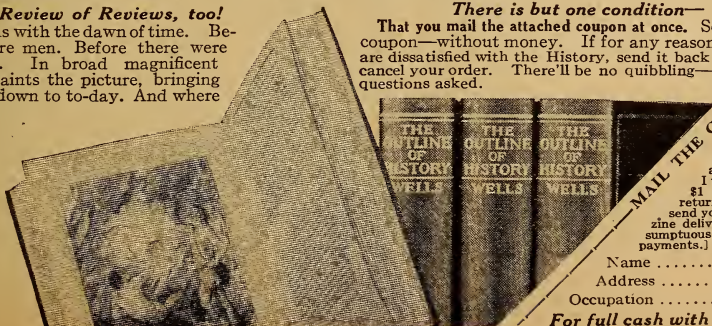
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AUGUST

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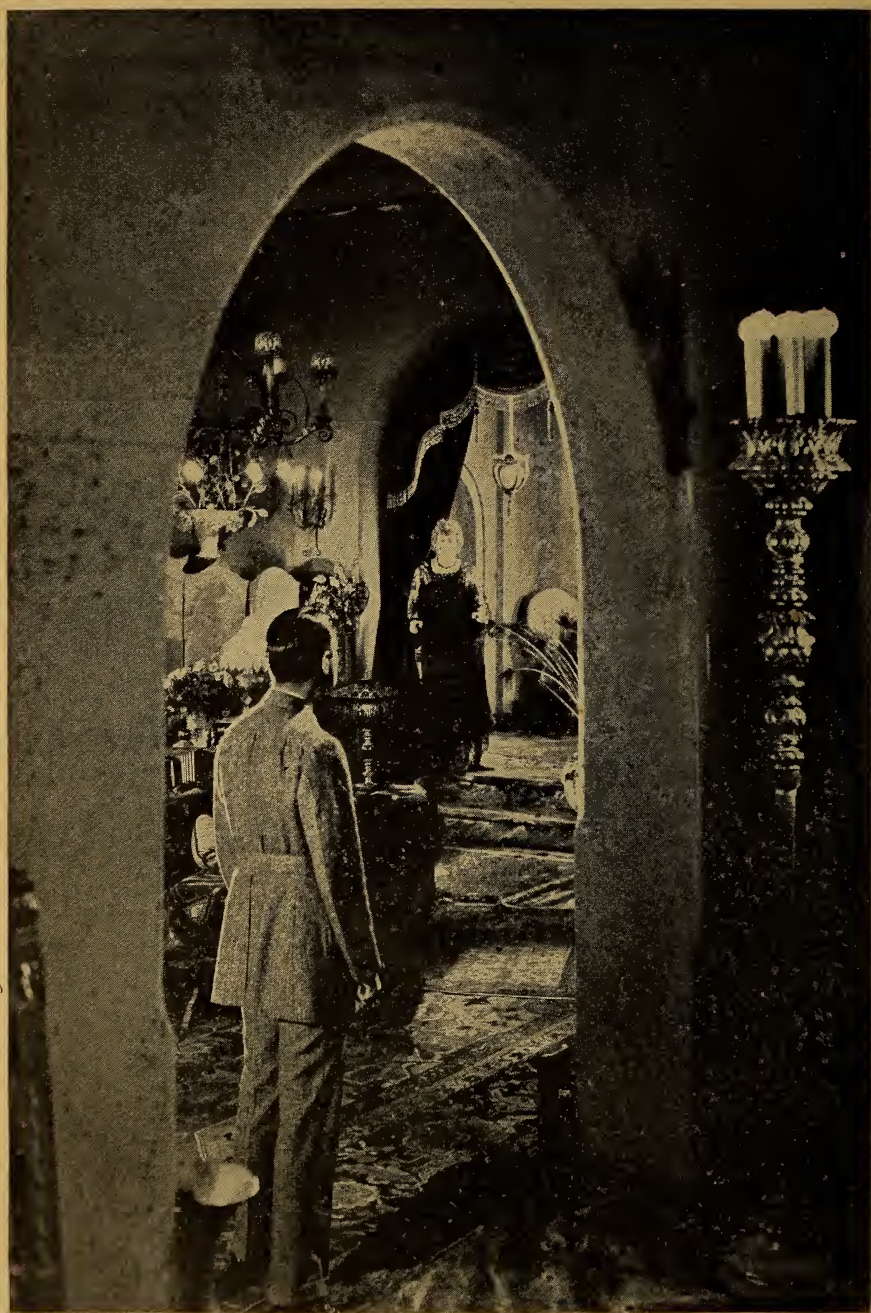
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“*Judgment of the Storm*”
the Palmerplay

“*Judgment of the Storm*,” the Palmer Photoplay Corporation’s initial production, is practically ready for release. Elsewhere in this issue of THE STORY WORLD is a review of the picture by Bernard Ashbrook Holway, who witnessed a test preview showing of “*Judgment of the Storm*” at Glendale. Particular interest is attached to Mr. Holway’s opinion of the picture and his comments upon the reactions of the audience at the preview, because of the fact that this film represents a new producing policy in which stories written expressly for the silver-sheet are featured.



Realism, drama and contrast are highlights of “Judgment of the Storm”





The production is beautifully staged and photographed





A touch of unusual atmosphere



and of the sparkle of fashionable gaming add to its color.





There is vivid contrast between story personalities



Between the two mothers, for instance



The STORY WORLD

AND PHOTODRAMATIST

A MAGAZINE FOR THE CULTIVATION OF SELF-EXPRESSION
THROUGH CREATIVE WRITING

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THE TEN GREATEST NAMES IN MOTION PICTURES

The First of a Series

[This is the first of a series written by a man who has been a member of the motion picture profession since its infancy. It tells you who is the person undoubtedly responsible for motion pictures, and consequently the most noted figure in the profession. The complete series offers a condensed history of cinema art, setting forth those who have been particularly active in developing this great medium of expression—the Eighth Art. What photoplay writer should not know the genesis of his profession?]

SOME time ago the editor of this magazine asked me to write a series of articles on the ten greatest names in motion pictures. At first I was inclined to shun such a task, for I realized it would be a rather dangerous undertaking and might result in heaping considerable ridicule on the head of the writer. I am not fond of inviting harsh criticism, and I pointed out to him that no matter how unbiased the writer of such a series of articles might endeavor to be, there would be a vast number of people, both in and out of the industry, who would not agree with him in the selection of names. After considerable discussion it was agreed that I should sign the articles anonymously. Accordingly, I

started the task. After serious deliberation I selected the ten names which I believe will be indelibly inscribed on the scroll of time as representing those individuals who have made the greatest contributions to this great art. I have realized the seriousness of this task and the results have been reached after sincere reflection and without bias or prejudice. I am not employed by any studio or moving picture company, but have been a free-lance worker in its various branches for the past twelve years. I have no grievances against anyone and wherever adverse criticism is made or praise is bestowed, the same is inspired by the highest motives: for the writer has no axes to grind nor does he seek favor.

These articles were written merely to pay tribute to those men and women who have contributed something really worth while and to manifest to the world that their labors have not been forgotten. Perhaps they will also prove instructive to those who aspire to write for the screen and will give them a better knowledge of the people who have played important roles in the great story of the motion picture industry.

Few people are familiar with the dramatic history of the motion picture. Millions of people have little or no knowledge of the years of experimentation that preceded the perfection of the motion picture machine. It is doubtful if there are many people who know where the experiments were carried on, or where the first motion picture was exhibited. How many of us know the name of the man who is responsible for motion pictures in their present accepted form? The majority will say, Edison. It is true that Thomas Edison had a great deal to do with motion picture experiments in the early days, but he did not invent them. He came very near it, but the great honor went to another. So, we cannot honestly include him in the list of the ten greatest names in motion pictures. However, he is entitled to considerable praise for the part he did play.

The first motion picture machine ever made was a halfpenny toy which appeared in England in 1825, the invention of which has been variously credited to Dr. Paris and a Dr. Finton, two London physicians, and Sir John Hershell, the

famous scientist. This little trick called a "Thaumatrope," was simply a disc of cardboard with a string running through its diameter, by the loose ends of which the disc was twirled, exposing to the eye in rapid succession, the two sides of the disc upon which were printed certain pictures. On one side, for instance, might be a bird, and on the other side a cage. By twirling the disc the bird would at once appear to be in the cage. Or, on one side might be a picture of your favorite star and on the other side a frame, so that by twirling the disc the picture would appear as though framed. In this way you may make a boy roll a hoop or a girl jump a rope, or make any of scores of combinations showing action. It all depends upon one's ingenuity. This clever little contrivance was the very first apparatus made to demonstrate the principle of the persistence of vision, the basic principle of the motion picture. The Rockett-Lincoln Film Company, producing "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln," has seized upon this old idea and applied it in an ingenious manner to their picture. On one side of the "Thaumatrope" disc is a picture of young Abraham Lincoln as a rail splitter, a sapling between his feet and his axe swung high preparatory to hitting a mighty blow. On the reverse side the same figure is bending over the sapling, having struck the blow, the axe being stuck tight in the wood. By twirling the disc toward one, young Lincoln appears to split rails just as he did it in the Sagamon River bottom ninety-two years ago. As there is no patent or copyright

on the "Thaumatrope" it may be made at home, using any subject desired.

Homer Croy tells us that in 1845 "The Wheel of Life," as the "Thaumatrope" was then called, was brought to America and this country turned eagerly to the problem of making the birds fly and the horses gallop by turning a spindle. Just as ingenious were our people as were the English in thinking up unusual names for their toys, for there soon appeared on the market the Anorthoscope, the Motorscope, the Vibroscope and the Zoetrope. Of these only the Zoetrope was to play any part in advancing the motion picture. It was invented first by Desvignes in France in 1860, but was duplicated in name, if not in invention, by one of our own countrymen, William F. Lincoln, of Providence, Rhode Island, who, in 1867, took out a patent covering its principles. As he studied the problem he came to the conclusion that the object to be viewed must be at rest for the brief period that they gazed at it. On this principle he started anew and invented the "Kinematoscope," as he promptly christened it, unable to resist the temptation to give his invention a profound and inspiring name. This was the first patented invention to produce the illusion of objects in action. His patent was registered at the Patent Office in Washington, February 5, 1861, and so stands.

The first photo ever made to show motion was made in Philadelphia and the actors were Coleman, Jr., and Horace, the inventor's two sons. The two boys who posed for this picture are still living. The

scene showed Coleman, Jr. hammering a nail, while Horace rocked. Coleman, Jr. is now President of William Sellers and Company, a large iron and engineering concern in Philadelphia, while Horace is now a bearded architect in the same city. As the result of this invention, we understood for the first time the principle that gives the illusion of motion. Dr. Sellers was the first to arrive at the conclusion that the movement should be intermittent, or, that the picture should be at a period of rest while it was before the eyes. But he did not avail himself of it at this time. The plaything lost its interest to him and dropping it, his ever eager mind attacked the problem of finding a better dressing for wounds, according to Croy, with the result that he was the first to demonstrate to the world the value of absorbent cotton.

So, we cannot name Dr. Sellers as one of the ten greatest names in motion pictures, although he deserves great credit for discovering the basic principle that gives the illusion of motion and probably started other inventive minds working which resulted in giving us the motion picture.

No serious work was accomplished and no steps forward were taken until the year 1872, when, curiously enough, the argument started among some horsemen in California that was to have the effect of giving to the world a tremendous industry and introduce a new form of amusement which was to later rank as the fifth greatest in the United States! The horsemen, in discussing the gait, thrust

and toss of their respective animals, came to words as to whether or not a racing horse had all its feet off the ground at the same moment. The men decided to make some experiments to settle the controversy. Among those who participated in the argument, but not a horse-owner himself, was Edward Muybridge, an Englishman employed by the United States Government in making a geodetic survey. To him they appealed to make a series of photographs, considering them a means that would register motion which could be studied at leisure, when the argument could be settled once for all. Muybridge, bringing out his camera containing the wet collodion plates, set it up at the Sacramento race-track and made his exposures. He discovered that to arrive at any accurate results he would have to employ more than one camera. So, from the pool made up by those immediately concerned, he purchased twenty-four cameras and placed them on the edge of the race course, conveniently close together, with a fine thread attached to the shutter of each camera and stretched across the track so that the horse in passing must needs break the string, which would release the shutter and make an exposure on the sensitized plate. The next camera would show an advance in action, with the result that by the time the animal had made the distance in front of the twenty-four cameras, he would leave a fairly accurate record of himself on the plates, which could be studied at leisure. However, when the first exposures were made it was found

that the speed of the animal blurred the plates in that it was not always determinable whether or not the animal's hoof was actually on the ground. To offset this photographic obstacle a fence was built immediately in front of the battery of cameras and painted black. With the brilliant California sun shining on this and taken against the light, silhouettes resulted, with the details happily distinct. Surprised at the result and enthused at how, for the first time, one could see the exact movements an animal went through in securing locomotion, Muybridge went to Leland Stanford, Governor of California, and interested him in his experiments. Governor Stanford agreed to furnish him with financial means by which he could continue his animal studies. A studio was built at Palo Alto, by the side of where now stands Leland Stanford University, and in it were housed the twenty-four cameras. Here day after day Muybridge conducted his experiments. To the task of finding out how these pictures were to be projected, he devoted a careful study and finally he achieved a machine that would throw a projection of glass plates on a screen. This machine consisted of a large disk with reproductions of the photographs set along its margin. On this were pasted as many successive phases of an action as wished, each showing a slight progression in movement. An oxyacteylene light was set up with a condensing lens which would project the picture on a screen. Then he added to this, the shutter, which did away with any blur and which was placed in front

of the glass one containing the photos. This would flash for a fractional part of a second and then be cut off by reason of the revolving disks, when immediately another would flash showing a slight advance in action. Pictures attaining anything akin to action were thus projected on a screen for the first time. Until Muybridge's revolving disks, each person had been his own audience; now a number of persons at the same time could avail themselves of a demonstration. The work of the aged inventor continued until 1893. Then Muybridge was invited to exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition, and to Chicago he brought 20,000 original photographs and his machine for projecting them. The Commission awarded him a certificate of honor for photographs illustrating animal locomotion. With this, his work was practically ended. He had given twenty years of his life to advancing the cause of pictured motion. It was to him that the first vision of motion pictures appeared. But, while his fame will endure, I hesitate about putting him at the top of the list of the ten greatest names in motion pictures.

Let us see what Thomas Edison did later. When Muybridge completed twenty years of effort Edison began the study of the motion picture in earnest. Edison had conferred with Muybridge in 1886 to see if there was not some way by which his own talking machine and Muybridge's "Zoopraxoscope" could be combined to show a person moving and speaking at the same time. It was decided that neither ma-

chine was far enough advanced in its own field to make synchronization of them feasible, and thus the project was abandoned. Edison now decided, from studying Muybridge's experiments, that it was useless to try to take the pictures on glass. He finally invented the film which is used today. He was not, as is generally supposed, the inventor of motion pictures. In Edison's invention, the observer looked directly at the film instead of at the screen as we do now. Had Edison thought to exhibit his pictures on the wall or screen, instead of having the observer look into a box at the film, he would have been the inventor of the motion picture. This honor, however, went to C. Francis Jenkins, a stenographer in the employ of the Treasury Department at Washington, who, on June 6, 1894, gave the world's first projection of moving pictures from celluloid on the wall of a jewelry store in Richmond, Indiana. It is to Jenkins we owe the motion picture.

Muybridge was the father of motion pictures, but his career ended before they were really an established fact. Muybridge was the father, but it was C. Francis Jenkins who brought up the child, and in 1898 the medal of honor was bestowed upon him as the original discoverer of motion pictures in their present accepted form. It is because of this that we select him as the first of the list of the ten greatest names in motion pictures. His name will be immortalized and will go down through the ages.

TWO RULES AND A THOUGHT

BY GEORGE F. PEABODY

TWO thousand or more years ago—about the stony shores of Galilee and over the rugged hills of Judea wandered a Philosopher whom, it was said, held the key to all knowledge and truth. No small part of his greatness lay in his ability to present these truths in such fashion that they could be applied by anyone in any age. And anyone who will seek out those truths and apply the rules that sprang from them will sooner or later find the Promised Land.

For the beginning writer what better admonition could be given than, "Know thyself?" First of all know yourself; know what is in your brain and you won't waste years trying to get from that organ something that is not there.

Not everyone who takes a sudden fancy to write can do it. Neither does everyone who takes up music become an artist. But if there is in your being a persistent, living spirit that clamors incessantly for expression you are safe in concluding that you can write readable, salable, valuable material of some kind. But, first, know what manner of spirit it is.

Again the Philosopher queried as to what man would begin the building of a house without first counting the cost thereof.

The young writer is starting to build his house. What could be more beneficial than a careful estimate of its cost in labor, time, and disappointment? Are you able to

work for days, perhaps weeks, over a tale only to end by throwing away the whole thing? Are you able to find satisfaction in knowing that very likely your only reward in these earlier efforts will be the profit you yourself developed through the practice? Shall you be able to look a string of rejection slips squarely in the face and grin at them? If you have considered these things and are not discouraged you have counted the cost and you'll come through—provided you know yourself.

But we have no wish to draw a doleful picture. Counting the cost is pleasant or unpleasant according to the viewpoint. If you regard rejection slips merely as a necessary evil to be contended with for a considerable length of time you will find them thoroughly unpleasant. But if you think of them as being instruments which shall one day protect your finished work from an avalanche of poor or mediocre efforts you will not feel so hard towards the "We regret" slips now. Your safety, after having arrived, depends entirely upon those little cards keeping at bay the rabble who clamor for your place and who, perhaps have not suffered, nor fought as have you.

The rejection slip is the thing that makes the game and saves us all, because it jealously preserves our markets for us. And instead of being bitter we should rejoice that this is so.

THE COWBOY IN FICTION

BY EUGENE MANLOVE RHODES

THE most fascinating thing in the world is the most difficult to put on paper; a hard day's work. Backache, hunger, thirst, heat, cold, dust, danger—you may write the words, but how many will understand them? In these white-collar days, few men have ever been really tired, fewer have been really hungry; and as for thirst—

You sometimes meet a cheerful, twinkling person, tolerant of small annoyances, mildly amused at our small pleasures, glowing with a private content at the most inopportune moments, and, upon insufficient provocation, flying into a state of intense calm. You probably list him as a philosopher. In a way, you are right. He is a man who has known absolute thirst, once or often, and hence has formed a new standard of values.

Now the cowboy—the 'clusively old-time cowboy—did work which was more striking, more packed with interest, than the sometimes misjudged activities of his infrequent vacations. Because that work was done, for the most part, in loneliness and privation, few writers were so hardy as to acquire first hand knowledge of it. You find the cowboy's work touched upon but seldom in fiction. If work is mentioned at all, it is usually the obvious and external phases of it, such as calf-branding or steer shipping.

Even when the writer knows, the

reader does not. "Them long-horns lit out down the hill and old Bill after them, like hell on a holiday." But if the reader has never seen any old Bill fall off from any little old hill after any little old long-horns, nor observed holiday procedure in the locality mentioned, he will have no conception of what there befell, the color and thrill and dash, the reckless, flashing, simultaneous impossibility of that head-long miracle.

It was in his daily work that the cowboy was at his best. Something of that work I would tell you, what and how and why. But my space is sharply limited; so first you are to hear a little of the why. For the cowboy's code, admirable in the main, foolish in spots, sometimes vicious, was unique in one respect. 'Sclusively among codes and creeds, it was observed. Such as it was, they lived by it—and died by it.

Humility was not headlined in the cow countries. With the cowboy, the cornerstone of character was pride. He was proud of his skill, swiftness, daring, hardihood, endurance and loyalty.

Let me set down a few sections of the code, as they come to mind.

Your loyalty was to the job, not to your employer; you might fall out with your employer; you might privately resolve to evidence your dissatisfaction by deleting your employer, in due time. But you were not supposed to quit the job until

another man—another good man—was ready to take your place. “To quit a man in a tight,” was the unforgivable sin. This, of course, had its origin in the days when herds were trailed a thousand miles to market. As a corollary, any purposed deletion of your employer as noted above, must hold over till the trail’s end; else the herd might lose *two* good men. This worked out well; animosity weakened with time, and at any trail’s end, you generally felt pretty well pleased with the world.

There was another side to this. *Provided the job could spare you*, you were supposed to put up with no harsh talk from foreman or owner. At the first rough word you said:

“Who, me? Hell, I done quit twenty minutes ago.”

You were held to that order of words. You must not say “I’ve quit,” but “I’ve done quit.” And it must be twenty minutes, neither more nor less. The idea was that you were supposed to know your job and to have done your best in a difficult and ticklish business; when you failed, no reproaches were due. This also worked out beautifully. You did not often quit your job in anger—perhaps never in a lifetime. What happened was that no one used tall talk to you. It was a wise idea, which might spread to advantage.

Again, you might never have seen your employer. You might work for a stock company, or an absentee. You worked for the job. You stayed with the stampede; you might not know how to swim and might have grave doubts as to

your horse—but you crossed the flooded river with the herd; you went sleepless through stormy nights, as you “rode ’round them.” More common, less exciting, but quite as hard, was the chance where some emergency brought you a double or treble share of work. Some part of a plan has slipped up; it is up to you, man and horse, hungry and tired, all but exhausted—thirsty in the south or chilled in the north—to save the situation. You can save yourself much suffering by quitting. But you don’t stop while you can wiggle; you don’t “lay down on the job.” It isn’t allowed. . . . (And soft-handed people sneer at ideals! That sneer is “the cry of the blind eye, *I cannot see.*” To graft a wild apple with a Baldwin shoot—there is pure idealism. And it works.)

It followed that “the alibi” was unknown. When you came in without what you went after, you made no excuses. At most, you jerked a thumb at the pinnacles, with the casual and indolent explanation: “I wasted ’em.” No post mortems. You were supposed to have done all that any man could do. Proud? You were trusted—who would not be proud?

You might give a burlesque account of your “water-haul,” grossly exaggerated, for campfire use, a few days later. But you made no excuses.

Better still—whatever your misadventure, no matter how painful the experience—you *did not complain*. There was a good reason for this and that reason was not because you were such a fine fellow. It was because your audience knew

all about it: exposure, fatigue, hardship, suffering—the bunch had been there. To people who did not understand, you would have complained fast enough. Speaking to your tough-fibered peers, *you formed the habit of not complaining—and kept it, later.* It is a good habit.

The blurb was as unknown as the alibi. Men said—without emphasis:

“He’ll do to take along.”

That was enough. “He’ll do to ride the river with”—“He’ll make a hand.” When such comment was passed upon Bud Keyes, Bud was labeled for life. He was trustworthy. Others might be more skillful, but Bud counted as a man complete. “*Top hand*” referred to seniority of service, not to skill—except with a new outfit.

For another sample of the highest praise, consider Johnny, the boy who herded the saddle horses through the long nights. “Is Johnny a good night hawk?” “He holds the horses.”

Superlatives were not permitted on the range, with one exception. To be “A cowman right” did not refer to character, but to uncanny skill, ultimate wizardry of hand, and utter concentration upon every detail of the business. I have known one or two, who, so far as can be judged, never forgot the fleshmarks of any cow they had once seen. A cow would be poor, her hide wooly, the brand indistinct, the earmarks dubious or ragged; two men would claim her. To throw her down to “pick” the brand would injure her, as she is already in bad shape.

“Leave it to Bill McCall. Hi,

Bill—is this bag of bones a K B or a Circle Seven?”

Bill glances over his shoulder. “She’s Jim’s. Saw her at Hopewell Tank last year.” Jim took her.

Because you know your business, the writer who would put you to paper meets a serious difficulty when he comes to dealings between you and the foreman. In practice, the foreman said, when no other was by to hear:

“Charlie, I reckon you might go to represent with the V Cross T, tomorrow.” If there were extra horses in the *caballada*, not in your mount, but which he was willing for you to take, he mentioned them. That was all. He didn’t suggest that you leave Jug who was lame, Tiger who was thin or Rebel with a cinch-gall. He didn’t tell you what to do or how long to stay. You were supposed to know your business. If the V Cross T work made an early shipment of steers, you were to use your judgment, to ship steers of your brand if you thought best. If you needed an extra man to drive back, you hired him.

But the writer is forced to explain. His readers, if any, would not understand. They do not know what is meant by the large verb “to represent.” They do not know what you go to the V Cross T to do; they must be told. So the writer must put into the foreman’s mouth, for the reader’s helping, detailed instructions such as no foreman would give and no waddy would take.

“Representing,” is given as a sample, only. It was the same with other work. You were told to take

seven peelers and work Hueco Hills. Details were left to you. "Hank, you go with the wagon to Cedar Spring." But Hank was not told where to make camp, where to get wood, and so on. That was up to Hank.

As a curious by-product—because beginners *must* be given precisely such detailed directions as *must not* be given to the old hand—all "medicine" was given privately, except general orders, such as arranging watches for night guard. The old hand had been learning since he was three years old. Later would be too late.

I worked on the range twenty-five years, and in that time I did not hear any man told what to do. If it was obvious, a gate to be opened, bars to lash fast on a pen of cattle, wood to be rustled for a branding fire—the nearest man did it, untold. When the boys came in at night—too tired for any type to tell—if beef was low, the first four men killed a beef. The horse-wrangler was supposed to keep the cook in wood and water; sometimes he was prevented, for reason good. In such case, the first man to reach camp rustled that wood and water. No one asked them to do this. Some strange instinct seemed to tell them that the cook would need wood and water.

The foreman was supposed to know his business, too. He had hard problems of ways and means.

He must ask no counsel, make no public plannings; he allowed himself no indecisions; and for what went wrong, no other took the blame.

Another reticence—a small mat-

ter, but occasion for comment—was the way a bunch of cowboys would shut down "talking shop," in the presence of outsiders. It has been variously attributed to an oafish bashfulness and to a fine modesty. We were not bashful and we were not modest. I am clear on that. For the reason of those depressing silences, I am not so sure. It was probably because strangers didn't speak our language. They didn't understand some of the words—and half of the other words didn't mean to them what they meant to us.

So much—and only a small part—of the tradition of work. For the etiquette of homicide, it was one with the age-old code of the *duello*; a real or apparent equality of opportunity, and no backing down. This phase has been done and overdone. Since the Great War, some of us are not so bloodthirsty as we were, anyhow.

Cowboys carried arms, and were anachronistic in the matter of using them on their fellows. They needed guns for other purposes than man-killing; but, packing guns, they used them, in anger, when another man, quite as willing to shoot, could have reached no weapon until he had a chance to take a second thought—and until the target had time for a few thoughts, as well.

There has been mutiny upon the high seas before now, and piracy—but the finest thing sailors have done has been to drive their ships across the sea. There *was* gunplay amongst the cowboys; but what cowboys did best and most was to work the cattle. It was not unnatural to write up the fighting

days of the cowlands; but the skill, the daring, the fine faithfulness and the splendid fun of the working days has been neglected.

Andy Adams wrote of those working days, truthfully and lovingly. At that time, gore was what readers wanted. Today, they may be willing to read of that work of yesterday.

You should read George Patullo's "The Horse Wrangler," about "little Dick, who never lost a horse;" perhaps the best Western short story written, true to life, reflecting all that was best of the cowboy spirit. I don't know if it has been published in book form. If not, let us make demand that it shall be. It would be shameful that so fine a story should be forgotten.

You who write today the stories of our yesterdays—can't you give our grandchildren something to remember of the cowboy, beside gun-play? A little about their work?

No shirking, no alibis, no bawling out, no post mortems, no whimpering, no passing the buck, no blurbs, no pouter-pigeon posings;

"Let me at it," rather than "Let George do it;" such material for a novel should at least possess the merit of novelty. So much youth and pride and skill, gay daring, unswerving loyalty—surely all these are worthy of a better fate than forgetfulness.

Whatever was fine in the cowboy was because he was interested in making the best possible job of his work, with an unexplained indifference to the financial rewards of it.

As it happens, his pay was at all times laughably inadequate to the "service rendered."

Time and chance cured the cowboy. But when you look around you and find any man doing notable work in any line—try to get him more interested in his pay than in his work. That will cure him.

Impertinent P o s t s c r i p t—for which I profess myself "puhsunally responsible, suh."

Can that be "what's wrong with the movies?" Is it possible that anyone in the movies thinks more about making easy money than he does about making a good picture?



THE ORIGINAL SCREEN STORY

By JUNE MATHIS

Noted scenarist, now Scenario Editor for Goldwyn Pictures Corporation

[*EDITOR'S NOTE: Miss Mathis is not only one of the greatest continuity writers in the world today, but she is also the author of many successful original photoplays. Few persons are as capable of discussing the relative merits of the original versus the adapted screen story as she is. We advise every student of photodrama to read this article, and to study it carefully.*]

IN the present stage of motion picture development, the most desirable elements for a screen story are those of action and setting.

Writing for the screen is a question of adaptibility. Shakespeare, with his long stage training, would have been a great screen writer, even had he not been a great weaver of words. His rapid shifting of the action in his plays, the vitality of them, combined with the swiftly moving events, his delineation of his characters through their own actions, his plots, interwoven and deftly worked out, are all symbols of great and innate scenario ability, though he knew not the term.

Homer is another who was a natural writer for the screen. His word pictures are heavily detailed with action that is decisive, swiftly moving and well visualized.

There are other writers whom it is next to impossible to screen, and who would have found it next to impossible to have written for the screen. I refer to such writers as Henry James and others.

Mr. James lacked directness both in writing and thought. He was subtle and garrulous and seemed to delight in playing with words.

There may be a day in the far future when we shall have the long dreamed of division of audiences, that Mr. James will be adapted to the screen. But we are dealing now with the present, and the next fifty years or so.

All good drama must have at its very core a great deal of pantomime. All great acting, in a sense, is pantomime raised to the highest level. It may safely be said that there is no great drama without great pantomime. Lady Macbeth, worrying over her blood-stained hands in the center of the stage, Charles Gilpin as the Emperor Jones, expressing the horror and the brooding mystified wonder of a race — these, and all others, are using pantomime to get over an effect, as much as they use words.

In fact, it is easily within the bounds of the very near future possibilities, that we will see an entire drama acted on the New York stage, without a word having been spoken. This has already been done in one or two foreign countries with great success.

With the advancing art of the motion picture, the art of the story will also advance. For instance, there is a vast difference in the scenario of today compared with

the scenario of ten years ago. The screen writer, no less than the writer for the stage or magazine, must bring to his work a viewpoint that is original, vivid and sincere. The day of the trick screen writer is over, for the world is steadily calling for something different, that is completely away from the hackneyed plots and wornout devices of yesteryear.

The screen writers of the future will be developed in the same way that other writers have always been developed—from the ranks of those who have lived and loved and suffered. Were I to whisper a few words to all ambitious screen tellers of tales, those words would be, "You can really know only that which you have lived." When that is remembered, talent and the capacity for hard work being equal, success is more nearly certain of coming.

The screen writer is bound to have a far more significant appeal. He is not forced to leave anything to the imagination, as he appeals directly to the eye. The canvas upon which he can paint his picture is of unlimited scope. The greatest stage settings of "Ben Hur," the play, will look like a doll house in comparison with those that will be filmed in the picture version.

As year by year the screen horizon broadens, so likewise will broaden the opportunities of the screen writer who has had the pluck and patience to serve a long apprenticeship.

The history of literature is full of men and women who have worked for years on a single book or play. Gibbon was thirteen

years in writing the "History of the Roman Empire." Ibsen, at nearly forty years of age, was still studying stage technique. Joseph Conrad spent twenty laborious years, living the while on a small pension, but still, writing the books at the time that were to place his name with those of Anatole France and Thomas Hardy as the three supreme living writers of the world.

Many of the younger writers, both for screen and magazine, are too impatient. Back of every name that flashes across the sky of success, and there are no exceptions to this rule, is a long and tortuous road of hard work. Jack London was famous at thirty and before. The world has heard much of Jack London. But it has heard little of the fact that during the years that preceded his first flush of success, he constantly read and wrote as much as twenty hours a day.

The young screen writer should remember that any great story can be told in pictures. Being free of boresome details, the picture goes straight to the heart of the narrative, as has the real epic, the novel and the drama all down through the ages.

I first became a scenario writer for the reason that I was not satisfied at the time with the pictures then being shown. I had been given an early dramatic training, after which I had spent years on the stage, absorbing every detail possible of that which I knew was to be my life work. I was interested in pictures from the first, and I went to see them for the double purpose of enjoyment and study.

I am a great believer in learning

by absorption. It is a splendid crutch upon which to lean, provided the leaner is working hard, and quite hard, all the while.

Sometimes, when I think of the magnificent future of the screen, and of those writers who bring the right gifts to it, I wish that I could remain longer than my allotted span, so as to behold the brilliant fulfillment of its promise.

Slowly but surely the great screen technicians are taking their places with the other great technicians of the older arts; and, bringing

a newer and more compelling viewpoint, they are gaining the respect which is their due.

Pioneering has ever required strong hearts and willing hands. But it has its rewards that are beyond price For

When the land is cleared, and the pioneers behold the setting sun, on a lifetime of useful effort in the field of art which they first knew as a jungled maze, they have the consciousness that they too did their share in the eternal scheme of things.

IN THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE

"THIS is a nation of small town people," says William Dudley Pelley, famous novelist and short story writer. That is why he has written hundreds of "small town" stories for most of the standard magazines. But HOW he writes them he will tell you in the next issue of THE STORY WORLD. In a realistic manner he will instruct you how to put vitality and realism into your story of homely, simple human beings.

In the same issue Frederick J. Jackson, already well known to our readers as a successful writer of short stories and novelettes, will give you a few more "pointers" about fiction writing.

The September issue also will include the second of the series entitled "THE TEN GREATEST NAMES IN MOTION PICTURES"—the first of the series appears in the present issue—written by one who has been prominently connected with motion pictures since their birth. The complete series practically composes a concise history of the motion picture industry.

Additional features of interest will be another sword-thrust in the "ARE AMERICANS PEOPLE?" controversy—together with interesting articles and our regular monthly departments.

"THE PROPHET'S PRAYER RUG"

A Complete Original Photoplay

BY WINIFRED KIMBALL

Author of the \$10,000 prize winning scenario *Broken Chains*

IN the library of his American home, Dick shows his collection of rugs to a group of friends. Among them the Armenian merchant, Harri. There is a Japanese among the group, and he protests, "The collection would be perfect, if you only had one of the Prophet's prayer rugs." Dick asks about them, and the Japanese continues: "I saw one once in Bokhara. They spread it for the priest to beseech Allah, when there was a great drought.— And after he knelt there and prayed, it is true, it did sprinkle." The men laugh. Dick inquires, "Where could I buy such a rug?" The Jap shrugs his shoulders. "Everything is possible since the war." Dick turns to Harri and asks him, "Have you heard of these rugs?" Harri nods. An older man laughs, and Dick, irritated, says: "I wager five thousand dollars, I shall own one of these prayer rugs before six months pass." They make the bet.

The Jap and the other men leave. Dick turns to Harri: "Where is the best place for me to buy one of these rugs?" Harri answers: "Somewhere about the Bosphorus." "Money does nearly everything in Turkey. Why not go there with me? We could make the search together; and I could buy many rugs for the market." Richard is delighted. The two men get out time tables, search the newspapers for the steamers sailing, etc.

This love of Oriental rugs becomes a passion to some Americans. Richard Van Dyke is such a man, and his ardent search for the Prophet's prayer rug, seems really too sensational to be true. It began as a matter of art, it became an obsession.

—Harry and Dick have arrived in the Oriental city. They are discovered sitting in a native shop. Here a mysterious old Turkish merchant tells his tale to Harri. He is fearfully afraid of listeners; and it is only after the drinking of much coffee, and when Dick has given him more, and more money, that he says: "The real treasures are so few! It is death to sell a Prophet's prayer rug; but this jewel of which I speak, behold, it belongs to Ishmal Midhat Bey." They ask where Midhat is, and the merchant answers: "Now he rules over conquered Armenia, from Siva to Erzerum." They can get nothing further out of him; so Harri pays for the rugs that he has purchased, and the two travelers leave the store, but Harri goes back, and the Turk whispers to him; much pleased with his information, Harri returns to his friend.

Easter comes and goes, while Dick and his caravan cross the country to secure this priceless treasure. You see their caravan led by Dick and Harri, and escorted by his dragoman and a few Arab soldiers. They proceed on their way over a mountain trail.

* * *

It was Easter and the good Bishop calls the faithful remnant of his flock to worship the risen Lord. Three churches were destroyed, but the valley was God's own ground, and here they could gather singing and praising God. — Down into the Valley the procession comes; and the grey and ragged slopes of the hills make a frame for the color and the movement of the little procession. At the head is a boy, who bears a lofty banner, which reveals the picture of a Saint. He carries no weapons, and the belt which holds in his flowing skirts, holds a cross in place of a

sword. The standard bearer is flanked by two younger boys, who steady the picture. Behind them come twenty or more, sad middle-aged women. They are dressed mostly in mourning, and throw flowers in the way of two monks, who carry a crucifix and chalice, and walk before the white mule upon which Bishop Isaac sits.

Around the Bishop, like Miriam of old, Azyl dances before the Lord. "The Lord is Risen," the procession sings, and the priests answer: "He is risen indeed!" The procession comes to a mound. Here are the ruins of a church, recently destroyed. They gather around the broken altar, and the priests spread the table, as if for Mass.

Sixteen centuries have passed since the first church was put here. Then came the Turk, creeping up from the sea, just as he is doing now. — On the crest of the hills surrounding the valley, a party of Turks come into view. They are fierce and fully armed soldiers, led by Midhat Bey. They look down upon the feast day scene in the valley, and Midhat laughs cruelly. He points to the little group of Christian worshippers: "See them! They are at it again! In the name of the Prophet, I swear that the only way to answer the Armenian question, is to kill the Armenians! — Forward in the name of the Prophet!" He leads the charge down the hillside, and on into the valley, where the soldiers surprise the gentle Bishop and his congregation, and put them all to the sword.

The peaceful scene of a moment ago, is now a field of horror. The boys are shot down, the standard bearer is strangled in the rags of his own banner. The old women are examined jeeringly, rejected and killed. Azyl hides behind her father, who bravely faces Midhat. Isaac bids her escape, and Azyl slips behind the broken altar. Midhat confronts Isaac. Accuses him: "You vile traitor. I have caught you in the very act. May Allah kill all traitors, as I shall kill you." He stabs the priest, then laughs as the old man staggers. Isaac begs—"They are so few and so helpless, Sir, let me die for them." Midhat jeers, and as Isaac stretches out his hands beseeching him, he stabs him again. Isaac falls, first to

his knees. Thus kneeling, his face is transfigured; and he cries to Heaven: "Forgive them dear Lord, for they know not what they do." Now he falls to the ground, while Midhat laughs.

All this has happened so suddenly that Azyl has stood transfixed. Now she springs into action. She runs in front of her dying father. She pounds the brutal Turk with her small fist. He catches her by her hair, and swings her around. He is about to cut her throat, when he notes her beauty. She pleases him; so instead of killing her, he wipes the wet blade of his sword upon her hanging hair, then he turns and summons Ouardi.

While he talks to the Nubian, Azyl drops upon the ground by the side of her dead father. When she sees that he is dead, she cries out: "Father in heaven, send the Angel of Death to release me." She falls upon her father's breast, there she lies sobbing. Midhat directs Ouardi: "Take the maiden back to my home. Behold she is comely, and there is always need in our harems for pretty women." So Ouardi crosses to the crouching girl. She looks up, and shivers when she sees his ugly face; then she sees pity in his eyes, so she begs him "Kill me quickly, I want to die." But Ouardi bending close down to her, whispers: "God is great. Behold thy tears may be turned to laughter, and this forsaken flower may yet be a princess. Fear me not, I am thy friend." He picks her up and carries her off.

The soldiers gather around Midhat Bey, who regards with favor the ghastly work of his hands. "Surely the sword is the best cure for our troubles." Then he leads the party off. They ascend the hillside, but in an opposite direction from that taken by Ouardi, with Azyl and two soldiers. When the soldiers and Midhat reach the crest of the hill, they pause and look down into the valley, where they can see the sorry work of their hands. It is a pitiful picture. Men and women lying in the tragic abandon of death. The picture focuses on Isaac's dead face: "Once again the land was drenched in the blood of the faithful. — They are a noble army. Men and boys—The matron and the maid, who have followed in his train." You see the spirits of these poor murdered

souls, they pass away from their bodies, and on out into the beyond.

* * *

It is a small world; and back of many a rug that has found its way to America since the great war, is such a story of murder, avarice, and women stolen from another race. — Ouardi and his two soldiers pitch a tent for Azyl. Ouardi is kind to her. The place is a rocky hillside, and the setting sun reveals a bunch of mountain lilies blooming near. Ouardi, wishing to be kind, climbs the hill and gathers the lilies. He has picked the first stalk, and is reaching for the second, when a snake bites him. He sees that it is a venomous serpent. His cry brings the soldiers. When they see the death dealing snake glide away, they are so frightened, that they abandon the Eunuch, in fear and loathing. Azyl hears the noise, and comes up. She comprehends, and she is gratified. Her idea is to let Ouardi die. Then she remembers her father. She hears again his "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." She accepts the rebuke. She orders one of the soldiers to heat a bayonet, sends the other for water, then she kneels by the Eunuch, finds the bite upon his naked arm, and sucks out the poison. Ouardi opens his eyes, and sees her sweet face bent over him. Then he faints. While he is unconscious, Azyl burns out the wound. Then she sinks by Ouardi.

The soldiers take this opportunity to steal everything that is of value, and to slip off. After they are gone, Ouardi revives. He picks up the lily, then he realizes what Azyl has done for him. Still holding the flower, he carries her to the empty tent. Places her upon the ground, in the shade of the canvas; and looks at her with reverence. He puts the lily in her hands: "May Allah burn my soul through a thousand years, if I fail this, my lily maid."

* * *

Dick's party comes plodding over the trail that the Turks followed. They climb the hill and discover the scene of desolation. Dick is horrified, he hurries his men down into the valley. He and his friend discover the body of Isaac. Dick kneels by the dead Bishop—Harri stands

by with a face so immobile, that it would seem to be carved in stone. Dick gets up bewildered. "Why did they kill these harmless people?" Harri shrugs his shoulders, "No one can understand what the Turk does. I am but fifty years old, and only forty of these have I lived here, so I know nothing." He walks away, and removing his long cape, kneels down, and gently wraps it, shroudlike, about the body of the Bishop.

* * *

So the Eunuch brought Azyl home to his master's palace. Here in his country seat. She takes her place as a servant in the harem. The palace is a large one. One story building, opening upon a porch. There is a narrow staircase, which leads to the women's quarters, which climb on up the hill, and on one side flanks the street. In this wall is such a latticed bay window as is seen on many Turkish homes. In the garden across from the palace, one tower rises above the porch. It is the mosque, and here twice a day the Hodjah or Parish Priest calls the faithful to prayer. This tower is the only break in the sky line, above the trees.

Dick's party arrive in the vicinity of the palace, and are forced to camp around an old dwelling, for there is no inn. Harri goes up to the palace. Ouardi receives him, and sends for the Bey's son, Hassan Dauk. When the young prince descends the hall, he sees Azyl passing on her way to the harem, carrying a basket of fruit. He admires her, but does not stop. He enters the guest room, and visits with Harri. Ouardi serves coffee, and stands back. Harri asks a question, Hassan answers, "Yes, my father has many rugs." Harri sips his coffee, inquires idly: "My American friend has much money, and he would give it freely." Hassan laughs, as he interrupts: "If your friend has money enough, my father will sell all his rugs, but the Blessed Prayer Rug. That he will not sell." Harri appears to be pleased. The Eunuch lights their pipes, and they smoke.

Dick rides up and down the road, by the side of the palace. The blinds of the window open, and Azyl peeps at him. When she perceives that he has seen her, she hides. Once more, she cautiously

pokes her head out. He doffs his hat. She smiles, leans over the rail, and tosses him a peach. He catches it, rides close, and she says: "Stranger, I am pleased with you." This time she pulls the flower from her hair and drops it. Someone calls and she disappears. Dick tucks the flower in his pocket, bites into the peach, remarking: "She is a peachirino."

Inside the palace, the Eunuch leaves the two men, and it is his presence, out in the upper hall, that takes Azyl from the window. Ouardi warns her, "Midhat Bey comes tomorrow, let them have nothing evil to say of you, I beg." She realizes the temerity of her action, and picking up the basket of fruit, hurries on into the harem.

In a guest room, Harri is leaving. He bows ceremoniously to Hassan, who remarks: "When my father returns tomorrow, I will send for thee, and thy rich friend." Harri departs. Hassan walks on out into the hall, and through the lattice door into the harem. He looks into a shaded room, where several women sleep. He continues his search into a large family room, where his mother supervises the putting to bed of her children. Azyl washes the feet of the second son. He pounds her, and kicks out; when she puts the basin on the floor, he splashes the water into her face. This treatment which the poor girl dare not resent, under the baleful eyes of the Turkish mistress, causes Hassan to laugh heartily. The other boy released by his mother, throws a handspring and knocks against Azyl, causing her to stumble, and brush against the mother, whereupon she slaps poor Azyl. The younger boy shouts with glee, Azyl bites her lips. Hassan interferes. He cuffs his brother, turns to his mother: "I will not have this maiden hurt." His mother storms at him. He pushes Azyl out of the room, turns and faces his mother: "If I want her, I will have her." His mother protests, "She is not of our faith." He laughs, "That's easy. The maiden shall forswear her God." Behind the half closed door, Azyl hears all this. She crumples to her knees, crying—"Lamb of God have mercy on me." Ouardi comes to her, picks her up and carries her away. In the nursery the boys fight. The mother

scolds, and Hassan still laughing at her, goes out and slams the door. — Oh, it was a remarkably happy family. Even in America, you don't often see one that enjoys itself more.

* * *

The next morning, Midhat returns. He is not in a good humor. The soldiers who follow him are also discontented; when he pauses at the entrance to the mosque, the gate next to his own home, just as he dismounts, one of these soldiers stops him. "Master, it is now three moons, and we have not been paid." Furiously Midhat turns on him, but he sees a menace in the eyes of the soldiers. It checks the angry words. He becomes placating: "Tomorrow before the Muezzin calls to prayer, thou shalt have thy money in full." He satisfies the men, and enters the mosque, by the gate called "The Gate of God."

* * *

In the bare room of the dwelling, about which Dick's party camps, Harri reads a letter to Dick. ". . . My honored father has returned. I pray thee and thy friends to honor his poor house. He will show thee such paltry rugs as we have. For behold war is cruel, and his soldiers must be paid." — Dick looks up; "Then the old chap will sell his prayer rug?" Harri smiles; "His hungry soldiers may force him to let it go." They start to prepare for their visit.

* * *

In the reception room, where Hassan receives Harri, servants spread out Oriental rugs, under the watchful eyes of Midhat and his son. Ouardi helps. Finally Hassan says: "The American fool wants to buy the rug of the Prophet too." He laughs at the absurdity of the idea, but the father is cleverer than he, he sees a fine chance to outwit the infidels, so he sends Ouardi over to the Mosque, to fetch the rug. Hassan is aghast. His father must be indeed hard up. Then he sees Azyl pass the open door. He turns to his father, whispers; father nods his head in agreement, whereupon Hassan hurries out and returns with Azyl.

Hassan pushes Azyl before him, until she stands in front of his father. His manner is such as a drover might use, in displaying a prize heifer. "Behold how

strong and healthy the maid is." Midhat asks "Who is she?" His son explains "The daughter of the infidel Isaac." Then the Bey remembers, he smiles; "That Godless priest, gave his child health. It is enough. She shall forswear her God, and be betrothed to thee at once." They are interrupted by the entrance of the Hodjah, who comes in with Ouardi, carrying the sacred rug. The Hodjah protests; and storms out his objections to Midhat. Midhat silences him: "Silence, thou art more zealous than wise. If I sell the Prophet's Rug to these unbelievers, I will have it back again." The Hodjah shows that he is placated, and when Midhat takes Azyl by the shoulder and pushes her in front of him, he is still better pleased.

Here is a chance to make a convert. Midhat says: "Teach her to forswear her Christ, and you shall marry her to Hassan Bey." Azyl's face freezes with horror. Ouardi anticipating trouble, drops the prayer rug, which unrolls, and lies on the floor unnoticed. The Hodjah pushes Azyl to her knees. He commences: "There is but one God, the Lord Allah, and Mohamet is his Prophet." Azyl springs to her feet. "It is not so, may my lips shrivel, if they ever forswear the Blessed Lord, Christ." Midhat grabs her. "You dare!" He menaces her, bravely she shakes her head. He is so infuriated, that he chokes her. Now he hands her to the priest, who repeats the oath. She opens her lips, and they listen eagerly. She says: "I believe in God, the Father Almighty." The Priest twists her arms until she shivers with the torture. She drops to her knees. He threatens, "Say Mohamet is his prophet." He listens, she opens her eyes, and murmurs; so low that they have to bend to hear: "And In Jesus Christ, His—" They strike her. She falls to the floor, and lies on the prayer rug.

Nero gave the early Saints their choice, between the Eagle and the Cross, and they chose the Cross, and died. Today, thousands of women stand between the Cross and the Crescent, and they also have chosen the Cross; and they too, have died. . . . Midhat towers over the girl's prostrate form. He speaks, "Let her consider well. — Tomorrow she shall

choose. Then if she persists in her folly, her tongue shall be slit, her face tattooed, and she shall be a slave forever." The Hodjah departs grumbling. A servant announces, "The American Pasha waits without." The Turks go to meet their guests. Ouardi stands back, not knowing what to do.

At the entrance of the house, Dick and Harri wait. As it is a visitor's ceremony, they have a number of retainers. Hassan and Midhat meet them. — In the reception room now, only Ouardi and Azyl remain. She crouches upon the Prophet's Rug. She rises to her knees, lifts her hands, "God in Heaven, save me. I am so little, and so alone." She falls flat upon the Prophet's Rug, and lies there as if nailed to a Cross. Ouardi wrings his hands. — And the Heavenly Father listened, for does He not answer the prayers of the fatherless, whether they are raised in the name of Mohamet, or in the blessed name of Jesus?

Ouardi hears steps approach, he goes to Azyl, sees that she has fainted, picks her up and carries her out into the garden. There by the fountain, he bathes her face, and she recovers. She recognizes him, and sobs on his broad chest. Someone calls, he hastens away—so he leaves her there behind the oleanders.

The Eastern question, is ever a question of money, whoever may be concerned. —In the guest room, Midhat, Dick and Harri bargain for the rugs. Dick shows delight with the gorgeous display, and says so openly. Harri tries to silence him, while El-Atti, horrified at this style of bargaining, wrings his hands. Dick protests: "But I say, really you know, I want that rug." Harri shakes his head. Dick persists: "Tell that old stuffed toad, that I will pay his own price for it." Harri rebukes him, while El-Atti picks up an undesired rug. Dick expostulates, but Atti offered a price for it. Dick explains, "I don't want that one." Whereupon Harri takes him by the shoulders, and puts him out of the room. In the hall he says: "We would need the Rockefeller Foundation back of us, if we bargained that way." He pushed Dick on out into the garden, saying: "Wait for us out here." Then he returns, and bows to the Turks.

Dick saunters down the very path that Ouardi carried Azyl. Inside, the dicker went on, in Arabic, Greek, broken English, and dislocated French. — Harri and El Atti exhibit wonderful generalship. They are astonished at the prices the Turks ask. Indignant, playful, and indifferent; but the wily Turks are a match for them. Always the barter returns to the Prayer Rug. Often El Atti states "Thot is the larster price!" Once, the would-be purchasers, start to leave the house, but are recalled, by a concession on the part of Midhat.

In the meantime, Dick discovers Azyl. He hears her sobs, breaks through the bushes, and sees her lying on the ground like a broken bird. He kneels by her, picks her up, and wipes the blood from her lips: "I'd give a plenty to speak their darn language, so that I might find out what the brutes have done to you." Azyl's lips quiver, she is afraid to trust anyone, then she decides, "I spik a leetle English." He expresses his delight by kissing her. "Good enough, then tell me your troubles." She tells him.

As Dick sees the scene of her father's murder, he remembers the mutilated bodies that he had buried, and he whispers: "Damn them. May God Almighty damn them." She draws away from him, as she tells her story, and crouching there, she covers her face, when she relates what has just happened. Dick cups her chin in his hand, "Tattoo your pretty cheeks, well I guess not." She gets to her knees, "You like me?" He pulls her to her feet, "I love you, with all my heart." He embraces her.

When you kiss, as when you bargain, time flies.—Oh, how fast it flies!—In the house, the bargaining has reached the Prayer Rug. The children peep in at the doors. The head wife, with her face veiled, enters—throws up her hands, when Midhat consents to sell the Prayer Rug. Harri pays for the rugs, makes out check.—Out in the garden, Azyl is content. She kisses Dick. "I have no one, but God and you. You won't let me die?" Dick ponders, "How can I get you out of here?" She looks up at him. He sees such trust in her eyes, that he struts a little. He pats her shoulder, "It's all right."

The bargaining began at nine in the morning. It was not finished until three in the afternoon. Harri and El Atti had finished their purchases. The rugs that they have bought lie on one side. Harri receives the Prayer Rug, which Midhat hands to him, reverently. Harri says: "My men shall come for these, this evening." Midhat and Hassan bow: "It is well, I would have no one see thee, when thou takest away this Holy Rug." Harri sends for Dick to sign the checks. Midhat sends Ouardi after him.

The miracle had happened. Love was here. Azyl and Dick stand with arms entwined, when Ouardi surprises them. Dick grabs the Nubian, and puts his hand over his mouth; but Azyl explains: "He is my friend." Dick lets him go. Ouardi searches his face: "You love the little flower?" Dick agrees. "Then wilt thou take her away with thee?" Dick answers: "I mean to, if I can get a chance." Ouardi shrugs his shoulders. "She must go at once. There will be no tomorrow. I will bring the maid tonight." He and Dick return to the house. Dick goes back, catches Azyl's hand and kisses it. Ouardi is pleased.

Dick and the Eunuch enter the reception room, where Dick signs the checks. Harri hands them to Midhat, then so regardless of ceremony, that he enrages his Turkish host, Dick hustles his men away. The wife of Midhat crosses to her husband, and protests to the sale of the Prayer Rug. Midhat laughs. "Cease thy whine. Art thou wiser than thy Lord and Master?" Hassan laughs at her, and she comprehends.

* * *

The look of a pair of grey eyes, had changed the scene and given a fairy-like illusion to the old grey reality.—In the tower, the Hodjah appears and calls to evening prayer. "Come to Prayer. Come and be saved." Down in the shade of the tent, where Dick waits, he hears the call and looks up at the tower.—In the palace of Midhat, all the faithful pray. Ouardi, who is rolling up the rug, falls on the Prayer Rug, "God is great. God is one alone." Shouts the Hodjah from the tower, "Come to prayer." Back in the room, Ouardi prays: "Forgive me

Allah, if I save her. She is little and I love her much."

Midhat and his son enter. They ignore the Eunuch, who continues his work. Hassan says: "Why must I, myself, take these papers to the city?" His father explains: "These are the checks of the infidels. Behold today they are good, but tomorrow—" He shrugs and laughs cruelly. Hassan comprehends. The joke pleases him. He bows before his father, starts to leave the room, turns back. His father asks impatiently: "What now?" Hassan says: "The maiden Azyl. Why must her face be tattooed, and her tongue clipped?" Midhat grabs him by the shoulder, pushes him before a mirror which adorns the wall. He sees his own face, flushes with his amorous desire, and his father says: "Reason enough. If she were not young and strong, she should die." Frightened and ashamed, Hassan sneaks out.

Midhat watches Ouardi at his work. He gazes at the Prayer Rug thoughtfully. Outside, Dick's coolies wait. Ouardi has one or two packages of rugs ready for them. Midhat turns to him. "Take the Prayer Rug thyself. Deliver it to the infidels. Tomorrow I will have it back." The Eunuch bows, and his master threatens him: "One mar upon its surface, and I will have thy life." He stalks out. Ouardi understands. He turns to go after Azyl, but she slips in. Quickly he folds her up in the rug. Dick's coolies come in and remove the rugs. Gently the Eunuch picks up the precious bundle and carries it out. He follows the men into the garden. Ouardi sees the angry Hodjah, and Midhat talking together at the Palace Gates; so he turns and carries the Prayer Rug across the garden, and on through the sacred gate of the Mosque—And so he took her out through the Gate of God, and carried her safe to her lover.

The scene at the camp is one of noisy preparation. The coolies have brought the rugs and under Harri's direction, are fastening them on to the waiting donkeys. The tent has been pulled down. In the one room of the cottage, Dick listens to Ouardi, while Azyl translated, she grows more frightened. Dick nods: "I get you!" He calls the Armenian in, and explains

to him. "So the clever old devil waits only to cash in our checks. Then he means to——" And he runs his finger along his throat. Azyl shivers. Harri shrugs contemptuously. "Up to the same old dirty tricks!" Dick shakes his head. "Not quite the same. This time we will get his goat." Harri listens. Dick gives quick orders. His friend understands, and goes out to speed up the little caravan.

Inside the room Dick calmly continues his work. He hunts through his bags and gets out certain ingredients. Then followed by the wondering Azyl, he goes outside and searches amid the kitchen trash. He finds a small soup can, brings it back and tinkers with it. Azyl asks: "What does my lord do?" He looks up at her fondly. "I am going to convert these Turks to Christianity. I'm some missionary, I am." She doesn't understand. He puts certain chemicals into the can. Lays one particular kind aside. Pats his bomb tenderly. "It's a great little converter. When I shall throw it, Midhat will find out at once that there really is a God in Israel."

Azyl is puzzled, but she wants to help. She picks up the chemical that he had laid aside, and starts to put it also in the can. He stops her, takes it from her. "Don't do that, sister, there is sure death in that can when once I put them together." Just then Harri comes in, and announces that all is ready. Dick starts after him. Azyl asks: "Is the danger great for the man that throws it?" Dick is listening to Harri, but when she repeats the question, he answers: "Sure thing, don't monkey with it. Fooling with bombs like this, sent many a buddie to sleep in France." He goes out. Azyl looks fearfully at the bomb, and puts her hand upon the package of chemical.

Outside all is in readiness. Harri is mounted. The Eunuch goes to fetch Azyl. Dick fastens a cushion in front of the saddle. Then he enters the house. Here Ouardi wraps Azyl in a long gray coat. Dick throws his arm around her. "Come on," he cries. She reminds him of the bomb. He remembers it, and tucks the tin in his pocket, while he puts the small package in his breast pocket. Azyl

watches. Now he hurries her outside. He mounts, and has Ouardi hand her up to him. The caravan starts. Ouardi mounts and follows close behind his mistress. Harri leaves. Dick and Azyl come next, and Ouardi and El Atti after them. Then the donkeys and their guides. Azyl looks over her shoulder. She peeks out of the folds of the cloak and smiles. Ouardi remembers her face as it looked when she saved his life, and he prays, "May God bless her. May God forever bless her." The caravan passes up the road toward the hill.

* * *

The sun is rising, and the Hodjah calls to morning prayer from the tower. Hassan dashes up to the house. As he dismounts he hears the call to prayer, and hurries into the reception room, where he falls on his knees beside his father,—they prostrate themselves. The sacred moment over, the priest leaves the tower. Midhat rises, Hassan follows. He hands his father the money. Midhat shows his satisfaction as he counts it. Hassan boasts, "Allah be praised. We will enrich our country with the treasures of those who robbed her." Midhat interrupts: "First we will get back the Prophet's Prayer Rug." He leads the way out, stands in the door and calls. The soldiers appear from around the house. Out in the kitchen where several ferocious fellows are eating, the summons reaches, they grab their rifles and exit, leaving the food on the table. They all come to the front of the house. Here already Midhat is in the saddle. Hassan plays with his little brother. The veiled wife picks up her youngest son and holds him up to his father. He cries, "May Allah haste thy return with the Holy Rug." Midhat rests his hand on the boy's head. "Let the Seven Spirits bless him, so that he may live long and happy." Then he motions the woman away. "Already the infidels have ten hours start. We must ride hard." He leads the company. Hassan mounts and falls in. They dash out of the court. The mother watches them, standing between the two lads. The Hodjah enters and pushes her away. "Don't watch them,

lest you bring evil on his sacred errand." They enter the house.

* * *

Dick and his party climb the same paths that Ouardi once took. As they come to the crest of the hill, Harri notices a blur of dust down in the valley. He dismounts, walks to a good point of observation, takes out glasses, adjusts them and studies the dust cloud. Then he calls to Dick. Dick takes the glasses and looks also. As he returns them, his mouth grows firm. He nods. "Yes, it's the Turks. We must hasten." So they hurry the party down into the next valley.

This valley is the scene of the martyrdom of Bishop Isaac. As they cross the flower decked valley, Dick recognizes the graves that they are approaching. He presses the girl's face to his breast, and spurs his horse. They pass the broken altar in the ruins of the old church. The Turks hurry down the opposite slope. Their faces are fierce, and their drawn swords catch and reflect the sun's rays. They shout: "There is no God but Allah, and Mohamet is his Prophet." They race forward. They fire upon the retreating Americans.

The time has come—Dick dismounts, Ouardi comes close to him. Dick pats Azyl on the shoulder. "Right here is where I shine, little girl." Kisses her. He directs Ouardi to take Azyl and go on. He commands Harri to proceed with the caravan. Then he pours the contents of the package into his amateur bomb. Claps the top on. "May God have mercy on their souls." He turns to run back upon the advancing enemy; but Azyl realizing the horrible danger of the thing that he means to do, whispers: "If it is expedient that one dies for us, Lord let me die." She snatches the bomb from Dick, and before he realizes what she is about, she spins over the plain, straight toward Midhat.

Hassan cheers, as he sees her coming. He thinks she returns to them of her own accord. Midhat orders: "Shoot her not." The space between the girl and the Turk diminishes. Harri has led the caravan farther away. Ouardi horrified, starts to run after Azyl, but Dick grabs him. His face is set in horror, but he

stands like a statue holding the Eunuch back. "We must not frighten her. But pray man, pray like hell, that she throws it quickly."

Azyl still skims over the ground. She approaches so near to the Turks that you see their faces. They have come to the exact location of the broken altar, and the scene of Midhat's massacre of the Bishop's party. Midhat pauses, not comprehending the purpose of the girl. His soldiers gather around him, so that they are a close unit. Hassan thinks he understands Azyl perfectly. He advances, and holds out his arms, "I thought you would be willing to give up your God to marry me, most sensible woman."

Dick covers his eyes with his hands. Ouardi falls to his knees and prays: "God, if there be any God at all, save her." Azyl rises on her tiptoes and with all her force, throws the bomb into the midst of the group of Turks. It explodes.—After the explosion, Dick reaches the spot in the road where Azyl lies. Ouardi, his face down in the ground, prays. Harri and their men come shivering down the hill. He surveys the field of horror. He turns to Dick, who holds Azyl in his arms. Harri says: "I think that the good Bishop has just about had time to kneel before the throne of God, and enter his protests."

Now, where the body of Isaac had laid, sprawls all that is left of Midhat. Has-

san's body is thrown across the broken altar, and the dead Turks are scattered over the field, much as the Armenian women were. Not one soldier lives. Dick looks up from where he crouches over Azyl. "The maid lives!" he says. Harri urges: "We must be on our way." Ouardi comes up. When he sees that Azyl is alive, he, too, urges them on. "Let us escape at once." All is turmoil, for every man wants to get away. Finally they come to Dick. He picks the girl up and carries her toward his horse. So carrying her the light fades. You catch a glimpse of the Christian martyrs standing on the crest of the hill. Then they too are gone. In the valley the sun goes down upon the scene of destruction.—"Thus shall the cruel become a reproach to their neighbors. A scorn and a derision to those round about them."

* * *

Now the Prophet's Prayer Rug hangs in Dick's library. It and Azyl are Dick's two treasures. He stands admiring the rug, when Azyl enters. She comes to him, and he circles her with his arm. "That was the greatest trip of my life!" He reaches out her hand and smooths the rug. She smiles, for new life pulsed through her body and soul, though the latter will always bear its scars till death brings forgetfulness. She grows sad. "My poor father." Dick comforts her.



*T*HERE is a tremendous power in the great within of us which responds to the call for help in a marvelous manner. In great emergencies, in afflictions, when in desperate straits we are always surprised upon looking back at the mighty power which came to match the need. This is the divinity within us, which is always ready to come to our assistance, ready not only to answer the SOS call, when in distress, but is always ready to help us in every situation in life. It is an ever present help in time of need, and our need for it is always.

—Orison Swett Marden.

START 'EM WITH A LAUGH

BY W. C. TUTTLE

One of America's Foremost Writers of Humorous Stories

IN writing fiction I have always tried to follow the advice of a sage-brush philosopher, who said:

"Live, laugh and love—there'll come a time when you can't."

Life, laughter and love—but the greatest of these is laughter. If you can laugh, you can live and love. Much has been written about "leaving 'em with a laugh" in a story, and I would be the last to doubt its worth; but why wait for the smile at the fadeout?

I feel that I can attribute most of my success, as a writer, to ignorance of the King's English and to composition. My education consisted of going to a cow-country school until I outgrew the desks. My knee-caps still bear mute evidence that I overstayed one term.

An overdeveloped sense of humor cost me several good jobs; so I decided to become a cartoonist. I wanted to make people laugh. I didn't. After eight years of it, I became a sad-dog; so decided to become a writer. I did.

In my absolute ignorance of the first principles of story writing sat my little god of good luck, grinning all the while. In 1916 I wrote my first short story, which I called "Magpie's Night Bear."

Luckily, I started that story with a dialogue between two old sour-dough prospectors, one of which had been to town after food; but had

got drunk and bought a rocking chair. I knew the dialect, knew the types; and I had an idea that a humorous story should be funny. *Adventure* magazine bought this story and asked for more. They got "Derelicts of the Hills," almost by return mail. This story was written in the same vein, with as much of a "kick" in the opening paragraph as in the ending.

Plots meant nothing to me. The editor complimented me on the entire lack of one, and asked me to keep up the good work. I felt that I knew the formula for getting the money—and proved that I was right.

From these two stories I built up the "Piperock" series, which, I think, is the longest series ever run in one magazine. They were all told in the first person and in the vernacular of the range. "Ike Harper" was my medium of expression, and the success of the series lay in the fact that Ike had something funny to tell—from the first paragraph.

Yes, I tried to write serious stuff at that time. I wanted to make folks think. The editor wrote me: "Don't do it! Come on and be funny."

I put that story tearfully aside, and a year later I wrote a humorous opening, handed the reader a double-cross at the finish and sold that

same story for twice what I would have received for the original.

Anyway, while still tearful over the rejection of my serious story, I sat down and wrote "Assisting Ananias," which *Adventure* bought in 1918. In this I had "Chuck Warner" open the story by stating:

"It has been said that I, Chuck Warner, am the worst liar in Montana. I deny this from the depths of my alabaster soul—I'm the best." And then he proved it.

A close analysis of my entire Piperock series, which amounts to over one hundred stories, will show that every one opens with a humorous dialogue, situation or description. I worked hard for that opening grin.

It took me a long time to convince editors that I could write in a serious vein. The "Devil's Dooryard" was my first real attempt at a serious novelette. There was a lot of death and destruction connected with that tale, but I knew my ingredients. Instead of plunging into a lot of long-winded explanations, I brought two strange cowboys into a hard-boiled town and started a gun-battle, in which they had no part.

Bullets begin to kick up the dust around them, and one cowboy seeks shelter behind a wooden sidewalk. The other refuses to hunt cover, because, as he says, "Dog-gone it, this here fight don't concern me and you."

This starts an argument—a dialogue of sarcasm between the two. This had nothing to do with the plot, but it interested the editor and served to establish a vivid description of my two leading characters. *Adventure* bought this story and

commented on my ability to write both serious and humorous fiction. The opening did it.

Next I wrote "A Whizzer on Willer Crick," a serious tale of a colony in the Montana foothills. In this one I opened with a crudely printed sign-board, which read:

THERE IS A CLICK ON WILLER
CRICK
THE WORST IN ALL THIS
NASHUN.
THE HEIGHT OF THEIR AMBI-
SHUN IS
TO BEAT THEIR OWN RE-
LASHUN.

And I had one of my characters say to the other: "Brother, we are now entering a land of milk and honey."

The other replied sarcastically, "Yeah, like——! More likely bull and bumblebees."

The editor of *Adventure* liked it well enough to boost my price per word, and commented on the novel opening, which had little to do with the plot.

In my "Cultus Collins" series, running in *Short Stories* magazine, I created Cultus as a humorous character, but he ran away from me and became dramatic. At times he becomes pathetic; but he is never anything but humorous at the opening.

It was the same with my "Hank Potts" stories in *Short Stories* magazine, although it would be impossible for Hank to be anything but humorous. His ears preclude drama or pathos. For instance, in "A Cinch for the Gander" I have Hozie Sykes say; as an opening:

"To me there's somethin' soothin' about the strains from a guitar. It

allus brings a vision of old Spain; a Spanish garden; flooded in moonlight, a balcony, below which strums a toreador. I use the word 'toreador,' because it is a very good Spanish word, and, if you leave off the last half of the compound word which translates it into United States, you have the basis for most personal experiences."

Again, in "Sontag of Sundown," a serious piece of Western fiction, published in July *Short Stories*, the story opens with "Sad" Sontag, a total stranger in Sundown, leaning against a saloon bar, singing:

"Lov-v-v-ve me, love, a lit-t-tle long-g-g-ger,

'Till yore wings git a lit-t-tle strong-g-ger."

"And" he dryly observes, "that is some singin', if anybody stops to ask yuh."

The song caused much comment, which had nothing to do with the plot. In fact, the song had nothing to do with the rest of the story, and Sad did not sing again. Still, it opened the story with a grin.

I could enumerate a hundred stories, in which the opening had little to do with the plot. After having sold over two hundred stories, ranging from three thousand to fifty thousand words in length, I feel qualified to state that, in my opinion, an opening laugh is a wedge that few editors can resist.

By all means, put in a laugh at the end—put 'em in wherever they can be used. An editor is very human and can see the funny side of life, in spite of the vast amount of sad literature he must absorb. Dig him in the ribs with the first page of your manuscript and see if he don't ask for more.

I was trying to explain all this to a writer friend of mine a few days ago, and his reply was:

"Certainly, it is easy for you, because you haven't any idea of what your story is going to be. You sit down at your typewriter, hammer out some foolish opening and hang your story onto it, paragraph after paragraph, without knowing what is going to happen next."

Well? Where ignorance is bliss



"**Y**OU may succeed when others do not believe in you but never when you do not believe in yourself."

—Orison Swett Marden, in "Success."



"**T**HE man who knows more than I do has listened and studied and watched more than I have; and I'm honest enough to acknowledge it. Are you?"

—Adams.

THIS MONTH'S PICTURE STORY

"THE BLACK CRUCIFIX"

BY HAPSBURG LIEBE

"ALL this," she told herself, "is very beautiful, but——"

And there hung the tragedy of it all. It was a nameless tragedy, to Tot Marian. She didn't know. She had never had any opportunity to know. She walked, a slender but roundish and exceedingly handsome young woman,—and a child as well as a woman, for all of her nineteen years,—to a point from which she could see the homing sun bury itself in a winding sheet of old rose and scarlet over in the heart of the mainland. A yellow glow that lay across the softly swelling water seemed to her a golden pathway that invited her to come to the funeral of the sun—she smiled a little at the far-fetched idea. To one side of the old rose and scarlet, just above the drab horizon of earth and her entire world, rose in clear relief a wooden cross on the mainland village church.

As she turned back toward the bungalow, the liquid whistle of a belated cardinal floated to her on the tomb-still air. She stopped beside a guava bush, peered into it, then straightened with her blue eyes wide. Instead of four tiny eggs in the nest, there were four tiny birds.

"Little ones," she breathed raptly.

The mother cardinal scolded. Tot Marian thoughtfully moved away.

The bungalow was an odd-looking house. It was low and square, and of whole pine logs; the veranda posts were of boles of cabbage palms. It set in a paradise of golden alamanda and sweet red honey-suckle, jessamines and hibiscus, date palms and sago palms and bamboo. Over the veranda steps a royal purple bougainvillea climbed in lovely abandon. On a

low knoll behind it all a group of camphor trees stood like a sentinel squad.

In the living room she lighted a big nickled lamp. There was handsome furniture, velvet rugs, well chosen paintings, a piano, a violin, an almost gigantic talking machine, and a library of books of adventure and fairy stories; but none of these held the name of God, which was Old King Jim's deliberate doing. To Tot Marian the name of God was a byword, and nothing more. The fishermen used it frequently.

Old King Jim was her father; he had been a business man with a pirate's soul, and he still had the pirate's soul. The two lived alone in the bungalow.

"All this," she murmured, "is very beautiful. And yet——"

Again she thought of the baby cardinals. It was her nearest approach to a solution of the old, old mystery of life. Tot Marian was the only woman, so far as anybody knew, that had ever lived on King Jim's Island.

She took up the violin and fairly tore its heart out with Schubert's incomparable Serenade, which she had learned from the talking machine. Down on the small wooden wharf two fishermen stopped working to listen.

"Miss Tot," observed Buxton Prather, that one-eyed old villain, "is a-having one o' her spells again. I'm a-wondering, by Henry, what Jim's to do with her—there she goes on that Traumery thing. It's terrible, Swatter, the way she do play; it nigh pulls a man's hair out! As my old first mate used to say, ain't it hell to tell the captain?"

"Pass me that twine, you old sawfish," growled Swatter Noone.

Noone was high light of Marian's little fishing outfit. He was thirty, a bronzed

Apollo, resourceful, afraid of nothing on earth; he would have shone as a bucko man in sailing-ship days. As a matter of fact, Noone was immuring himself on King Jim's Island because Marian had money, a most comely daughter, and heart disease.

Tot put the violin down and went to light the lamp in her father's bedroom-study. As she put the burnt match into a tray on the scarred desk, she saw that the oak-and-cedar chest was open; it was the only time she had ever seen it open, and since her babyhood she had been curious to know what it contained. Her father had told her once that it was a Pandora's Box. She remembered now that Swatter Noone had called him concerning a school of fish, and that he had left the house hurriedly.

She crept toward it, a tempted child. She halted before it and bent over, to be greeted by a faint perfume that was somehow akin to a whisper from a sepulchre. In there lay papers, ledgers, a few books, a small black case, and a sizeable parcel in strong paper. The lid of the black case gave readily to the touch of her finger. Inside were a string of black beads and a black crucifix, which was like the cross on the mainland church, only much smaller. It held her attention closely for a long minute; she wished she knew what it meant. She tried to remember, and failed. Then she unwrapped the parcel, and found in her hands a marvelously beautiful white satin dress, a pair of white satin slippers, and a long white veil.

The girl carried them to her bedroom, with all else on earth forgotten, and put them on. They made a nice fit. The beads and the crucifix seemed very dark against the white satin.

"I wonder," she asked of the silence, "whose they were? Father hates all women except me. I wonder whose beautiful clothes they were?"

A soft rap at the door, and she heard the bass voice of King Jim, woman-hater, world-hater.

"Where are you, Tot?"

He had just come into the house. Frightened, she didn't answer; she held her breath. Marian, huge, gray, weather-

worn, opened the door—and stood aghast. His face was as white as the dress she wore.

"Alice!" he cried, and he staggered toward her. "Alice—"

In that same moment he recovered himself. His eyes were aflame.

"Take those off, Tot," he ordered gruffly.

"Whose were they?" she asked in spite of herself.

He answered readily, crisply: "Your mother's. The handsomest woman I've ever seen. I was forty; she was twenty; it wouldn't work. She ran away when you were six years old. She tried to steal you dozens of times. That's why I brought you here, and that's why I've kept you here. Here I've suffered so much that I've argued myself out of a God; but I can tell you now that God is more than a swear word. My heart is getting worse, Tot; Doctor Bessemer told me last time I went over to the village—musn't overwork—"

He fell forward, caught feebly at something, struck the floor hard. His daughter sprang to him and lifted his great head to her breast; she sobbed out something he couldn't have understood had he been conscious. Then she put him down, snatched off the veil, and ran to the veranda.

"Swatter!" she cried nervously. "Swatter! Swatter Noone!"

From the row of shanties beside the wharf came an answer.

"Go for the doctor!" she begged. "Hurry—hurry!"

She ran back. There was the staccato of a gasoline motor's exhaust, and shortly afterward Noone and one-eyed old Prather hastened into the house.

"I sent Benny, Miss Tot," said Noone. "I thought perhaps I could be of some help here, or I'd have gone myself. Bux and I will get him to his bed, Miss Tot, if you think best."

His manner was quite dignified. Always he was like that in the girl's presence. Swatter Noone was often impatient, but he was rarely importunate.

The two men carried Jim Marian to his bed and put him into it. Noone bathed his face in cold water, and Tot chafed

his hands, and he soon opened his eyes. He wanted to sit up, and his daughter put pillows to his back. Noone sat down nearby, caressed his brown chin thoughtfully for a moment, then looked toward the girl.

"Would you mind leaving us for a few minutes, Miss Tot?" he smiled. "There is a little matter I must discuss with your father."

Tot glanced at Old King Jim. He nodded, and she went out with Buxton Prather and closed the door behind her. Noone turned his gaze back to Marian.

"I've wanted to say this for a long time," he began in low tones, "and I simply didn't have the nerve. You can pardon me when you consider the motive. Here it is, Jim. You've got a girl that you've brought up to know almost nothing—you've educated her in a fashion, I know; I mean that she knows almost nothing of life and the world. What do you think is going to become of her, Jim, when you're gone?"

Marian's face showed plainly that he was troubled. Finally he confessed: "I've been a fool, Swatter."

"It looks bad for you, this heart attack," Noone went on. "I think it would be advisable for you to—er, make preparation."

"Yes," Marian agreed. "But get to the point, Swatter. You haven't said what you want to say."

"Very well," Noone said craftily. "Jim, maybe you wondered why a man of my abilities would stick to a job in a fishing outfit for so long; eh? It was because I've loved Tot from the beginning. I want your permission to marry her, Jim. You can die in peace after that."

"You haven't mentioned it to Tot?"

"No. But I don't believe I'll find any difficulty there."

Noone was more conceited and cunning than wise. Tot had merely been nice to him; he read it for secret adulation.

"I'll think it over," said Marian. "I'm not dead just yet, Swatter."

Doctor John Bessemer was a rich young man, good looking, well set up, and typically American; he had chosen his profession for sheer love of it. Tot met him on the veranda and brought him in. Five

more minutes, and he had made an examination, after which he turned to the girl.

"He'll be all right for a long time, I think," said Bessemer, "if he takes good care of himself. You must see to that."

"By Henry," ejaculated one-eyed old Buxton Prather from the doorway, "that there's good news to us all!"

The doctor continued: "He's evidently had some excitement that brought on this attack," and Tot winced perceptibly. "Kindly send the boat for me in the morning, Miss Marian. My boat is being painted."

He crowded his stethoscope into a coat pocket, left medicines, took up his medicine case and his hat and started for the village. Tot followed him silently to the veranda steps, under the bougainvillea.

"You're sure he's in no danger now?" she asked.

Bessemer turned at the bottom of the steps. The moon, shining down between the royal purple flowers, made her strikingly beautiful. He stared at her in sudden admiration.

"No danger for a year or two, I should say, if he takes perfect care of himself," Bessemer told her. "That's a very pretty old rosary you're wearing. I believe I've seen one like it, somewhere."

She held the little cross out toward him. "What is this?"

It did not occur to John Bessemer that she didn't know the meaning of the cross. He was not aware that since childhood she had lived with only wicked, however respectful, men for company.

"It's ebony, I think. I've another patient. Good-night!"

He proffered his hand, and she put hers into it. His clasp was strong, and it thrilled her strangely; it brought to her mind a flash vision of the baby cardinals in their nest. He was immeasurably different, though she couldn't have explained it, from Swatter Noone and the rest of the fishermen.

When the shadows had swallowed him, Tot Marian went back to her bedroom and took off the clothing that had been her mother's wedding finery, and put on her own. Her father lay with his eyes closed when she tiptoed into his room; Noone

and Buxton Prather had gone. She put the things back into the chest and dropped the lid. Old King Jim looked at her queerly.

"No wonder you gave me a shock, little dumplings," he said in a soft voice. "You were exactly like her. Exactly, that is, except that you're solid gold. She was—I guess she was only plated."

"I'm sorry . . . Father, tell me: what is ebony?"

"Ebony? It's a heavy black wood. You mean the crucifix? If you don't mind, we won't talk about that, little girl, dear. Never any more."

Benny, Buxton Prather's nephew, brought Doctor Bessemer over at nine in the morning. Old King Jim was brighter; he even poked fun at Bessemer, calling him a sawbones. When the professional visit was finished, Tot showed the doctor her paradise home; showed him the flowers, the trees, and finally brought up with him at the cardinal's nest in the guava bush.

"I think this is very wonderful," she said. "Don't you?"

She spoke simply, earnestly. Bessemer turned to her; something he saw in her face caused him to take off his hat. Then he smiled.

"Very wonderful," he said; "yes Eve."

"Eve? What is Eve?"

"The first woman, you know," said Bessemer.

"Oh. What was the first man's name?"

"Adam."

"You called me Eve; I'll call you Adam. Look, Adam, where I'm pointing. There in the mainland village; you see that cross on the biggest of the houses? I want you to tell me what it means, Adam."

"It's on a church, you know," Bessemer said a little uncertainly.

Tot saw that he was looking at her with an odd light in his eyes. It was the second time she had asked. Would he not think her ignorant? She didn't want him, of all men, to think her ignorant, illiterate, and she therefore decided it were better not to ask again.

John Bessemer made more visits to Old King Jim than were really necessary. On the last of these pseudo-professional calls

—for which he never would accept pay, and he now used his own newly-painted racing boat—he found Marian pouring over a most romantic-looking map, one that he had just drawn with a stub pen, one that would have done full justice to any treasure-hiding buccaneer of the Spanish Main. Marian smiled half mischievously, turned the map to the desk blotter-cover and pressed it to dry the ink, and let it lie.

"Hello, Mr. Sawbones!" he greeted jovially.

Young Doctor Bessemer sat down. Young Doctor Bessemer was as deeply in love with Tot Marian as she was with him, and he deemed it the part of wisdom to mention the matter to Old King Jim first.

"A good many people," Marian said narrowly when he knew, "think I've got a mint of money. In point of fact—"

(In point of fact, he had the fifty thousand he had saved from the wreck of his business house after the cataclysm, and he had his fishing outfit's savings for thirteen years.)

"Forget it," Bessemer cut in. "I've got plenty of money."

"But I wouldn't have Tot marrying a rich man unless she, too, had something. The truth is—"

At that instant, Tot came in. She had overheard the latter part of their conversation.

"The little cardinals have flown away!" she cried with much enthusiasm. "But I've found a nest of mockers. Want to see them, Adam?"

"'Adam!'" laughed her father.

Bessemer pointed to Tot. "Eve," he smiled.

"I understand," Marian observed with absentminded humor, "that the old Adam and Eve made the best match possible."

Bessemer accompanied the girl to see the family of mocking birds. From under the purple bougainvillea, Swatter Noone shook his bronzed fist at them. There had been no mention between them of their love affair when they returned to the bungalow. Bessemer went back to King Jim's room to finish asking for his daughter, but King Jim wasn't in.

During the next week, he failed to find

Marian at home. Marian acted queerly. Several whole days and nights he spent off alone somewhere in his gasoline launch, and he wouldn't tell anybody where he had been; he refused to explain even to Tot.

"I'm too tired now," he would say. And he was. . . .

At last, he promised to tell her in the morning. But the morning, for the old island king, never came. Perhaps he overworked; perhaps it was nothing more or less than his time to go. Anyway, he went. . . . Bessemer brought from the village a Protestant minister who conducted the short and simple ceremony, and save for these two and Tot only the fishermen were present. Before it was finished, Bessemer caught old Buxton Prather winking his one eye grotesquely at Swatter Noone, which was a thing that the doctor had very good reason to remember afterward.

When it was over, the doctor took the pale and silent, dry-eyed girl back to the house. Her sorrow was intense. She half collapsed into a chair on the veranda. Noone came up and was about to speak to her, and Bessemer touched his arm and pointed toward the steps; there was a battle of wills, after which Noone turned ashen and went.

An hour dragged past, and the sun was low; soon it would bury itself in a winding sheet of old rose and scarlet, over in the heart of the mainland. Bessemer dropped to one knee before Tot Marian, who had neither moved nor spoken during that age-long hour.

"I don't believe," he said gently, "that you had better stay here now. I'll take you to my mother, if I may. You'll like her. She's an invalid, or she'd have come with me this afternoon."

"I'd rather be by myself now," Tot murmured. "But tomorrow, I'll go with you. Anywhere."

Against his wish, he left her; she made him.

John Bessemer ran back to the island early the next morning. There was no response to his insistent rapping, and he became apprehensive; he had been a fool, he told himself, for leaving her alone. Then he went inside, tapped gently on all

closed doors and called her name, but there was no answer. The door of Old King Jim's study-bedroom stood ajar, and he entered with misgivings. She was not there. He saw that the desk had been rifled completely, that the oak-and-cedar chest was open.

"Swatter Noone," frowned Bessemer. It was the correct solution.

He turned from the bungalow and went out to the camphor trees on the knoll behind it. Beside the banked earth he found her, flung face downward and still, her face buried in her elbow's bend. Over her inert young figure the early sun cast a black shadow from the crude wooden cross they had erected as a temporary measure the day before, and this was another thing the doctor remembered afterward. . . .

"Dear?" He knelt beside her, took up her limp hand. "Dear?"

She sat up. He helped her to her feet, and without a word she went with him back to the house. He put her into a comfortable chair in the livingroom, and bent over her.

"We'll take you to my mother's," he said, and added: "and after a little while, we'll be married."

She caught his coat lapel, leaned her head against his breast and sobbed jerkily for a silent moment. He kissed her hair, a kiss of sympathy and reverence. She rose and went to change her clothing. He sat down to wait.

Fifteen minutes later, she burst in upon him with this:

"John, John, somebody has taken everything out of father's desk."

Bessemer rose. "I knew it, Tot, but I didn't want to worry you with it. Could they have stolen anything very valuable?"

"Father had a lot of money, but I don't know where he kept it. He was afraid of banks. I've heard him say. If we don't find it, John, I won't marry you. Father wouldn't want me to."

"That—" began Bessemer, when she cut in quickly:

"I won't, and that's all there is to it. I'll never c-care for anybody but you, b-but if we don't find it, I will *not* marry you."

Bessemer's smile was pale; and yet, it was somehow good to see.

"Very well, then," he said, "we'll find the money."

They went to the study-bedroom, and Bessemer began to pick up papers from the floor. Under the litter he found an old Bible closed with a silver clasp; on it was a cross in gilt.

"I never saw that book before," said Tot. "What is it, John? What does the cross mean? There's one on the mainland village church, and one on the string of beads, and one—in the camphor trees, and one on this book. John, tell me—I don't know!"

He put the Book on the desk and turned to her. In that moment it had been given him to divine the tragic truth.

"The story is a long one, dear little girl," he said gravely—"the story of God and the Christ. Heaven and Hell, Life and Death. I'm certain my mother can tell it much better than I. You won't mind waiting, perhaps. I never dreamed you didn't know; but now, considering everything, it doesn't seem so strange."

He turned back to the desk. Suddenly he remembered—it came in a flash—the evening when he had found Old King Jim at work on a buccaneerish sort of map; Marian had pressed it against the blotter cover to dry the ink—

Bessemer found the map reproduced on the blotter cover. He told Tot about it.

"I see," said the girl. "It's like books I've read. Father left the map for me, and whoever rifled the desk has stolen it!"

But Bessemer shook his head. "It would have been quite the thing for a hundred years ago, but hardly for today," he replied. "The romance of today is of a different kind—more's the pity, maybe!"

"But why the map?" Tot Marian wanted to know. "He didn't make it for nothing, John! He was romantic under his gruffness, if romantic is the word. He used to make up pirate stories to tell me when I was only a tiny thing. He liked pirate books, and so did I. I think it would be like him to bury the money and leave just such a map for me. Let's look closer at it, John."

A sheet of tissue paper, a pencil, and

five minutes, and Bessemer had the map right-side up and decipherable. Tot looked it over eagerly.

"It's this island!" she exclaimed. "And that word, 'Dig,' that's where the treasure is! It's on the other side of the island, John. There's where it's marked, 'Trees'—those are cabbage palms; I've seen them. John, don't you remember that he was gone whole days and nights, and we didn't know where he went? And he was to tell me in the morning—"

"It's possible you're right," Bessemer decided. "We'd better lose no time, for somebody else may beat us to it."

That which he would ordinarily have termed his better judgment had crumbled before her zeal and the old and beckoning buried-treasure phantom. Soon they were walking rapidly toward the wharf—since the island was in the main a jungle, they would have to go by sea—and Bessemer carried a rifle and cartridges that Tot had pressed into his hands.

At the wharf, Tot drew up short with an exclamation:

"Our launch is gone!"

Bessemer smiled grimly: "Swatter Noone."

The girl walked to the door of one of the fishermen's shanties and rapped. Benny came out, and King Jim's daughter questioned him closely.

"Swatter and Uncle Buxton," he told her, "left last night. They took the launch. The others has gone to the village, not knowing what was to be done here. Me, I overslept myself, Miss Tot."

Tot Marian surprised the doctor by taking command like a modern-day business woman. Almost before he knew it he was helping Benny to stow an extra can of gasoline and a glass jug of water aboard his racer, and the next minute they were off for the other end of the island. As they passed the bungalow, Bessemer saw Tot look wistfully toward her former paradise home and the camphor trees behind it, and drop a tear.

And well she might, considering that which came to pass before she saw it again.

A run of an hour brought them around to the island's south end, and Benny turned the little vessel landward in shel-

tered waters. Bessemer found glasses and began to search the shore line. He saw nothing of the launch, and only the upper portions of the cabbage trees; the jungle here was high. Tot rose beside him as the racer slowed down.

"I'm afraid we're too late," she half whispered.

"While there's life there's hope," softly quoted Bessemer.

The boat ran its nose up on the sand, and was left lying aslant by a receding swell. Bessemer and Tot sprang out ahead, the doctor carrying the rifle, and hastened toward higher ground. They saw no footprints save their own, which didn't necessarily mean anything. The rifle ready, Bessemer led the way toward the luxuriant growth. He persuaded Tot to wait at the jungle's edge, and himself went on.

After ten minutes, he brought up at a hole in the sand—a hole big enough for a horse's grave. He started for Tot, and met her. Together they hurried to the cabbage trees. The girl was now a little white.

"I'm afraid they've beaten us, John."

"Oh, I don't know," Bessemer frowned. He was a man slow to accept defeat. "Maybe they didn't find it."

"In that case," she replied, "they'd be here yet."

Bessemer began to look about him. He found a broken glass jar, and he looked further. Soon he had picked up a torn and crumpled sheet of paper, and he straightened it out eagerly; it was another map! On its margin was written, in Old King Jim's heavy handwriting:

Isn't it lots of fun, this hunt for buried treasure? Let us not end the sport so soon. Try again!—J. M.

"But why," Bessemer wanted to know, "did they throw this away?"

"That" said Tot, "is a map of Mosquito Island, twenty miles south of us. The old hut is well known to Noone—see it, marked there: 'Hut; dig'—see it? And then, Noone might have lost this. Poor old dad! He thought I'd have a beautiful adventure, didn't he? If we don't find it, John, I can't ever marry you."

"Twenty miles," figured Bessemer, his

eyes bright. "Our boat is faster than the launch, and maybe we can beat them to Mosquito Island. They must have been held up at least five hours here. Let's be off!"

Mosquito Island is small and narrow, and they approached it from the mainland side. As before, they saw nothing—they couldn't see the gulf side, on which Noone and his henchman had left the launch while they shoveled out another hole big enough for a horse's grave. Bessemer and Tot went ashore, and again Bessemer persuaded King Jim's daughter to wait at the jungle's edge for safety's sake. She told him how to find the hut, and he slipped into the wild growth.

At the end of two hundred yards, he crept up behind a clump of saw-palmetto and peered through. Before the hut, Swatter Noone and Buxton Prather were just climbing out of the hole, and Noone held a sealed glass jar in the circle of one arm. Both were bathed in the sweat of long hours of hard work. Bessemer felt a hand lightly on his shoulder and wheeled to face—Tot.

"I changed my mind," she whispered, "and came."

"Look!" whispered Bessemer, pointing through the palmettos.

Noone swore savagely, and broke the jar against his shovel. He took out only a sheet of paper.

"Still another damned map!" he fumed.

It was, another map, of another island. And on its margin, as on the margin of the second map, was the same:

Isn't it lots of fun, this hunt for buried treasure? Let us not end the sport so soon. Try again!—J. M.

Noone turned to old Prather. Prather was engaged in wiping the stinging perspiration from his one good eye.

"Ain't it hell to tell the captain!" he said complainingly. "By Henry, Swatter, I'm tired o' this. What're we a-going to do now?"

Noone swore again. The grave dignity that Tot Marian was accustomed to seeing in the man was nowhere in evidence. The veneer was gone.

"What are we going to do!" he snapped. "Why, you old sawfish, we're making for the other island. I know where it is, the

palm; I could find it in the dark. It named the island—Palma Sola, as you know."

Bessemer and Tot turned back; soon they had boarded the racer and were off. Though the launch was the nearest to Palma Sola by no inconsiderable distance, Bessemer believed they could easily win the race. As for the map, they didn't need it; Tot knew that lone palm.

They rounded the north end of the island and saw that Noone's craft had already made some two miles toward Palma Sola. Half an hour more, and there was the whine of a steeljacket across their bows in warning. The doctor veered his gasolene pet sharply to starboard.

"Though we'll have to make a detour to keep out of their range," he said to Tot, "I believe we'll win."

Noone fired half a dozen times more, but his weapon was a pistol, and the bullets fell fifty yards short.

"Safe," smiled Bessemer.

They passed the launch and finally drew in toward low, green Palma Sola. Then the motor balked. Its owner worked over it madly; he did everything one does to a balky marine engine except swear at it, and Tot's presence forbade that measure. The launch gained rapidly, was about to pass them on the port. Noone's voice came jeering, and a bullet from his automatic followed. The launch went on. The doctor's motor suddenly began to fire again.

"Where," asked Bessemer, his eyes ahead, "did that bullet strike? I didn't hear it."

In answer, Benny shot up. "Sorry to bother, sir—I got it—"

He toppled overboard, dead. Tot cried out, and Bessemer shut off the power. There was a swirl in the water behind, a splash, and where Benny had been was now only crimson stain.

"Shark," moaned the doctor. "Poor boy! Noone shall pay—"

"John—look!" Tot interrupted.

Bessemer wheeled and set his eyes on the launch. Buxton Prather and Swatter Noone were in grapples. Benny was Prather's nephew; blood is sometimes surprisingly thick. There was another report from Noone's pistol, and the one-eyed old

sea-dog followed his kinsman to the sharks!

"Two," growled John Bessemer. "If it wasn't for putting you in danger, Tot, I'd do a little shooting myself right now. If this was a high-power rifle, I would anyway! As it is, I'm going to have it out with Noone on that island, and you're going to wait for me in the boat."

Old King Jim's daughter objected, but it didn't do any good. . . . Wet to the skin, Bessemer kept rifle and cartridges dry and disappeared in the dense undergrowth, making for the lone palm that marked the island. Tot drew off a little and waited breathlessly—for a few minutes.

After a mile of the most tortuous going, Bessemer crept up to the gaunt gray bole and peered out ahead. A few rods off he saw Swatter Noone working desperately with his shovel. Noone had saved an hour over Bessemer through knowing a direct way to the spot, and he had already a sizeable hole in the sand. The doctor was no woodsman; his foot broke a dry palmetto stem. Noone heard it and knew it for what it was; he stepped out of the hole, looked into it as though disappointedly, shook his head, threw down his shovel in feigned disgust and walked off. It was a trick. When he had apparently gone, Bessemer went to the hole, got into it, discarded his rifle for the shovel and went to throwing out sand.

Soon he came to an iron box with a handle; he lifted it out, and it was heavy. The voice of Noone came wickedly from behind him.

"Thanks, doctor."

He held his pistol ready. "I'm sorry to do it, doctor."

"Sorry to do—what?" Bessemer wanted to know.

"Shoot you and cover you up in that hole," and Bessemer hardly doubted that he meant it. "Melodramatic; eh? Well, what else can I do? I didn't pot Benny purposely. I meant to shoot across your bows. I had to kill Bux Prather, and I'm having to kill you—to keep your mouth shut."

Tot Marian broke from the jungle wall. She saw the leveled weapon, and she had heard. Her eyes were twin blue fires.

"Stop!" warned Noone. "Stop, or I'll kill Bessemer!"

"You musn't!" cried Tot. She was a clean white. She halted.

Noone smiled a devil's smile. "If you'll marry me and help spend your dad's money, I won't," he said.

She stared at him. He was quite desperate. A woman who knew the world better might have parried for another way out. Tot Marian didn't.

"Anything," she quavered, "if only you won't—won't shoot."

It was then that Bessemer, beside himself, leaped straight at the door of death. He was no gunman; perhaps he forgot the rifle; anyway, it lay beyond his reach. One bound, and he was out of the hole; another, and the automatic blazed, and he pitched forward at Noone's feet. Tot sprang to him, sank beside him, turned his face upward, put an ear to his chest. It was but a scalp wound; he was only half unconscious. Noone, too, saw that. He dropped to one knee, his countenance like a demon's, and pressed the muzzle of his pistol against Bessemer's heart.

"Will you be my wife—*now*?" he demanded.

"Yes," she said in a bleak, white voice. "To save him, I'll be your wife—*now*."

Bessemer heard dimly, but he didn't move; somehow he didn't care; in his shocked and awry brain, nothing mattered any more. Noone picked up the iron box and the rifle, caught the girl's wrist and half dragged her toward the launch.

When Bessemer came fully to himself, it was night. Limned against the moon he saw the lone palm, and he remembered. He rose, staggered into the jungle and lost himself quickly. All night he spent in trying to make his way through the trackless maze, and at dawn found himself back at the palm, where he crumpled from exhaustion.

T'was mid-day when he again realized things clearly. Though his head ached furiously, and a thirst burned like acid in his throat, he could think of nothing except Tot's words, which rang like bells of doom in his ears: "*To save him, I'll be your wife—now.*" . . . Two more hours, and he had found the beach. His racer was lying at anchor where Tot had

left it; he waded out to it and drank a quart of warm water. Then he made out in the distance a speck that was steadily growing larger. Half an hour, and Tot ran the launch in, and she was alone. She climbed wearily overboard and began to wade out. Bessemer saw her stop to wash her hands, as though from a contamination, in the salt water. Again he saw her stop to wash her hands.

"Tot!" he cried.

They went toward each other, Bessemer with his arm outstretched. But Tot didn't enter his arms. She gave him a look of terror and shame, and sank at his feet.

"By God," he said, half sobbing, kneeling beside her; it was prayer as much as oath, for the Almighty permitted him to understand. "At last, you've found the cross—"

He added: "On which men are merely crucified. . . ."

Three days later, Old King Jim's daughter walked weakly with John Bessemer's mother out to the veranda. The sun was dying in old rose and scarlet; there was the vesper music of birds, and the sweet fragrance of jessamines. Mrs. Bessemer told her the Beautiful Story. . . . When it was finished, there was a click at the gate, and the doctor hastened up and kissed them both. He had been to the island for a few things that the girl wanted.

"I think I can talk to you now, John," Tot Marian said. Ill fortune notwithstanding, her smile was an angel's smile. . . . "The treasure-box—it was a joke at Swatter Noone's expense. Father never meant for us to have the map. If only he had lived until the next morning—The box contained only scrap-iron and thirty pennies, thirty pieces of copper. . . ."

Bessemer gave her the crucifix and the beads, and the old silver-clasp Bible. She opened the book—and stared—the inside had been cut out, and in there lay thick stacks of banknotes of staggering denominations! Old King Jim had put his money where it would be safe. . . .

In a thatched hut on Mosquito Island, ants gnawed the flesh from the skeleton of a big man. In its side lay a rusted fish knife.

PLEASING THE PUBLIC

BY H. THOMPSON RICH

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Rich was formerly editor of the *Forum Magazine*, New York City. Later he entered the motion picture industry in editorial capacity and was successively associated with Vitagraph, Metro, Goldwyn and Hodkinson, with the latter as Production Manager. He has written and supervised many films, among them such well-known productions as, "The Light in the Clearing," "Fine Feathers," and "Rip Van Winkle."

THERE are two fundamental things to be borne in mind in writing for the screen today:

I. "PRINCIPLES AND BEWARES" OF SCREEN WRITING

Paradoxical though it may seem, I believe that success in writing for the screen can be quicker achieved by forgetting than by learning rules. Or, to put it less epigrammatically, learn your rules, assimilate them—then forget them and concern yourself with life.

I recently read an analysis by a well-known critic of the phenomenal success of certain current books. This individual found that these books all contained the following principles:

1. Good writing
2. A lovable character
3. Self-sacrifice
4. The eternal triangle
5. A hateful villain
6. A wronged hero
7. A happy ending

I am inclined to believe that a similar set of principles will be found in the average successful screen story. But if you are going to find success in this field, you will have to master more than "principles." I, therefore, suggest that if

you use this table, you savor it with the following "Beware's:"

1. Good writing becomes, in the phraseology of the screen, good technique, (but beware of too much framework.)
2. A lovable character is always admirable if it is real, (but beware of Pollyanna-ism.)
3. Self-sacrifice is noble, (but beware of working it overtime.)
4. The eternal triangle is necessary on the screen, as inevitable in life, (but beware—Oh, beware!)
5. A hateful villain is not always necessary. (Beware of making your villain 100% hateful. Everyone has some redeeming traits.)
6. A wronged hero may quite often be a hero who has only himself to blame. (Beware of misplaced sympathy.)
7. The happy ending is not an inevitable terminus to a successful film. (Beware of straining for a happy ending.)

In short, master the principles—don't let the principles master you. Let your story grow—don't make a hole and pour your story into it.

Look into your heart and into the hearts of others. The human heart is after all the mirror of life. Therein are reflected the comedy, pathos and tragedy, the laughter, pity and tears of the world. It is a great teacher.

If you have not this ability to see into the human heart—call it

"vision" or "sympathy" or what you will—give up trying to write for the screen. Lacking this, all your craftsmanship will avail little. The screen is surfeited with the artificiality of mere plot. Stories are wanted that exist rather because of their characters than their situations.

Which brings out the statement of a "principle" that with me has always been fundamental, whether I was writing an original screen story or adapting some published book or play: *Let the characters shape the plot—don't force the plot to shape the characters.* Otherwise, both characters and plot will be misshapen.

If you abide by this principle you will produce stories that live and breathe. If you violate it, your efforts will be the dead bloodless things the screen is striving away from today.

So much for the "principles" and "beware" of screen writing. The other fundamental thing to be borne in mind in writing for the screen today is:

II. RELATION OF THE SCREEN WRITER TO THE INDUSTRY AT LARGE

Obviously the man with his nose to the grindstone will not get far. He is too close to his work. The screen writer who buries himself so deeply in his scripts that he loses sight of what is taking place generally in the industry of which he is but a minute part is like a slave chained in a galley,—he rows, but he does not know where the boat is going.

The motion picture "boat" has for the last year been passing through tumultuous seas. The seas

are yet rough and the harbor by no means gained; but the screen writer of vision has lifted his eyes from his oars and knows where he and his fellows are headed.

To change the simile, the motion picture industry has been a stubborn infant slowly and noisily obtaining its growth and securing its education. Now, having reached the beginning of its maturity, it is studying with some equipoise the lessons learned in its youth and planning on the future in the light of the knowledge so gained.

In this transition from one stage of growth to other ideals and methods of operation in every phase of picture making are being affected. This is especially true in the scenario department.

Protests against many types of stories that have in the past been popular have come in so voluminously that producers are being forced to carefully study the whole scenario situation. The agitation for clean films is not a superficial thing but is deep-seated and has behind it so great a force of public opinion that it must be (and in fact is) reckoned with.

In this morning's *Los Angeles Times*, I find Walt Mason rippling into rhyme on the situation as follows:

"In plays and books the gifted crooks are daily represented; our youngsters go to see a show and leave it discontented. The 'Raffles' stuff has pull enough to make some young beholder resolve to crack some banker's shack before he's five months older. Cheap tales of scamps and sin and vamps the youngster finds before him; and soon, alas, 'twill come to pass that good things only bore him."

This situation has reached the

danger point where action is demanded.

It is making itself felt in all the old line producing companies; and in addition, is influencing the organization of many new companies who either anticipate marketing clean stories in the theatrical field or through non-theatrical channels to churches, schools and clubs who have installed projection machines and are lustily calling for wholesome pictures. This expansion in the market for stories of cleanliness and wholesomeness only is very great and well worthy of being noted. Public opinion has come to call a halt to the subverting of our children's morals.

It is my opinion that this is the most important phase of the change through which the industry is now going and were I asked to advise screen writers in regard to their future work I would point out to them the need to recognize this change and plan accordingly.

From now on themes must be based upon clean and wholesome situations only. This is a responsibility that must be borne largely by the author alone; for no director or censor can take a salacious appeal and, without weakening and garbling the story and sacrificing its artistic value, clothe it in the raiment of respectability.

But in securing wholesomeness there must be no sacrifice of entertainment value. Romance and adventure can be kept both clean and intensely dramatic—and this without catering to the superreligious or so-called "moral" element by preaching and propaganda.

As an indication of the strength

of the movement for wholesome productions that can with safety be shown to all classes and ages of audiences, note the great increase of these two classes of companies.

FIRST. Those specializing in clean pictures exclusively for the theatrical field; or, in other words, attempting to raise the standard of the theatres by the production of better pictures to be marketed by the old methods.

SECOND. Those producing or distributing firms to the nontheatrical field.

A list of the latter containing thirty-five names is at hand as this is written and the list is not nearly complete. I believe it is safe to assume that the greater part of them are of more or less recent origin.

Few of these firms have the same merchandizing plans. Some are producers, a few are distributors on a national basis, but most of them are producers or distributors only for the sections close at hand. Some are attempting to market their product through theatres and others, and by far a great majority to churches, schools and other religious or purely civic organizations.

All, however, have seen the vision and are striving to align themselves harmoniously with the demand of the public. The diversity of their aims and methods of operation is seen by analyzing the work of a few of these firms.

Sacred Films, Incorporated, of Burbank, California, is filming the Bible. Its work is highly specialized and limited as to subject matter. Distribution embraces both theatrical and non-theatrical exhibitors. The impelling motive of the corpo-

ration, however, is in harmony with the new ideals that are so dominant in the industry.

The National Non-Theatrical Motion Picture Company of New York is building up a really important distributing service for the non-theatrical field and has met with great success in fostering wholesome products. But it distributes largely old film.

The University of California, Extension Division, in common with universities in nearly all states, operates a large distributing agency for the State of California. While a great many of its films are of an

educational nature, it uses all types as long as they are clean and wholesome. It is not, however, on a real commercial basis.

On every hand are signs of these new ideals. The market has changed greatly—the change yet to come will be so great as to alter the entire aspect of the industry.

The scenario writer who comes to the front in the future will be the one who now takes note of this changed condition of the present and trims his "sales" accordingly. Cleanliness and wholesomeness, supported by real dramatic value, is the keynote now.



TO know what you like is the beginning of wisdom and of old age. Youth is wholly experimental. The essence and charm of that unquiet and delightful epoch is ignorance of self as well as ignorance of life. These two unknowns the young man brings together again and again, now in the airiest touch, now with a bitter hug; now with exquisite pleasure, now with cutting pain; but never with indifference, to which he is a total stranger, and never with that near kinsman of indifference, contentment. If he be a youth of dainty senses or a brain easily heated, the interest of this series of experiments grows upon him out of all proportion to the pleasure he receives. It is not beauty that he loves, nor pleasure that he seeks, though he may think so; his design and his sufficient reward is to verify his own existence and taste the variety of human fate.

—Robert Louis Stevenson.



PERHAPS no other things have such power to lift the poor out of poverty, the wretched out of misery, to make the burden bearer forget his burden, the sick his suffering, as books.—Success Magazine.

"UNKNOWN" WOMEN OF FILMLAND

Number Five of a Series

BY ALICE EYTON

THE approaches to fame are many; but the trite old saying, that there is not any royal road to fortune, is still true in its own peculiar sense. For those who attain in a day are very apt to resemble Humpty-Dumpty in subsequent feats. Of course, there are mushroom growths whose spreading glories apparently give the lie to this philosophic reflection; but any life history is a long one, with ramifications beyond the ken of the surface worshippers. And writers like Franchien Macconnell, the subject of this sketch, while naturally longing for the freedom of financial independence, admit that the varied experiences of poverty, obscurity, and laborious "bread-and-butter" achievements, are indispensable factors of mental broadening. As she laughingly says, which one of us does not shudder to read some of our early "inspirations," or smile at the thought of how easy the battle seemed, viewed afar, through the glamor of youthful eyes. But she adds a further thought to the effect that all the glamors of youth are not necessarily false visions; but they *are* visions, and not objective achievements. To translate them into the latter is the task of garnered strength and dogged persistency. To the greatest, as to the least, of that vast army fighting with

the weapon that is mightier than the sword, must often come the question, "Is it worth while?" And, in a world flooded with stories, good, bad, and indifferent, the answer must be made with an inward quirk of amusement. The most futile thing in the world is probably the writer who cannot laugh at himself, and at the thought that everything has been written, everything has been said, and everything has been done. There may be a waiting world, and a listening world; but it is within the writer himself. The world without is always saying, "*Make* me listen—if you can!"

Miss Macconnell thinks the most worth while thing in life is to answer that challenge, to wage the age-long fight for individual emergence. She did not know, in the beginning of her economic struggle, that it was to carry her into the writing field. Starting out as a teacher, after the death of her parents forced her into the wage-earning class, she tried many things, the while wandering from England to Massachusetts, from Massachusetts to Canada, and from Canada to California.

Of course, a girl who has the courage to indulge her wanderlust to that extent, will go further afield yet in search of enriching life. Often, when travelling, she has only

had her bare expenses to carry her through—those, and a proven capacity for work. Once, at a pinch, she hired out as a seamstress, but is not particularly enthusiastic about that work. It was Mr. Maigne who suggested to Miss Macconnell that she might try her hand at story writing. The idea seemed funny to her at first. So far from considering herself imbued with a divine mission to write, she wondered how on earth anybody could get the continuous stream of ideas necessary to the production of fiction—supposedly necessary, not begging the cynics' attention. Later, however, she did essay the task, and found it both easier, and more difficult, than she had anticipated. Ideas came all right, but ideas that galloped around in her mind, and refused to be harnessed to use. She made the first discovery of every writer—that ideas either crowd you to confusion, or let you severely alone. Persistence conquered these two conditions to a certain extent; and she found herself producing something that seemed fairly good; and that was good enough to find a market in some of our popular magazines; but, contrary to her hopes, she did not find a market within the studios—at least for her stories. Though her literary judgment, and picture sense were recognized by her early promotion to the position of reader. She has been reading at Lasky's since 1917, and is still working, under Miss Mary O'Connor, in the Story Department.

Having the privilege of contributing to the outside market, Miss Macconnell has justified her am-

bitions by having had her tales appear in the New Fiction, and the Street and Smith publications. At present she is working on a novel that is to be a wider scope than anything she has hitherto attempted. As she somewhat humorously, and somewhat ruefully explains, she'll probably be able to sell screen stories after she has firmly established her reputation as a fictionist. Of course, she admits that her talents may be more fitted to magazine, and book purposes, than to screen uses; but, like the rest of us, she's from Missouri in respect of being convinced that she cannot write as good a Moving Picture plot as most of those being produced. The only thing any writer has to do is to murder all the directors and producers at present keeping him out of his own; then—we should see, what we should see! Seriously, it does appear that producers go to an infinite lot of expense, and trouble to acquire well-known products, whose advertising value they immediately offset by drastic changes in both title and plot—and, very often, by hiding away the author's name in a small-typed corner announcement on all the posters, etc. This is an old story, however, and it is not always true; but it may be pointed out afresh that the public is rather suspicious, when going to see a production based on a favorite novel, or play. All the changes likely to be made are not due to screen exigencies; they are more often than not due to the vagaries of the conflicting egos, who were engaged on the work of screening the story which

might just as well have come from an unknown writer in their midst, as from the expensive person responsible.

Having, for some time, had charge of all original matter sent in to Lasky's, Miss Macconnell could tell some very funny stories about the idiosyncrasies of the outside contributor; but, unlike many less conscientious readers, she refuses to be guilty of any breach of confidence in the matter, or to laugh at the occasional ignorance of some naive greengrocer, or chambermaid. Her humor is always tinged with compassion for struggling humanity; and she realizes that there is not much difference, after all, between the successful and educated striver, and the ignorant and unsuccessful one. The thing striven for is the same; the motive is the same, the latter, with rare exceptions, being to plant oneself in the centre of the stage, and receive all the bouquets, both complimentary and

financial. Although not so well-equipped for individual emergence, Lizzie and Jake can desire it just as passionately as the most over-lauded, "college-bred" person in the world; and, in her heart, I think Miss Macconnell would prefer to help Lizzie and Jake, the only thing deterring her from attempting the task more often being that Lizzie and Jake are so apt to think that they are on the top of a hill they have not yet commenced to climb—in respect, that is, of learning the rudiments of good writing.

Avoiding entirely the hectic life, supposedly, and falsely, peculiar to Hollywood, and sticking to the simple regime of much work, a spare diet, and regular sleeping hours, Miss Macconnell is surely a comer in the literary field, and one whose name will be much more familiar to the general reading public a year, or two, hence, than it is at present. Good luck to her, and all her level-headed kind!



***R**ESOURCE is not an accomplishment; it is the innate power of falling back upon oneself for new methods of meeting circumstances. It is invention; it is courage; it is doggedness—the practical expression of a mind that refuses to admit defeat.—Success Magazine.*

"JUDGMENT OF THE STORM"

*The First Palmerplay—A Master Painting of Realism
Plus Dramatic Power*

REVIEWED BY BERNARD ASHBROOK HOLWAY

I SAW "Judgment of the Storm" at a special preview showing given in Glendale, California, a town which because of its mixed, representative population is a favorite testing ground for big pictures. "The Covered Wagon," for instance, was previewed there. Before speaking of the picture itself, allow me to digress very briefly, in order to sketch a remarkable advertising test for which, as well as to test audience reactions, the picture was previewed. If this seems extraordinary in a review of a motion picture, the whole circumstances of the making and showing of the picture are extraordinary enough to excuse it.

No modern picture has been advertised by featuring an "unknown" author of an unpublished, original story. The public has never been invited to submit short criticisms of a film production for prizes, and national magazine advertising totaling twenty million circulation has never before been used to inform "fans" of the coming of a production. It resulted in the large theatre being packed to the aisles twenty minutes before show time, and a big crowd turned away. Now this great crowd did not indicate the potency of the appeal of a known story or of famous names; they had neither by which to judge the picture. It was a vote of the people, of the motion picture fans of the nation represented by Glendale, in favor of a *literature of the screen*, written expressly for the screen by writers trained in the screen's technique! Now as to the picture:

The dramatist who would write of real life for the wide general audience of the photoplay—an audience which lives real life—has a problem before him that sounds

like a paradox. He must faithfully portray the lives of persons familiar to his audience, and at the same time inject into his screen play, or create within it in some manner, drama so tense that it will serve without other embellishments to hold the interest of his thrill-satiated audience. And in real life there may be drama, but seldom enough to form the material basis for a five or six or seven-reel photoplay!

The screen dramatist who can portray everyday life so realistically that it *comes home* to the hearts of the spectators of his play, and yet so dramatically that it more than fills the requirements of modern screen entertainment, is an artist and a genius. That is why I must praise so highly the author of "Judgment of the Storm," the first Palmerplay. It is said that this author, Ethel Styles Middleton, although entirely unknown as a screen play writer before the purchase of her story by the Palmer Corporation, supplied a 'script so well developed in point of dramatic technique and so realistic in substance that it was exceptionally easy for the director to put it upon the screen. Nevertheless, I feel that the man who directed "Judgment of the Storm"—Del Andrews of the Thomas H. Ince Studios—also deserves the highest of praise for brilliant work in getting the spirit of Mrs. Middleton's story into celluloid record so perfectly. "Judgment of the Storm" is the work of two minds, those of its creator and of its creative interpreter, and I have never seen another photoplay in which this duo functioned so beautifully.

"Judgment of the Storm" begins with slow, sure, leisurely tempo, and acquaints us with its characters and their situations in an interesting way. It plants its realism very strongly first—and then before we quite realize it, drama enters, and

builds in a steady upward sweep that leaves the spectator breathless and astonished. Then it ends, powerfully and logically. There is no lost motion, no false motion, no backward motion. It builds. The realism continues throughout, but drama of a sort that *might* enter anyone's life races into it, and lifts the commonplace into the realms of art.

Perhaps reviewers are expected to cast around for flaws in a motion picture. "Judgment of the Storm" is an offering in which it is very hard for me to pick flaws, not only because they are few and unimportant, perhaps, but because the ensemble effect of the story upon me is such that I am reluctant to seek minor weaknesses when I know the strength of the whole. However, I may advance one point of purely individual taste, and one only. I wanted more comedy touches. There is some excellent and very relevant comedy in the beginning and throughout the story here and there, especially that in which a pair of adorable children figure. Other parts are often so grim, like the implacable march of fate in the Greek tragedies, and at the same time so realistic, so close to one's own life, that during some of the main climaxes they have one gasping. All ends well, so after all my one constructive suggestion arises from personal preference. A friend tells me that any change of tempo of those stormy scenes—emotionally stormy as well as atmospherically so—would spoil everything for him.

However that may be, I am sure that "Judgment of the Storm" will have a strong appeal for all classes of people as an exceptionally powerful and entertaining photoplay. But it has another aspect that is of vital interest to creative writers, for it symbolizes two things of great import to the future of the screen, and the future of both published literature and screen plays. First, it is a powerful illustration of the advantages of so-called "original stories" written directly and expressly for the shadow stage over "adaptations" from published books and stories, and second, it speaks for the possibilities of training and developing talented but as yet unrecognized writers to supply a special, individual literature for the newest art. At the recent International Con-

gress on Motion Picture Art, the importance of these two steps was emphasized strongly, and so far as I know, "Judgment of the Storm" is the first motion picture in which the conclusions of this distinguished Congress are expressed. The Palmer Photoplay Corporation has a right to be proud of the result.

The cast does uniformly good work, and its personnel is unusually strong—Lloyd Hughes, Lucille Ricksen, George Hackathorne, Myrtle Stedman, Philo McCullough, Claire McDowell, Bruce Gordon, Fay MacKenzie and Frankie Darro. The two last named are the children whose fame is bound to grow if they continue to perform as they did in this picture. Lloyd Hughes gives a clean-cut, virile characterization of a role that is certain to add greatly to his army of "fan" admirers.

Myrtle Stedman and Lucille Ricksen handle their parts well, while George Hackathorne contributes a bit of real histrionic art to the silver sheet in his rather difficult role. Others of the cast are able, and well chosen for their parts. And I must also compliment the cameramen, who contributed splendid photography.

I shall sketch the story very briefly, for fear of spoiling the reader's enjoyment of the picture. In the introduction the love between a charming little farm girl, Mary Heath, and a very likable, clean-looking American college youth, John Trevor, is brought out with a touch of both farm and college atmosphere, at the same time establishing the situation of the girl's family in that they are dependent for a modest living upon big, jolly Dave Heath, Mary's older brother. Bob, the younger brother, is petted and self-centered.

John's mother is supposed to be wealthy, and to be spending much of her time abroad. In reality, she derives her income from a fashionable city gambling den, which she maintains in order to give her son the advantages she believes are essential to his happiness. After several years of this sort of "absence" her hunger for the boy overcomes her caution and she sends for him to visit her in the city, explaining that she has just returned to America.

Meanwhile, Martin Freeland, the villain of the piece—an altogether new type, differently handled—is instrumental in getting Dave Heath into the city at the time John is visiting his mother, and after they meet her, these two go to her gambling hall, where Dave is killed by accident in a shooting fray. In the handling of Dave's death, by the way, is one of the many little points of splendid art-realism that elevates "Judgment of the Storm" far above the herd.

The subsequent exposure to John of his mother's indirect connection with the affair, with the revulsion of feeling which comes when he realizes that the very clothes he wears were bought through the misery and dishonor of his fellow-creatures, drives him away from the mother. He does all in his power to help the Heaths in their trouble. John's mother owned the establishment in which Dave was killed. Martin, however, soon fixes the blame upon him. Bob Heath, Dave's younger brother, who has been obliged to quit college and take up the farm toil he despises, is vicious in his denunciation of John. Mary's love falters momentarily, and under the force of their joint accusations, John does the one thing he can see that may atone—he binds himself out to

them as a servant at no salary, practically a slave, to take Dave's place!

In a great blizzard of snow that winter, the story builds to a thrilling actional and emotional climax, in which John proves his manhood so overwhelmingly that Bob Heath, Mrs. Heath and Mary realize he has paid his mother's debt. His mother also attempts a great sacrifice. The result is that the families are happily united, and the wedding bells are to ring for John and Mary.

The reactions of the audience at this preview were very interesting. The theatre manager was so impressed that he commented on them when the show was over, by saying that he had never had so much spontaneous applause in his house. This was contrary to my expectations, for certainly as far as audience appreciation goes, "Judgment of the Storm" was under a handicap. The criticism contest had put many spectators into a critical state of mind that did not engender applause. Certain little technical phases which would have contributed to its total effect were not yet completed, and, finally, the audience which reacted to "Judgment of the Storm" so emotionally and enthusiastically had become tired before the picture was presented, through watching a rather long and indifferent regular program.



SIXTY per cent of the men who have become eminent were graduated at small colleges, the names of which were scarcely known outside of their respective states.—Success Magazine.



IT is in truth only in our own day that there has been anything like general acceptance of the fact that in literature as in the other arts technical skill must be laboriously acquired before any successful and permanent work can be produced. The masters have of course known this; but the idea that to be an author nothing is needed but pen, ink and paper used to hold undisputed sway over the popular mind, and is by no means extinct yet.

—Arlo Bates in "Talks on Writing English."

ARE AMERICANS PEOPLE?

A SYMPOSIUM

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Readers of THE STORY WORLD are invited to contribute to this series of articles regarding the Conservative and the Modernistic, or more radical, schools of literature. Although we have on file, and have published, contributions from many of the better known writers of America, in which the subject has been brilliantly discussed pro and con, no one is barred from entering the controversy. Incidentally, few critical symposiums have aroused as much discussion in the world of literature as has this one.]

IT seems that Eugene Rhodes' article, "The West That Was," has stirred up a hornet's nest in the camp of the Young Intellectuals. I have just read a letter from Stanley K. Booth, dated at West Palm Beach, and addressed to the editor of the PHOTODRAMATIST in answer to Mr. Rhodes' article. In this letter Mr. Booth says:

"If I understand the trend of modern movement in Literature, Drama, Music, Art and Life, it is toward Art and away from Hokum."

Ha! We've treed it at last! Hokum is not Art. Being a foreigner, quite recently initiated in the mysteries of the English language, the word Hokum has bothered me a good deal. Webster is silent upon the subject. Opinions of definition seem to vary. I asked the cop on our corner if he knew what Hokum was. He consulted his street guide with a worried look.

"I don't find it's under the H's. Maybe it's an alley in a new subdivision. Better see the engineering department in the City Hall. Ask for Dempsey Googan, Room 108. Tell 'im I sent you."

I thanked the officer and laid my troubles before Mr. Googan.

"Hokum! Hokum," Mr. Googan repeated with a frown. "That's the picture by Salome which Oscar Wilde is starrin' in, I think. See Mr. Kornblum at the Caskey studio."

Mr. Kornblum looked me over, coldly.

"Hokum is the thing I've canned seven

directors for leaving out of their pictures," he said.

"What is it?" I asked, eagerly.

"It's—it's—why it's—say you couldn't come around next week, could you? I'm awfully busy today. G'bye! Glad to have met you."

On the way out I buttonholed the eminent author.

"Do you know what Hokum is?" I asked.

"Any successful book reviewed by Mencken," he replied, promptly, as he stepped into his nine thousand dollar Blitz and swung out of the gate. "Hokum paid for this bus," he shouted back over his shoulder. I felt that I was being spoofed, so in desperation I turned to the gatekeeper.

"Please tell me what Hokum is," I implored that individual.

"I 'ave never seen h'any, but I hears as 'ow they uses it to stop cracks in boats wif on the Thames. A bloke who's a cousin of a friend o' mine has a sister what's spliced to a night watchman in Limehouse. He could tell yer. His address is—"

Here I fled to the office of the PHOTODRAMATIST and poured my troubles into the editorial ear.

In reply the editor handed me the letter by Stanley K. Booth. From this epistle I learned, merely, what Hokum wasn't. I also learned that Mr. Booth was an ardent admirer of Mr. Mencken, the reviewer whom my friend, the eminent author, had mentioned as he pressed the self-starter of his nine thousand dollar Blitz.

"Who is this Mencken party, Ed?" I asked the editor.

"What?" he exclaimed, "have you been writing fiction for eight years and never heard of Mencken?"

I hung my head in shame.

"Is it necessary to know Mencken to be a successful writer?" I asked, humbly. "Maybe that's why the *Friday Morning Post* turned down my last eleven stories. Give me his address."

The editor smiled.

"Read this paragraph, again, and you'll have his number," he said, handing me back the letter and pointing to the following assinine classic quoted by Mr. Booth:

Mencken writes: "I acknowledge many men to be my superiors. In such a country as the United States, of course, few of that sort are encountered."

I hope Mr. Mencken wrote this in a jocular mood. It is too tragic to think of a fellow mortal so utterly without a sense of humor.

"Mencken states that Mark Twain was a greater artist than Emerson, Poe or Whitman. He asserts that Huckleberry Finn is a masterpiece," Mr. Booth quotes farther on.

Mr. Mencken evidently believes in playing safe. His criticism in this case has the naive complacency of the weather man's forecast of inclement weather for March. His assertion that "Huckleberry Finn" is a masterpiece is backed up by about one hundred and nineteen million of the unencountered! He seems to confuse cheerful platitudes with literary criticism.

Here I am reminded of the late Jack London's bon mot:

"Those who can, do. Those who can't, teach."

The finest masterpiece ever written can be jabbed full of holes by any vitriolic pen, no matter how well it has been fashioned. To build is hard. To tear down is easy. Critical minds are usually not creative. Certainly they are of a lower order than the feeblest creative ones.

With apologies to Kipling:

*"A critic is only a critic
But a well told tale is a yarn."*

Eugene Manlove Rhodes' work speaks for itself. His and Emerson Hough's

represents the best in Western fiction to date. Compare, for instance, Mr. Rhodes' "Good Men and True" or his "Bransford of Arcadia" with a recent story by a member of the so-called Young Intellectuals, that was printed in a certain magazine not long ago. In the story in question, the reader is treated to a closeup of one of the leading characters picking the puss out of his festered toe with a darning needle, with a charming realism of detail. In another story, to a mob of street urchins in an alley, throwing bricks at a dead horse, which the writer assures the reader has been dead a long time.

I might also mention a recent story printed in the *Smart Set*, a magazine for whose literary atrocities I am informed Mencken and Nathan are equally responsible. The plot of the story in question hinges upon the fact that the hero's father was a manufacturer of certain very useful plumbing fixtures, endorsed by sanitary engineers, and that the heroine's father was engaged in the manufacture of a certain well-known grade of tissue paper. The bringing together by marriage of the two great enterprises (presumably as a combination in restraint of trade) formed the climax of the story!

These three stories are perhaps extreme examples of the sort of thing endorsed by this group of poseurs who call themselves Young Intellectuals. Anywhere in Europe, stories like the last mentioned would be relegated to the pages of some obscene periodical. Such periodicals never find their way into decent homes except, surreptitiously.

The cover design of the issue of the *Smart Set* in which this story appeared was interesting as a study of what the Young Intellectuals call art. It was a picture of a heavy jowled green-eyed roue lighting his cigar by the flaming red hair of a woman, held helpless in his outstretched gorilla-like arm.

Most blank verse, nearly all of the so-called futuristic art and such stories as the one just mentioned are one of two things—conceptions of an over-sexed, disordered brain, or just plain incapacity. Mostly the latter. The bizzare in art is a good smoke screen for hopeless mediocrity.

Mr. Mencken further says:

"I'd be glad to respect Americans if they were respectable."

I don't know from which part of the old world Mr. Mencken hails, but it must be a place where boorishness and ill-breeding is taught as creed. There is no greater breach of etiquette among cultured people in my part of Europe than to insult the household of which one is a guest.

There are many things about Americans which I do not like, as there must be many things about the Danes, my countrymen, which an American would dislike. These are mostly differences of temperament and traditions. Further, the strain of Southern European temperament in me, is in constant conflict with the Celtic temperament which is the predominant one in America. Still, I have found a great deal of pleasure in reading American books.

In "The Red Badge of Courage," by Stephen Crane, American literature seems to have reached its apex for the time being. Jack London's "White Fang" gave a hint of what he might have done had he lived another ten or twenty years, and

Willa Cather's stories of the Northwest Prairies are gems of word pictures and characterization. I might mention our beloved and much maligned O. Henry—maligned because his style looked so easy to imitate and was found so hard to get down on paper—and a host of others, some living, some dead, but this is not an index to Who's Who in America. Besides it would sound as if I was defending American literature, when it is perfectly able to defend itself on its own merits.

Zona Gale's "Lulu Betts" is an interesting example of a writer achieving remarkable results with a lot of uninspiring and drab characters, not one of whom was worth the ink and paper expended in the effort. A few years hence we may look for something really significant from this writer.

The hue and cry about "Hokum" is the bowl of those who don't know how to handle it. Genuine box office hokum, melodrama, is the hardest of all to write—convincingly. Dumas, Hugo, Ouida, O. Henry, London know how. The Young Intellectuals don't. High hung grapes are always sour.

—Carl Clausen.



SUCCESS may be defined as the perfect development of a seed into its ultimate form; a grass seed into a perfect blade of grass; an apple seed into a full-grown, well-developed fruit-bearing tree; an acorn into a majestic oak; a man seed into an ideal human being, perfectly balanced and symmetrically developed in his threefold nature, spiritual, mental and physical.—Orison Swett Marden, in Success Magazine.



*THE door to the temple of success is never left open.
—Success Magazine.*

ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS

BY WALTER FLOYD MESSENGER

IT is the day of entrance examinations, the age of mental tests, the day of finding out what man and woman is fitted for, of analyzing the brain capacity. Also it is the age of special training, of concentrated study. In every profession we find men and women who have earned their right to their profession by their ability to pass certain mental tests and by their ability to absorb a vast amount of knowledge in their own peculiar line of endeavor. Never before has the law of the survival of the fittest been more clearly demonstrated than it is being demonstrated today. This leads us to ask, What are the entrance examinations to the profession of Authorship?

There are but few reliable schools that teach professional authorship. For the average person who aspires to write these schools are inaccessible. The resident college teaches English, Literature and the study of the various forms of composition, yet when the student graduates he is actually worse off than before. He tries to write by rule and is surprised that he is unable to break into print. One day he gets a personal note from some editor who informs him that he is writing nineteenth century stuff while the public desire nineteen-twenty-three material. Then, if he is still in earnest he must begin again from the bottom and

work his way up. The modern medical student commences to practice his profession in his junior year of medical college. His senior year contains more practice, under supervision, and he graduates to a year of hospital work. The would-be writer graduates to nothing but to begin life over.

Before launching into a career of writing it would be well for the aspiring writer to give himself certain tests. These will differ somewhat from the average college entrance examinations because a writer's professional life differs from a life in any other line of activity. The first question should be, Has the applicant a working knowledge of the English language? Is he willing to work and acquire that knowledge and enlarge it? This calls not alone for a study of rhetoric, but for a study of written English in all forms from the ancient Canterbury Tales down to the latest magazine writing. This means hard work and in reality this study of English is but a small part of Authorship.

Question number two. How much do you know? The profession of writing, unlike other specialties, demands an extensive if not intensive knowledge. The author must know his profession, but more than that he must know life; he must know what has taken place all during history down to the present age. His

knowledge must contain political, scientific and theological facts. Otherwise his work will be narrow, cramped and is apt to be pessimistic. It is impossible to avoid being somewhat superficial where so much learning is involved. Still, a superficial knowledge, skillfully handled is a great asset. When definite questions are at stake, the writer, using his smattering of facts, is in a position to know where and how to investigate and obtain the needed information. Even in creative writing, where the imagination plays a fundamental part, truth must be adhered to. The greater the storehouse of knowledge, the greater the opportunity for a free play of the imagination. Therefore, before starting to write, the hopeful must make up his mind that his life will be one grand round of constant study.

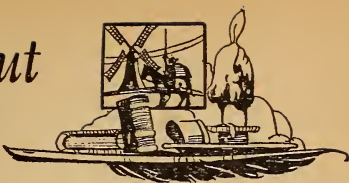
Turning to question number three. Why do I desire to be an author? Is it the pecuniary reward that it offers? Have I a love of the art itself or have I a message to tell the world? The man who has only the first motive in mind flunks and we will dismiss him without comment. The lover of the art, of expression, may pass, but without a message he will never rise above a sudden flash. The man with a message is the man who will receive the highest reward. He must study forms; he must stock his mental shelves with knowledge, but his writing will not be the soulless creation of the merely clever constructionist; it will be a living, vital, pulsating message to humanity.

The final question reads—Am I willing to pay the price? Few writers rise to success overnight. The road is long, dark, uncertain and trying. Few aspirants of the profession have the means to devote their entire time to their study and work while learning. Are you willing to shovel coal eight hours a day, to clerk in a store, work a farm or sell books in order to live, buy stamps, stationery and a typewriter? Are you willing to sacrifice friends, give up parties and good times of all kinds, while you spend your evenings and early mornings at your chosen profession? Can you bear up under the blows of the hundreds and possibly thousands of rejection slips that will clutter your mail? No person should enter the profession unless that person is able to answer this question in the affirmative.

To the fortunate individual who is able to pass these entrance examinations the future holds much. It holds forth a life of constant struggle and effort, of baffling difficulties and wonderfully complicated disasters. It holds forth unlimited opportunities for a strenuous life, both mental and physical, and to him who perseveres it offers the greatest reward of life, the satisfaction of having tried and accomplished, of having fought and conquered. Fame, money and the other incidentals of successful writing sink into insignificant obscurity compared with the greater reward of achievement for achievement's own sake.



Facts about Fiction



MOTIVATION

BY CARL CLAUSEN

I WAS handed a story in manuscript the other day and asked an opinion upon it. The story contained some excellent situations, one of which, at least, was very dramatic. Still, the story was unconvincing. After reading it, I said to myself: "This never happened." It was simply a few incidents strung together to lead up to a climax. There was no reason why the characters should have acted as they did except one—the author wanted to write a story. This was grossly unfair to his people since two of the characters were excellently drawn.

Improperly motivated stories are responsible for eighty per cent of the rejection slips which falleth as a gentle rain over all the States in the Union and dampeth the ardor of ye scribbler.

Let us examine the ingredients that go to make your story convincing—or properly motivated. Remember that it is not merely enough to have your characters do certain things. There must be a logical and natural reason for them doing them. Pardon me again for taking one of my own stories as an example. The story in question is "The Breadth of a Hair," *Pictorial Review*, November, 1921.

The basis for this story was furnished by an item in a medical journal about a man who had been asphyxiated in his garage by going to sleep in his car with the engine running, and the door of the garage closed tightly. I had orders at the time for a series of crime stories. To kill a man by asphyxiating him in the manner just described was a new wrinkle in fiction. As far as I knew it had never been used before.

Here I might mention that it has been used since—a good many times, in fact, the last one to come to my notice less than four months ago. I want to sound a note of warning to you in this regard. When you read a new idea in a fiction story, don't rush home and write a story around the same thing, at once. Wait, at least until it has grown a year or two old and has been more or less forgotten by the public. While it is in no sense plagiarism to use the basic idea of another author, you minimize your chances of selling your story to a good magazine. Staff readers and editors have long memories.

My first step in building "The Breadth of a Hair" from the item referred to, was to select the characters. I decided to use only three. The murderer, the victim and the man who brought the murderer to justice. Of course, one or two minor characters would creep in here and there to speed the action along but my story must, I decided confine itself as nearly as possible to the three men in question: Howard Reach, the murderer; Joe Platt, the victim and Thain, the detective. Thain I had used often before. His character was at my fingertips.

Next I said to myself that since murder is a sordid subject, the man who commits it must be a sordid character. Further, the victim must be a man whom the reader will not be sorry to see killed. I decided to make the two men partners under the firm name of Platt & Reach, brokers of the unscrupulous mold. For contrast I made Joe Platt, the brilliant man who hatched and conceived the schemes that had made them rich, and Howard Reach, the plodder, who secretly envied Platt for his brilliancy.

There was not, however, enough motive

for a murder in mere professional jealousy. There must be some more powerful reason, I said to myself, so I sent Platt away on a business trip during which absence Reach took a flyer in the stock market to show Platt on his return that he, Reach, could do and dare brilliant things. The flier cost the firm one hundred thousand dollars.

On arriving home Platt made a demand upon him for a large sum of money for a new venture. Reach was up against it. He did not dare to tell Platt of his disastrous speculation. He knew that Platt had killed a former business associate who had double-crossed him. As a measure of self-preservation Reach decided that Platt must be removed. Being a coward Reach shrank from violent methods. As an additional motive for the crime I had the two men carry a large joint Life Insurance policy payable to the survivor in the event of the death of one of the partners, a very common practise in business. Reach would gain fifty thousand dollars by Platt's death.

My motives for the crime were steel proof now. My next step was to establish that Reach had been a chemist and assayer in his younger days, in fact, that his partnership with Platt had been based largely on Reach's knowledge of mining ore. Platt had required a favorable assay of a certain mine in Arizona and Reach had furnished this for a certain sum.

As a chemist it was perfectly natural that he should know all about gases—carbon monoxide, particularly—since this gas, which is of the same nature as that discharged by the exhaust of a running gas engine, is the most prevalent one in mines.

Reach's first problem was to keep Platt in the car long enough to be overcome by the gas. He accomplished this by the simple expedient of getting Platt dead drunk, an easy matter, since Platt was a high liver fond of the good things of life.

The two men drove about town, visiting one place after another until Platt became very drunk and fell asleep in his seat. Then Reach drove the car quietly

into the garage, left the engine running, closed the door and went home. He stayed home until midnight, then returned to the garage and drove the car with his now dead partner to Platt's flat, carried Platt inside, laid the body upon the bed and disarranged the room, as an intoxicated man might have done upon getting into bed. Then leaving Platt's car parked outside, Reach walked home to his own apartment and went to sleep.

He felt very safe. His alibi was perfect. Upon inquiry the next day he stated that Platt had taken him home and had insisted upon being perfectly able to drive to his own quarters alone. He admitted that they had both been somewhat under the influence of liquor.

Thain, the detective, upon looking over Platt's apartment had found a bunch of keys in the soft earth outside. One of the keys fitted Platt's front door, the other the door of his apartment. Both locks were spring locks. Thain wondered how a man could be on the inside of two spring locks with the key that opened them, on the outside. There was no window above the spot where the keys were lying so the intoxicated man could not have dropped them *after* he got inside. Someone, Thain reasoned, must have assisted Platt into his room. He wondered who, and started a little investigation of his own, unbeknown to Reach.

Upon inquiry he found a man who thought he had heard the engine of a car running in the alley for a long time the night before. Thain became suspicious. Reach's manner confirmed his suspicions, and the finding of the keys clinched them. They had dropped out of Platt's pocket while Reach carried the body into the house. Reach had been very careful about those keys. He had opened the doors first, then had replaced them in the dead man's pocket before carrying him in. He did not hear them fall out of the pocket and drop upon the soft earth beside the steps as he labored with the heavy body of his dead partner. When confronted with this indisputable evidence, he broke down and confessed.

I hope that I have made myself plain in what I mean by motivation.



Good English AND ITS USE

A Department for Everyone who Writes

FOUNDATIONS

BY HAZEL W. SPENCER

HOW often we see in print or hear in ordinary conversation the phrase, "dead languages." I wonder if some of us stop to consider just what this means, and what significance it may have for us. What languages do we include under this head? And why do we speak of them as "dead?"

The phrase is usually spoken carelessly, and you will not find it employed by men of letters; a fact that is both interesting and significant.

The languages generally referred to as "dead" are Greek and Latin. The reason for the reference is the fact that these languages are no longer used in daily speech or writing. They have had their day and ceased to be; therefore they must be dead.

But they are not dead; they are still living. They exert an influence upon all our literature and in all our lives. For they are foundations of our present speech, the bedrock upon which the English language is builded. We can no more disregard them than we can disregard history, yet we never speak of history as dead. Nothing ever really dies that still maintains a definite hold upon our life and conduct, and it confuses our perspective to speak of Greek and Latin as dead languages. It conveys the suggestion that they are of no value and not worth our investigation.

The idea is intensely modern and is significant of a tendency among educators to ignore the enormous debt we owe to the past. It is responsible, too, for the flimsy character of many of our educa-

tional systems, and for a deplorable encouragement in high places to our undue zeal for haste.

Our ancestors who took time for Greek and Latin took time also to cultivate a finished and charming style both of conversation and of writing; but not only this, they were mentally disciplined to an accuracy that is nowadays painfully uncommon.

By the time you have blazed a trail through a forest of Greek irregular verbs you have developed not merely a wholesome respect for language but your mental muscles are in training for any exercise to which you may desire to direct them. You will be in no danger of rushing prematurely into print, and you will not *rush* in any case; but when you do attempt to enter the literary lists you will be a foeman worthy of any Editor's steel.

This is not a plea for the study of Greek and Latin but it is a reminder that we cannot expect to build a noble superstructure upon an inadequate foundation. Instead of calling the speech of Plato and Cicero dead we should accord it the reverence it deserves, and although we may not care to become linguistic experts we can at least inform ourselves regarding the ancestors of our vocabulary.

When the poet, Browning, was five years old his father very diplomatically engaged the child's fancy by telling him the story of the siege of Troy. It was but a step to the study of the language spoken by the Trojans, and when Robert was twelve he had completed the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* in the original Greek.

I am far from assuming that all great scholars may become poets, but undoubtedly Browning owes his amazing vocabu-

lary to his familiarity with ancient languages and to the discipline of devoted and detailed research among the forerunners of those instruments he was later to use with such magical charm and power.

Is it not surprising that men and women who have never studied their own language carefully, let alone knowing anything about Latin or Greek, should find occasion for wonderment when an Editor refuses to take their work seriously? Yet they lay their inevitable failures, *not* to the fact of their own ignorance, but to what they are pleased to regard as the Editor's lack of insight!

For every conspicuous literary success there are three reasons: talent, opportunity, and hard work; and the greatest of these is hard work. That is why it is of such value to study Greek and Latin. You cannot study either of these languages without rolling up your sleeves, metaphorically speaking, and getting down to real, laborious, effort. They afford the most splendid mental exercise in the world and whet the edge of your mind to a keenness obtainable by no other means.

Your mind needs athletics as well as your body, and you cannot hope to arrive at distinction, even of the mildest character, unless you perform your setting-up exercises faithfully. There is no royal road to success in the writing game any more than in any other occupation, and if you are not willing to dig you will certainly never uncover gold.

You may not have a leaning toward the ancient languages but at least you should encourage something more vigorous in yourself than mere reading of the modern newspaper and cheap magazine.

When students tell me that their favorite occupation is reading, and follow this announcement by declaring that a certain second or third rate novelist whom nobody takes seriously is their choice among authors, I find their literary aspirations very unconvincing. Nobody has a right to aspire who is afraid to work, and he who reads nothing but trash will express himself trashily.

It is true that the desire to write is frequently the incipient expression of a natural gift for creative work; but just as

often this desire is quite unsupported by gifts of any sort. The desire itself is thus no guarantee of literary ability and unless it is accompanied by intelligent effort it will get you nowhere.

Nearly everyone thinks he can write and those most convinced of this are often among the most ignorant. I knew a young woman some years ago who laid down a copy of the *Saturday Evening Post* with the remark: "I'll bet I could write as good a story as any I've read in the *Post*. It's a cinch story-writing isn't hard work, there is so much of it done. And there must be heaps of money in it. I'm going to get a typewriter and make a stab at it."

She suited the action to the word and was soon at work upon what she fondly believed was to be a masterpiece. She wrote rapidly and within a few days had a story on its way to the magazine. It was promptly returned. Astonished, but by no means discouraged, the young author slipped her literary achievement into a fresh folder and sent it to magazine number two. After five magazines had sent it back she began to inquire as to the cause and came to the grim conclusion that writing was not so easy as it looked. But when urged by friends to make writing a study she met the suggestion with scorn. "It is simply a matter of 'pull,'" she declared contemptuously. "I don't happen to know the right people. My stories are perfectly good stories; the Editors just never took the trouble to read them."

She believes to this day that such is actually the case; that the Editors, discerning an unknown name on her manuscript, had promptly sent the stories back unopened and unread. She is as firmly convinced of this as if they had told her in so many words that such was their habit.

She is not alone in this belief. It is shared by many hundreds of young writers. But it is a belief utterly without foundation in fact and one that is neither a credit nor an inspiration to its possessors.

The ability to write does not come to any of us without effort, it comes as the result of hard work. Actual practice in

writing is of course the prime necessity, but back of and beyond all this must have been discipline and development of the mental muscles through study. If you are unwilling to accept such discipline and such development you are wasting time and paper in attempting authorship.

IN AND OUT OF THE DICTIONARY

A column of authoritative solutions to problems concerning the use of English, submitted by readers of The Story World.

"R. E. L., Syracuse, N. Y." . . . I am taking the liberty of calling your attention to the fact that you are incorrect in your statement concerning the use of "and which." It is perfectly correct to use it when it joins two co-ordinating clauses.

Answer: Please pardon me if I object to your statement that I am incorrect in my view of "and which." Not incorrect, please; merely individual. "And which" is a combination about which grammarians differ, and you will find, if you care to look them up, quite as many authorities who disapprove of it as there are those who favor it.

My personal feeling against it is deep-rooted and emphatic, and I must be allowed to object to it since I am not by any means alone in doing so. Where you find it used by recognized writers I prefer to regard it as a slip due to haste, for certainly it is not a smooth or elegant construction in any case.

"C. O., Los Angeles, Calif." . . . When is it correct to use "as" and when "so"? Is it correct to say: "I am not as rich as he"? or "not so rich" etc.?

Answer: "As" is followed by "as" in comparing equals; "so" in comparing unequals. It is correct to say: "I am not so rich as he."

"E. B. B., Denver, Colo." . . . I am troubled about the use of "would" and "should." Which is correct in the following sentence? "I would like to travel."

Answer: "I should like to travel" is the correct construction. A rule it will be helpful for you to remember is this: Use *should* in the first person, and *would* in the second and third, in speaking of a condition beyond the control of the will.

"C. H. S., Washington, D. C." . . . Will you give me some rule that I may depend on in the use of "who" and "whom"?

Answer: The rule is this: "Use *who* when it is the *subject* of a verb; *whom* when it is the object of a verb or a preposition.

"W. H. S., Fondulac, Wisconsin." . . . Is it ever permissible to begin a sentence with the conjunctions "and" or "but"?

Answer: Yes. As a rule such connectives are used to join clauses and not independent sentences; but they are frequently found introducing sentences and even new paragraphs.

"J. R. McI., London, England." . . . Is it proper to use the comparative adjective with such words as: "perfect"; "correct"; "complete"; or their opposites?

Answer: No. A thing is either perfect or imperfect; correct or incorrect; complete or incomplete. It cannot be more perfect or less perfect, etc. There is no comparative degree of an absolute condition.

"C. H. S., Ontario, Canada." . . . Should "ly" be added to the adjective "ill" when using it as an adverb?

Answer: No. Although correctly formed the adverb "illy" is not

in common or good use. *Ill* is preferred in both cases.

"L. A. W., Spokane, Wash." . . . Which is correct: "He is stouter than me" or "He is stouter than I"?

Answer: "He is stouter than I" is correct. In this case there is an ellipsis of the verb: (He is stouter than I am stout.)

"M. L., Newport News, Va." . . . I have noticed both in newspapers and magazines that the prepositions before names of towns seem to be interchangeable. Is there any rule for this?

Answer: The preposition "in" seems to be preferred before the names of large cities, and the preposition "at" before small towns, as: "In New York;" "At Fox Lake."

"L. L. P., Palo Alto, California." . . . Which is correct: "We were invited *for* dinner," or "We were invited *to* dinner"?

Answer: We were invited *to* dinner is preferred. If you stay *for* dinner or are asked *for* dinner there is always the possibility of your being mistaken for the food, is there not? But in the event of your going *to* dinner there will be no question.

"G. M. W., San Antonio, Texas." . . . Is it proper to speak of *loaning* a book, *loaning* one's coat? Or should we say *lend*?

Answer: *Lend* is preferred. *Loan* as a verb is colloquial and objectionable.

"B. S., Hollywood." . . . There seems to be considerable difference of opin-

ion regarding the phrase "Somebody else's." Is it correct to say "somebody else's" or should one say "somebody's else"?

Answer: "Somebody *else's*" is given the preference.

"R. H. H., Oakland." . . . Is it right to say "recipe" for making cake? Or does one use the word "receipt"?

Answer: "Recipe" is used only in the restricted sense of a medical formula. You should use "receipt" when speaking of cakes, puddings, etc.

"H. H., Denver, Colorado." . . . Are the words "affect" and "effect" interchangeable? I have seen them used to express the same thing and I find them very confusing.

Answer: The dictionary is your best guide in matters of this sort. Both the words mentioned are discussed very carefully and at considerable length in all standard dictionaries and if you will study their definitions you will find the distinction between them very clear and definite. They are emphatically not interchangeable although many writers use them carelessly and frequently employ one for the other. I could give you many examples illustrative of their very manifest differences but you will find the same illustrations in the dictionary, and if you look them up yourself you will remember them much better than if I tell them to you.





IN THE FOREGROUND

Brief Editorial Chats on Timely Topics

Concerning "The Cheat"

THE recent decision of the Famous Players-Lasky studios to re-film "The Cheat," with Pola Negri in the star role, should furnish an object lesson to a number of producers who still cling to the idea that big "feature pictures" must be based upon novels or stage plays, and that the original screen drama lacks the box-office value of the adaptation.

Possibly the Lasky decision was influenced by their experience with "Bella Donna," Miss Negri's first American starring vehicle. As a novel "Bella Donna" was undoubtedly successful; but as a film it failed to live up to expectations. In fact, we venture to state that the box-office returns were far below those of a number of other Lasky productions—and that with the very best exploitation angles that a picture could have.

In other words, a film must first of all be based upon a story that may be told in screen language. "Bella Donna," although beautifully done from a technical standpoint, was not that kind of a story. "The Cheat" is. It was written as a scenario by Hector Turnbull some years ago. When first produced, Sessue Hayakawa and Fanny Ward played the leading roles. Without any especial exploitation, and certainly with far less money spent upon it than will be expended on the present filming, it immediately became the sensation of the day. It made Sessue Hayakawa famous overnight, and it brought Hector Turnbull into the limelight as one of the most capable scenarists that the motion picture profession had known up to that time. Since then, it has been adapted into printed form, and the plot

was also the basis of a grand opera. The novel and the opera have not been any too successful—probably because any adaptations, however well done, can never equal the success of a story in the medium for which it was originally written. But the fact that an original film story has been accorded such recognition is indeed significant.

As pointed out in the July issue of THE STORY WORLD, the original screen story is gaining more and more in favor in the eyes of the big producers. This does not mean that adaptations will be banned entirely. Occasionally a novel—"The Covered Wagon," for instance—contains all the elements of a good photodrama. But, as Adolph Zukor stated before the delegates to the First International Congress on Motion Picture Art, held in New York recently, any story to be successful as a picture, must be told in screenable language, must be written and plotted so as to stand the acid test of the camera, and the author thereof must know the principles of the silent drama.

We advise you to see "The Cheat" when it is released. We especially advise you to do this if you have already seen Pola Negri in the role of "Bella Donna." If you have seen the latter, compare the two pictures carefully, analyze their respective dramatic merits. The superiority of the story written directly for screen production will, we are sure, be obvious.

Don't Be Ashamed

RECENTLY we received a letter from a woman living in a small Middle Western town. She made the unusual request that we mail THE STORY WORLD to her each month in a special wrapper that would preclude the postmaster's assistants or her own friends from learning that she was interested in creative writing.

She feared that, if they discovered her ambition, they "would laugh at her." She offered to pay us extra money for the trouble and expense the special wrapping would cause our circulation department.

Unless this woman experiences a decided change of heart, she can never succeed. Creative writing is one of the noblest, the most dignified of all the professions. Although some few persons do laugh at what they term, "poor 'nut' writers," it is because of the fact that they, realizing they, themselves, have no creative ability, are envious. Their opinions are not worthy of consideration. In their own hearts they would give much to occupy the positions of such writers as June Mathis, C. Gardner Sullivan, Eugene Manlove Rhodes—in fact, of any number who have achieved both wealth and standing through the product of their pens. And, if the woman who wrote us the letter above mentioned should ever break into print, or have her name upon a produced screen story, these same envious persons would be the first to tell everyone, "Oh, yes, I know her well." They might, even, claim credit for helping her on the road to success. That is one of the peculiarities of small minds.

Adaptations Losing Favor

JUST so surely as the sun rises and sets is the trend of motion pictures towards the story written directly for the screen. Even such companies as the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—which has long advocated the policy of adapting books and plays—are learning through bitter experience that the screen is a different medium of expression from the printed page or the spoken drama, and that if they are to achieve artistic and financial success they must develop the motion picture along its own peculiar individual lines. It is significant to note in this connection that, following the dismal failure of the Pola Negri adaptation, "Bella Donna," the Lasky people discarded the idea of using her in another adaptation and proceeded to schedule her as the star in "The Cheat," a revival of an original by Hector Turnbull.

Some persons will probably point to "The Covered Wagon" as the example of a

successful adaptation, but the facts in the case are that Emerson Hough wrote this extraordinary novel with the screen in view, and consequently it embodied sufficient screen action to make it one of the outstanding productions of the year. It will not be amiss to quote from a letter recently received by us from Jay B. Chapman, a veteran of the film world, who is now Production Publicity Manager for the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

"Here's a significant fact concerning 'The Covered Wagon' that is little known," writes Mr. Chapman, who was well acquainted with the late novelist, "but which, now that Emerson Hough has written 'finis' to his splendid career, it seems appropriate to mention.

"The story of 'The Covered Wagon' was written *primarily* and *directly* for the screen! So was 'North of 36,' I believe, but I cannot vouch for this, as I have never heard so specifically in my correspondence with Mr. Hough.

"You probably remember when he was here to see Benjamin B. Hampton filming 'The Sagebrusher.' I became acquainted with him then, and he was so interested in screen writing at that time that he had me show him what I could about photoplay technique.

"He believed that published literature would have to lean toward the screen rather than the screen toward it, if the two were to meet successfully. Unlike Peter B. Kyne and other fictionists who have recently held forth on the subject of motion pictures, Mr. Hough recognized the bigness, present or potential, of our art and industry, and acknowledged its rights as an independent medium of expression.

"He didn't even say that he could write for the screen because he was a successful novelist. He said that he *hoped* he might learn to write for the screen. 'The Covered Wagon' was his experiment in this line.

"Isn't it significant that two such outstanding pictures as 'The Covered Wagon' and 'Robin Hood' were written directly for the screen, even though the one appeared in published form? I don't know how you feel about it, but I say, 'Here's for the artistic independence of the motion picture industry—let's stand on our own legs!'"

What Do You Like?

THE editor of THE STORY WORLD, being only human, is often put to the necessity of seeking the advice of others regarding the policies of the magazine. He is possessed of but one mind, whereas the sum total of the publication's readers comprises approximately seventy-five thousand minds—using the generally accepted ratio of three readers to each copy published of a class periodical.

It is not reasonable to presume that everything in every issue will please all of these readers. However, a successful and helpful magazine should please most of the people most of the time.

Consequently, we should like to hear from these seventy-five thousand readers. We should like to ascertain which departments please you, and which displease you. Possibly, also, you may have ideas for new departments or articles. If so, let us know. It is your magazine—published to aid you in your chosen work—so do not hesitate to send along your opinions. Incidentally, you will be assisting not only the editor, but likewise a vast number of others interested in the study of creative expression.

Can You Write?

It is said that everyone has at least one book in him, if he could express himself adequately. But there's the rub—can you write? Says Rex Beach:

"Never before have so many short stories been written—and published; never before has there been such a vast army of tyros—and such a great company of successful authors. In like proportion the field for technical lore and critical discussion has advanced and widened apace. For all writers find, sooner or later, that the

more thorough their training and the more profound their learning concerning their craft, the greater is likely to be their artistic success.

"However true it may be that writers are born rather than made, it certainly is a fact that literary workmen win success from their efforts in proportion to the amount of work and study they put into them. Above all things, the beginner should hesitate to essay even the simplest kind of a short story before he acquires a definite knowledge of what the short story is and how it should be constructed. There would be fewer failures if such a reasonable and normal policy were generally pursued. There is little question—from what we can learn of the average novice and his lack of painstaking effort—but that the hundreds of daily rejections of manuscripts are not well-deserved. There is always keen competition among producers of slipshoddy wares of all kinds, they tell us—and there is no reason why the fiction producer should be made an exception. On the other hand, never was there such a crying demand for meritorious fiction.

"By students of fiction literature, one might be tempted to include serious-minded readers in search of new beauties and a new plane of appreciation.

"No one should be hindered from trying to write, if he honestly feels that he must and *can*. But the moment any man realizes that he cannot write, he should stop—at least for a year or so. Maturity and reflection may bring deeper inspiration. Hopeless efforts in literary production result in a deluge of meaningless manuscript that is unworthy of publication, an insult to editorial intelligence and an eternal injury to the producer of it."*

*Introduction to "Art in Short Story Narration," by Henry Albert Phillips.





NOW comes the word from London that Rudyard Kipling has written a story for the screen: a so-called "original." That is going to interest a lot of people. No doubt he will give us something really worth while; something different from the slush which has been contributed by the majority of "eminent" authors who have stuck their thumbs in the delicious motion picture pie in the past. The great authors of fiction are realizing more and more that the "movies" are a great deal more serious than the word implies.

While we're on the subject of "movies," how many of us know who originally coined that word? Tom McNamara, the cartoonist, and creator of "Us Boys," told me the other day that he is the man responsible for the word, and he presented undeniable evidence to prove it. And, as no one has arisen to question the truth of his statement I am going to believe him. Ever since I learned this I have been trying to decide whether to praise or condemn him. He's in Hollywood now, writing and directing comedies which come out as "Dibbie-Doo-Dabs," or something equally as silly.

Original photoplays seem to be about as scarce in Hollywood at present as a gentleman from Jerusalem who never talks business.

Ever since the Authors' League of America, with the aid of Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky, held its first International Congress on Motion Pictures recently, I have been trying to find out just what was accomplished. After studying the speeches of the speakers,

I am inclined to conclude that a lot of good time and excellent food was consumed. The majority of the speakers—authors, of course—tried to eclipse one another in wit, sarcasm and clever phrases as they proceeded, as usual, to criticize our art. All of which means nothing, and will not influence the output of productions one teeny-weeny bit during the coming season. It is so very, very easy to criticize adversely anything. Real, important, constructive criticism is the thing that counts, and though I studied the reports of that First International Congress on Motion Pictures very closely, I failed to find any suggestions coming from these learned minds which will materially improve the industry. To my knowledge, not one author arose and stated he would endeavor to write better stories. I have noted that not one author, who, after selling the picture rights to his story or novel, was so greatly interested in the progress of this great art that he volunteered to sit down and adapt his own story to the screen, gratis. There was a great scarcity of any statements along this line. The trouble with whatever trouble there is in the industry today is, that authors are too commercial, they ask and usually receive delirious and exorbitant prices for the motion picture rights to their stories and books—prices out of all proportion to the merit of their work—and, just as soon as they get the check they speed away as fast as the highest powered motor car can take them. Their interest in the outcome of their brain-child ceases immediately and they leave it to the mercy of someone who perhaps has never seen it before. How can it be raised satisfactorily by a stranger? No two people can bring up that brain-child in the same way. Nothing is wrong with the motion picture industry. But, there is something

radically wrong with a good many of our "eminent" authors. I know authors who have been paid as high as \$20,000 for the screen rights of a story which was published in a national magazine. And yet, the magazine editor had only paid them \$750 or \$1,000 for the story originally. These authors have laughed at the producer as they told me this. I merely grinned. They have confided to me that they would have taken \$3,500 or even less for those same rights. I have known authors who have sold the rights to books for prices varying from \$10,000 to \$30,000 on their statement to the producers that these books had reached 100,000 and 200,000 in the number of sales. The producers took their word and bought the rights. And yet, I happen to know, in a number of cases, where the books had not totaled more than 25,000 or 30,000 sales. Never in the history of the world has the author received the prices for stories that he has been getting since the motion picture industry came into its own. That's fine. I don't blame him for getting all that he can; as long as foolish producers are willing to "fall" for his bluffing them into paying it. But, I do not think it is nice for him to continually ridicule the man who hands him the money. The day is fast approaching when the producer is going to wake up. He is going to realize that if he, and all his brethren, refuse to meet the exorbitant and unreasonable demands of the average author, it won't be long before the author will volplane down to earth. At present, there's altogether too much of the Jesse James tactics. Imagine a playwright asking \$60,000 for the screen rights to one of his plays! And yet, that's just what one of them told me the other day he is asking for the rights to a play that at present is making quite a hit in New York. He is asking it because Broadway likes it. But, New York isn't the universe, and, I'll bet the German debt to the Allies against a burro doing a Hula dance up an Alpine cliff that nobody west of Erie, Pa., will give two hoots for that play. If the producers were amiable enough to get together and tell him that they wouldn't pay him one ruble more than \$25,000 for the rights to that play, our genial friend would

most certainly accept it or else never dispose of the thing. I believe a change is imminent. There are rumblings of discontent to prove it. I believe the producer is very soon going to cast off his role of a rich old "John" and will refuse to be vamped by those who take him for one of that specie of fish that clings pretty close to the belly of a shark. It's about time he did.

Listen! Here's something that should interest all of us. A glib-tongued gentleman from the village of New York, who is recognized as one of the best play brokers in that rural community, arrived in Los Angeles recently with enough plays to choke the Panama Canal. He had the rights to everything that has been written since the second edition of the Bible, and an option on everything that is going to be written during the next fifty years. That's the impression I received after a moment's chat with him. The object of his pilgrimage west was to pull a Jesse James stunt, without the horse and pistols, on the producers. He asked anti-Woolworth prices for the screen rights to these plays and modestly requested sums varying from \$100,000 to \$275,000. His bargain sales were not grasped by eager producers, and he came to me one day with tears in his eyes and lamented the fact that he could not seem to arouse their interest in his wares. His announcement that he had the screen rights to the musical comedies "Sniff, Sniff, Sniffle," "Chuckety Chugg," such dramas as the "The Dirty Sin," "The Slap" and "She Left Her Home for Some Groceries," didn't seem to cause a stir in any of the forty-nine studios. That's interesting. It's decidedly so, when we take into consideration that he had a wonderful line of farces, comedies, dramas and melos. But, it's not half as interesting as the line he pulled on me, as, with tears in his eyes he was writing checks for the telephone and first month's rent. To quote him exactly, he said: "These fellers don't seem ter be interested in plays. They all want originals, written by you fellers!" And, it's the only statement he's made since he arrived that's interested me.

The longer I'm in this writing game the more I am becoming convinced that it re-

quires just as much ingenuity to sell a story as it does to write one.

A photoplay course is a good thing to take, even though it doesn't necessarily mean that the student will ever write a marketable story. Even though he never writes one, the knowledge he obtains of theme, construction, dramatic action, and all the other ingredients which make up a good story, will more than repay him for the time and tuition spent. He will be better able to enjoy pictures and will understand them better. Because he takes a course in photoplay writing is no reason why he should become a writer, unless he feels that he has the creative urge and the ability. Some men have gone to college to study for the ministry and turned out to be good civil engineers; others have studied law and made great reputations as landscape artists. Sam De Grasse studied dentistry, and today is one of the best actors we have on the screen. We can afford to study to be one thing and become another without any injury to ourselves. Education, in any form, never hurt anyone.

A correspondent asks me: "Would it be a wise policy for one who has yet to make a name, to ask an editor to retain the screen rights?" The easiest way to fix that is to advise the editor, when the

story is sold, that the author desires to retain the screen rights. Unless the policy of that particular magazine stipulates that all screen rights are to be held by the publishers, I believe there would be little difficulty in making an arrangement for the author to retain the screen rights. One or two of the most popular magazines notify all authors that its editors hold both the screen and dramatic rights to all stories they purchase. I think it is easier for an "unknown" author to retain these rights than it is for those who have gained fame: naturally, the work of the latter is in greater demand, both by editors and moving picture producers.

I imagine one of the biggest thrills a writer can expect is to see his name featured in incandescents in front of a theatre. Some of them have enjoyed this thrill. Many more will experience it in the future. But, when all is said and done it simply proves that we all are a little vain and like to have the world tell us what we know we have done for it.

"Are women better writers than men?" This question was asked in this department some months ago, and some very interesting replies have been received. I would be pleased to receive some more opinions on this subject.





TODAY AND TOMORROW

By
FREDERICK
PALMER



THIS thing of writing, trying to write, learning to write and trying to learn to write, occupying as it does an important place in the lives of many thousands, is a never ending subject for analysis and comment. As a newspaper and magazine editor, and later as a motion picture scenario editor, I have read some thousands of manuscripts of every conceivable kind, and I have found great joy and much anguish in so doing. During a recent retrospective hour I attempted to sum up something in the nature of a composite reaction—one outstanding impression absorbed and retained in my mind as a result of this somewhat extensive reading, selection and rejection of the creative efforts of others. I found little difficulty in making a decision—and here it is.

The greatest weakness in a very large proportion of rejected manuscripts of short stories, photoplays, novels, essays, articles and all other forms of writing lies in the failure to use clear, graphic, simple straightforward English. The attempt at "fine writing" results in verbosity, tautology, hyperbole and a general "mess."

The purpose of written language is to express and communicate feeling and thought. Of course it is desirable that every writer achieve a style of his own. A distinctive and characteristic mode of presentation and construction is what sets a writer apart as an individual craftsman and lends charm to his work. But careful study of the works of writers whose names live on and on as monuments to their greatness reveals the same quality in all—simplicity. There may be deep thought, grace, beauty and all the other elements of technique—but simplicity of expression stands first. Do not

misunderstand me. Every writer should master as large a vocabulary as possible. Every writer should study his language, the derivations of words, their formation and development from their original elements, their origin and history. This, in fact, will add to one's facility in writing clear, plain English. It will make one more familiar with the exact meaning of the simplest terms available for expressing a thought. Further, it will enable one to read and understand many works that are valuable in content but written by authors who use an extensive and difficult vocabulary.

In writing we are communicating the feeling and thought that is born in our minds to the minds of others. I find it impossible to accept any argument opposed to the most direct and simple manner of accomplishing this. An example of what I mean may be found in Lincoln's Gettysburg speech—a brief bit of expression that is known to every schoolboy, and that has lived and will live for countless years to come. Lincoln spoke as follows:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

"But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so

nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.”

Here we have one of the greatest Presidents of the United States, perhaps the greatest, discussing the destiny of a nation—yet there is not a sentence, a phrase or a word that is obscure or that fails to convey Lincoln’s thought and feeling directly to the mind of the reader. Let us suppose for a moment that Lincoln had spoken as so many write, using too many words, and obscuring his meaning with other than simple, direct words. Confining ourselves to the first paragraph of the original, the result might have been something like this:

Fourscore and seven years ago a progenitorial event of epic magnitude brought forth on this continent of the Western Hemisphere, bounded on the east by the sunrise, on the west by the sunset, on the north by the aurora borealis, and on the south by the sweep of soft, tropic winds from the equator, a new civil and geographical commonality in which is vested not only consanguinity and genetic relationship, but more or less community of language, religion and interrelation that existed between them and others, united under a single form of government, conceived in exemption from subjection to the will of others and dedicated to the categorical expression of the belief that all men are brought into being identical and of just and sufficient proportion in status, position, right and opportunity. We are now involved in, and devoting attention and effort to, a conflict between factions made up of individuals originally participating in a common society and as a civil unit, but temporarily divided, putting to Brobdingnagian and gory test whether this glorious commonwealth or any other nation of such conception and such dedication can survive for any great length of time. We are gathered here today on an historic spot where during hideous carnage the two armies of our divided nation have stood face to face with the fangs of factionalism bared in mortal combat, on ground that drank the life blood of hundreds of the flower of our manhood. We have journeyed from our various habitations, from city and village, from hill and valley, in order that we may consummate

the dedication of a portion of this crimson-stained battlefield as an everlasting sepulchre for those who sacrificed conscious and animate existence in this world that the United States of America might survive and go marching on down through the ages under one glorious banner of righteousness and freedom, with the steady echo of its footsteps in the ears of all mankind. It is absolutely unexceptionable and sacrosanct that we should pursue this course.

I have attempted to avoid exaggeration. Compared with the effusions that have come to my attention in hundreds and thousands during the past ten years, this is mild. Which do you prefer, the original or the “improvement” of the original? Which is the easiest to read? Which is the more likely to linger in your memory? Which succeeds in communicating what Lincoln had in his mind to your own mind more clearly and directly? Which, then, is the better piece of writing? Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I rest my case.

It is natural, perhaps, that the writer who has at his command an extensive vocabulary should be inclined to exhibit it. In discussing this point several writers have said to me in effect, “I write for those who can understand me—those who cannot may go to blazes.” I disagree with that attitude. Writing is a serious and dignified profession. The man or woman who is born with talent not possessed by the majority of mankind, and who is blessed with the opportunity to develop that talent, owes something to the world. The writer who is permitted to fan the spark of natural endowment into a flame of proficiency and accomplishment and who achieves the ability to create mental images and to communicate them to others, labors under the obligation of reaching as many receptive minds as possible. The ethics of the physicians’ profession require that the discovery of a new remedy or cure be made public so that all the inhabitants of our world may share in its benefits. Likewise, if an author has a worthwhile plot, story, play or bit of humor, he should share it with the rest of the world and by setting it down on paper in clear, simple language that readily may be understood by all, he becomes a benefactor of humanity. When he obscures his meaning with words and

phrases that cannot be understood by the majority of readers, or at least cannot be understood without great difficulty, he might almost be called a traitor to his profession. One author has said to me, "Why should I write down to them? Let them read and think up to me." Nonsense! The writer devotes time and mental energy to learning his trade, exclusive of acquiring a wide knowledge of his language. His readers are scattered amongst humanity at large and most of them are busy with other things. Many of them are unable to take the time necessary to acquire a knowledge of words extensive enough to enable them to comprehend what might be perfectly clear to a trained writer. The attitude of "Let them read up to me," then, is just a bit snobbish, and there is no snobbier snob than an intellectual snob. Arthur Brisbane is the most widely read editorial writer alive today. I have read yards and yards of his daily columns and I have yet to find a word that is beyond the understanding of a schoolboy or girl. Yet he discusses big problems and gets a lot of thought, philosophy and logic down on paper. Anyone who has learned to read at all cannot fail to grasp every bit of Brisbane's writings and the quality of simplicity is not at all offensive to those of greater culture and education. In fact, the really cultured and educated person is more likely to resent anything but a simple, direct style of writing. Too many syllables frequently serve to disguise the fact of too few thoughts.

Now that I have mentioned the intellectual snob, let me add that there are not a few at large, and I am in favor of legislation legalizing an open season for at least sixty days a year during which they may be shot with a limit of ten a day, after obtaining a license to cost not more than fifty cents. One of the traits of the intellectual snob is the assumption that writers are born and that no others may ever learn to write, in spite of all the study and training and practice in the world. One of these said to me not many months ago, "Why waste time trying to

teach people to write—leave writing to us professionals," thus assuming that he was born with a pen in one hand, a ream of paper in the other, and a contract with a publishing house under one arm. The fact of the matter is that this particular snob has never written anything that has spread his fame outside a radius of fifty miles from his desk and that a course in logic would reveal much that he does not know. Anything that can be done can be taught. Nothing can be taught to every one, nor can everything be taught to every one. But, provided the student is willing to learn and has the smallest spark of natural inclination for toward a given subject, he can be trained and his ability can be developed. My parents spent a small fortune trying to make a musician of me. That was a mistake, for I detested the sight of a piano and to this day the odor of such an instrument recalls the feeling of resentment I experienced every time I was forced to practice. The face of my teacher (who was a sweet and gentle soul as I remember her now) has appeared in my dreams as the sinister face of a dragon (yet I appreciate and enjoy music). It is futile to force anyone to study a subject when there is absolutely no liking for it. But, given a man or woman of normal mentality, who is possessed of the urge to write, and who is willing to study and work, I will wager my immortal soul against the motion picture rights to the multiplication table that he or she can be taught to write salable material. Not all of these people will become famous successes, and that in the same ratio that not all who study law, medicine or theology become anything more than mediocre members of their profession. The student of writing who fails is the student who has no desire to write and is forced to study against his will, or the student who has no backbone, lacks persistence or application, and fails merely because he is not determined to succeed. But the individual who wants to write and is willing to learn to write can and will if he received the proper instruction.





FOR YOUR BOOKSHELF



The Latest Novels Reviewed

By HETTY GOLDRICK

[EDITOR'S NOTE: To be really successful, a writer must read contemporary literature. Beginning with this issue, the policy of this department is being broadened to include not only reviews of the most significant novels, but also of non-fiction that is worthy of a place on an author's bookshelf. Mrs. Goldrick, who is herself a writer of note, will select for you each month books that cannot help but assist you in your chosen work. The name of the publisher and the price of each volume is printed for the purpose of guiding you in the purchase of such books as may offer especial appeal.]

"IDIOMS AND IDIOMATIC PHRASES"

By Frank H. Vizetelly and
Leander J. deBekker

Funk, Wagnalls Company, Publishers

Price, \$2.00

THOUGH the thick volumes of a dictionary may look very dull language is really a most colorful medium. Many of its beauties go begging, for too often its users are content with a handful of hard-worked words and a few trite phrases to express all their meanings. What they say is consequently drab and uninteresting. But let them select a colorful metaphor or a striking synonym and they seem to have said a new thing when they have merely said it in a new way. Of all the enlivening touches to a vocabulary are certain whimsies called "idioms," "idiomatic phrases" and "idiotisms."

Mr. Vizetelly, managing editor of "Funk and Wagnalls' New Standard Dictionary" and Mr. deBekker, author of "Stokes' Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians" have collected into a desk-book more than eleven thousand of these quaint, virile expressions in English vernacular. An idiom, as these editors say, breathes the breath of life, reflecting the speech peculiar to a people or country. An idiotism is an individual peculiarity of expression, the term being derived from "idiot," being formerly a man who lived in retirement taking no part in public affairs. "Dead

as a door nail" is an idiom, so is "to let the cat out of the bag." "To fall in love" is an idiotism (grammatically speaking) and so is "to pull one's leg." But idiom or idiotism, any vocabulary is the richer for their use.

For the student of words this book will be a pleasure, in many cases the origin of word or phrase being given, also bits of history and folk-lore. The writer will find it an excellent aid when he wants to find an unhackneyed expression, virile vernacular or striking colloquialism.

"THE ADVANCE OF THE AMERICAN SHORT STORY"

By Edward J. O'Brien

Dood, Mead & Co. Publishers. Price, \$2.00

If you should ask your barber or the lady driver who took off your fender, they would probably say, yes, they write short stories. Your stock broker, looking up from the ticker, is going to, also, when he has some time on his hands some day. In fact, writing the short story has become the great American national pastime. You can get a course on how it is done at any college, in twenty lectures or so, and if you do not want to go to college there are correspondence courses galore. The back of every magazine is filled with typists who are anxious to do a neat job for you, professional readers who are eager to peruse your masterpieces and agents hankering to sell them for you. As easy as that. The only possible stumbling block on your rapid climb to fame is this one

toe-stumbling obstacle. Have you got a story?

Mr. O'Brien's *The Advance of the Short Story* is not a text-book but an excellent treatise on the rise of the short story, from Poe to the moderns. The short story has not always occupied the recognized place which it holds in literature today. The novel came into its own far earlier, but the short story is pre-eminently the vehicle of expression for a wide reading public which wants energetic, concise narrative, quick action and swift climax. Reading *The Advance of the Short Story* together with Mr. O'Brien's annual anthology of short stories gives one a good idea of how the short story has changed since Poe's time and what modern writers have made of it. Mr. Lloyd Morris, in *The International Book Review*, finds that the latest anthology reveals certain disparagements against the moderns. Have they been so well trained that their work is flawless in construction, dexterous in plot, conventional in content making as a whole a nice, polished mechanism with as little of the breath of life as any other machine?

Of course there are certain outstanding exceptions, but the great majority of writers are so tamely the same. How few short stories ever really move one. Trained skill and smooth facility are delightful, also necessary to fine work, but what of emotional conviction and spiritual insight? Mr. Morris believes that the British write fresher, more vital short stories, as a whole, than we do. They do not turn out such polished work nor such faultless construction, but they dip their pens deeper into real life, portray real people, and arouse real feeling in their readers. Rather thin, he calls our modern stuff, and not to be compared with our older writers. If we are thin, the British are occasionally a bit thick, I should say, but I think we'll all acknowledge, writers, editors and readers, that his criticism is not altogether untrue.

"THE STORY OF MANKIND"

By Hendrik Van Loon

Boni & Liverright, Publishers Price, \$5.00

For some time I have been too lazy to read "*The Story of Mankind*." It seemed

such a stupendous job to tackle. The story of even one nation is bound to be pretty long and as for all mankind—! But as every one knows certain long walks are the shortest ones you ever took. When I got into "*The Story of Mankind*," I found it to be one of the shortest books I ever read, for all its stupendous canvas. As far as entertainment no novel could be any more interesting, for so closely packed is this story that every paragraph etches a character, describes a drama, paints a landscape, pictures a custom or reveals a mainspring of human action.

When you have come to the end you have looked over a vast but vivid human panorama, where races rise and fall, their ordered evolution proceeding steadily through the ages, the present formed of the past, the future moulded out of the present. Anyone who can read should know this book to properly get his own setting in the drama of mankind and everyone who writes should read it to adequately understand the vast background behind life and men which he endeavors to portray.

Mr. Van Loon's style is delightfully simple. Take his account of the battle of Waterloo: "It was the eighteenth of June, a Sunday. At two o'clock of the afternoon the battle seemed won for the French. At three a speck of dust appeared upon the horizon. Napoleon believed that this meant the approach of his own cavalry, who would now turn the English defeat into a rout. At four o'clock he knew better. Cursing and swearing old Blucher drove his deathly tired troops into the heart of the fray. The shock broke the ranks of the guards. Napoleon had no further reserves. He told his men to save themselves as best they could and he fled."

If I had had history told so simply for me when I went to school I might have remembered more than I did. The defeat of the Spanish Armada is told in quite a few words and as expressively, so is our own civil war. Speaking of the World War he says: "The original mistake which was responsible for all this misery, was committed when our scientists began to create a new world of steel and iron and chemistry and electricity and forgot that

the human mind is slower than the proverbial turtle, is lazier than the well known sloth and marches from one hundred to three hundred years behind the small group of courageous leaders."

It is tempting to quote and keep on quoting, so please allow me this. The author has been speaking of the ship of state whose captains and mates have been appointed or elected in the same way for hundreds of years and who have the same system of navigation as had the mariners of the fifteenth century: "The moral of this story is a simple one. The world is in dreadful need of men who will assume the new leadership—who will have the courage of their own visions and who will recognize clearly that we are only at the beginning of the voyage and have to learn an entirely new system of seamanship. They will serve for years as mere apprentices. They will have to fight their way to the top against every possible form of opposition. . . . But some day a man will arise who will bring the vessel safely to port and he shall be the hero of the ages."

"THE CATHEDRAL"

By Hugh Walpole

George H. Doran Company, Publishers
Price, \$2.00

A story of a family is always one that will get at a reader's heart. "*The Cathedral*" is a story of a family as well as of a church and churchmen. Polchester is a cathedral town where the

cathedral dominates and colors the life of the community. It is also the supreme fact in the life of Archdeacon Brandon who puts friendship, family, even his God in subservience to this ancient and beautiful pile. He has an insignificant, lonely wife, a handsome son and a pretty daughter. His word is law in the community as well as in his family until Canon Ronder comes to Polchester. He and the archdeacon are enemies from the first, and here begins the gradual disintegration of Brandon's power.

His ecclesiastical power not only begins to wane but family troubles fall upon him. His son is expelled from Oxford and runs away to London with the daughter of a low inn-keeper. His wife, who has craved affection, instead of the patronizing indifference which he has bestowed upon her, finds love in another quarter and leaves him. Joan, the daughter, has never been given much attention from either parent, but she adores her handsome, arrogant, powerful father. As his troubles beat down upon him he turns to the devotion he has so long neglected. Love for the Cathedral is his strongest passion until the end, however. Receiving ignominy, even insult, at the hands of some of his townsmen, defeated by Ronder in his cherished plans for the diocese, deserted by his son, betrayed by his wife, the downfall of this powerful figure is complete.

Brightening the story is the love affair between Joan and Lord Johnny and the amusing provincialities of the town characters. All critics agree that this is one of Mr. Walpole's outstanding novels.



THE future great general is now slumbering in some soldier in the ranks, the daring and resourceful executive in some humble clerk in shop or factory. The greatest artist, the greatest musician, the greatest writer, inventor, orator, statesman, scientist—the greatest achiever in every field that the world has yet seen may to-day be working in some humble capacity, be dreaming of the bright future he will some day realize.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.



The STORY WORLD'S SERVICE BUREAU.

PERHAPS the most important and at the same time the most perplexing question confronting the creative writer is "Where can I sell my story or photoplay after I have written it?"

Of course, the fiction story is more easily disposed of than is the photoplay, because by reading the various magazines one may fairly well determine what type of stories a particular magazine publishes. Likewise, by viewing screen productions one may learn in a general way the picture requirements of the leading motion picture producers. However, there are a great many producers in the independent field whose needs are as variable as the winds. Therefore, the photoplaywright should have additional assistance in finding a market for his work.

To render this assistance, the Service Bureau department each month publishes as follows the names of the most reliable film companies. But even these are subject to more or less change in policies, especially the two-reel comedy companies who usually maintain their own staff writers to write "around" certain stars but who occasionally purchase an "outside" story. We advise those who feel especially adapted to writing humor to develop their scenarios, wherever possible, into five-reel farce comedies or "situation" comedies, for which there is a wider market.

In the column headed "Photoplay Markets" it will be noted that the studios affording the greatest number of stars are

Fox, Lasky and Universal. However, owing to the growing popularity of all-star pictures, the producers of all-star dramas should not be overlooked.

If you have a good story, look over the list of photoplay markets, choose the company to which you believe it best suited and mail it to the Scenario Editor. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. It is also very important that you keep a copy of your work, since motion picture companies are not required by law to return unsolicited material—although they endeavor to do so—and your manuscript may be lost.

Eddie Lyons Productions—Care of Berwillia Studio, 5821 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Two-reel comedies for Eddie Lyons and Bobby Dunn.

Ben Wilson Productions—Care of Berwillia Studio, 5821 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Two-reel comedies for Monty Banks.

H. and B. Productions—Care of Bronx Studio, 1745 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.: Dramas, comedy dramas and all-star dramas.

Century Studio—6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Two-reel comedies for Jack Cooper, Baby Peggy and Fred Spencer.

Phil Goldstone Productions—Care of Chester Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.: Dramas for William Fairbanks and Snowy Baker.

I. W. Irving Productions—Care of Cosmosart Studio, 3700 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Harry Reveir Productions—Care of Cosmosart Studio, 3700 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Shell Craft Productions—Care of Cosmosart Studio, 3700 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Two-reel comedies for Ted Henderson and all-star casts.

Clifford S. Elfelt Productions—Care of Fine Arts Studios, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Dramas, all-star casts.

Garson Studios—1845 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.: Dramas for Clara Kimball Young.

Goldwyn Studios—Culver City, Calif.: Big feature dramas.

Charles R. Seeling Productions—1442 Beechwood Drive, Hollywood, Calif.: Western dramas for "Big Boy" Williams and George Larkin.

Richard Thomas Productions—Care of Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Douglas MacLean Productions—Care of Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Comedy dramas for Douglas MacLean.

Irving Cummings Productions—Care of Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Outdoor dramas for Irving Cummings.

Victor B. Fisher Productions—Care of Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood Calif.: All-star dramas.

Courtland Productions—Care of Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.: Unusual dramas for Guy Bates Post.

Lasky Studios—1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Calif.: Comedy dramas for the following stars: Betty Compson, Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Joy Moore, Walter Hiers, and May McAvoy. Also all-star dramas.

Mayer-Schulberg Studio—3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Metro Studios—Romaine and Cahuenga Sts., Hollywood, Calif.: Comedy dramas for Viola Dana and all-star dramas.

Palmer Photoplay Corp.—6362 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Purchase for their own production scenarios written by those who have taken their course in photoplay writing. They also act as agents for their students in the sale of scenarios to other producers.

Robertson-Cole Studios—Melrose and Gower Sts., Hollywood, Calif.: Western dramas for Harry Carey; dramas for male or female lead.

Joseph M. Schenck Productions—Care

of United Studios, Los Angeles, Calif.: Dramas for Norma Talmadge and comedy dramas for Constance Talmadge.

Maurice Tourneur Productions—Care of United Studios, Los Angeles, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Principal Pictures Corporation—Care of United Studios, Los Angeles, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Universal Film Co.—Universal City, Calif.: Dramas and comedy dramas for Herbert Rawlinson, Jack Hoxie, Wm. Desmond, Gladys Walton, Hoot Gibson, Neely Edwards, Lon Chaney, Reginald Denny and Roy Stewart. Also all-star photoplays and two-reel comedies.

Warner Bros. Studios—5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Comedy dramas for male or female lead.

FICTION MARKETS

The following list of fiction markets includes only magazines that pay for fiction upon acceptance, at a rate of one cent per word, or better. Magazines which ordinarily pay over two cents are marked with an asterisk. A double asterick indicates those paying highest rates. In submitting work to these markets, writers should enclose stamped, self-addressed envelopes to insure the return of their manuscripts:

Ace-High—799 Broadway, New York.

Action Stories—41 Union Square, New York.

Adventure—Spring & Macdougall Sts., New York.

*Ainslee's Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.

*American Magazine—381 Fourth Ave., New York.

Argosy All-Story Magazine—280 Broadway, New York.

Asia—627 Lexington Ave., New York.

*Atlantic Monthly—8 Arlington St., Boston.

Black Mask—25 W. 45th St., New York.

*Blue Book—36 S. State St., Chicago.

Bookman—244 Madison Ave., New York.

Breezy Stories—709 Sixth Ave., New York.

Brief Stories—805 Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia.

- *Century Magazine—353 Fourth Ave., New York.
- *Collier's Weekly—416 W. 13th St., New York.
- **Cosmopolitan Magazine—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- *Country Gentleman—Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia.
- Country Life—Garden City, L. I., N. Y.
- *Delineator—Spring & Macdougall Sts., New York.
- *Designer—12 Vandam St., New York.
- Detective Stories Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- *Dial, The—152 W. 13th St., New York.
- *Elks Magazine, The—50 E. 42nd St., New York.
- **Everybody's—Spring & Macdougall Sts., New York.
- Farm and Fireside—381 Fourth Ave., New York.
- **Good Housekeeping—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- *Harper's Bazaar—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- *Harper's Monthly—Franklin Square, New York.
- **Hearst's Magazine—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- Holland's Magazine—Dallas, Texas.
- **Ladies' Home Journal—Philadelphia.
- *Life—598 Madison Ave., New York.
- Live Stories—9 E. 40th St., New York.
- Love Story Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- *McCall's Magazine—236 W. 37th St., New York.
- *McClure's—80 Lafayette St., New York.
- McLean's Magazine—143 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.
- *Metropolitan Magazine—432 Fourth Ave., New York.
- *Modern Priscilla—85 Broad St., Boston.
- Munsey—280 Broadway, New York.
- National Pictorial Monthly—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- People's Story Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- *People's Home Journal—78 Lafayette St., New York.
- *Peoples' Popular Monthly—Des Moines, Iowa.
- *Photoplay Magazine—25 W. 45th St., New York.
- **Pictorial Review—200 W. 39th St., New York.
- *Popular Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- **Red Book—36 S. State St., Chicago.
- **Saturday Evening Post—Independence Square, Philadelphia.
- Saucy Stories—25 W. 45th St., New York.
- *Scribners' Magazine—597 Fifth Ave., New York.
- Sea Stories—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- Short Stories—Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.
- Smart Set, The—25 W. 45th St., New York.
- Snappy Stories—9 E. 40th St., New York.
- *Success—1133 Broadway, New York.
- *Sunset Magazine—San Francisco, Calif.
- Telling Tales—80 E. 11th St., New York.
- Top Notch—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- True Story Magazine—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- Western Story Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- *Woman's Home Companion—381 Fourth Ave., New York.
- Woman's World—107 So. Clinton St., Chicago.
- Young's Magazine—709 Sixth Ave., New York.





Across the Silver Screen

THE LATEST PHOTOPlays IN REVIEW

BY *Fanchon Royer*

"PHANTOM JUSTICE"

A DISTINCT novelty in the line of the crook photoplay is offered by Richard Thomas in his forthcoming independent production, "Phantom Justice." Here, perhaps, is the original screen drama to completely eliminate sympathy for the cast while yet sustaining suspense as a dominant element, an exceptional feat and one which required wholly intelligent execution.

That the story's fascination is definitely tinged with the sordid, as, by their very nature, all underworld tales must be, will in no wise displease the average, press-educated citizen, while even the most sophisticated will scarcely foresee the various twists which hold interest at a high pitch from the introduction to the final, unexpected discovery that Daniel Witcomb has employed the old dream construction to reclaim a hopelessly complicated tragedy. Old, but differently presented. Nothing unfair about that.

Showing how a criminal lawyer (with unrivalled knavery but also suavity and discretion) contrives and accomplishes situations which bring about the acquittal of a confessed murderess, accepting as his fee the diamonds which occasioned the crime, the plot proceeds through the schemes of the crooks to recapture the booty, the murder of the lawyer's sweetheart as she attempts interference and the discovery of the corpse (previously proven "delicti") upon his own grounds where it had been planted unknown to him.

The dream explanation, it will be admitted, was the only and a happy way out for the author.

A few moments of comedy are lighten-

ing; and the cast, which includes Rod LaRoque, Estelle Taylor, Tom Wilson and Lillian Leighton in a particularly striking hag characterization, is excellent.

Richard Thomas and Norval McGregor together accomplished the admirable direction. Before the release of the production, they will undoubtedly cut a superfluous effect or so, such as the too-obvious moral pointed incongruously in an entirely moral-less story.

"DIVORCE"

Divorce is an awful thing! In fact, one must witness Andrew Bennison's drama as adapted by J. Wilkinson and produced by Chester Bennett, to realize just how awful the subject can be made.

We have here a tedious treatise upon a now generally endorsed institution, which is sentimentally unfolded in the subtitles. These last, quite obviously the self-indulgences of some tritely philosophic penman, are but illustrated by the action which centers about June and Jim Parker, an apparently happy couple whom success soon introduces to tragedy.

Elated over his own rather moderate achievement, Jim, a once charming husband, grows selfish, indifferent and finally brutal to his family, the while engaging in a suggestively intimate association with a bizarre female whom he has casually met. June spurns divorce as unforgivable even when this last offense is known to her, and, after arranging her husband's financial ruin, she awaits the return of the broke and penitent one. Jim arrives and is received with open arms and happy heart.

Pretty but unconvincing, and, in the case of June (as filled by Jane Novak) entirely inadequate. Pensive posing never yet suggested drama, but we take it that when

the instinct for that sort of thing is lacking it is foolish to attempt any degree of criticism.

Jim is excellently done by John Bowers who, with us at least, gained sympathy for an inhuman position through his consistently well played performance. Other roles are nicely handled by Margaret Livingston, Edythe Chapman, James Corrigan and Philippe de Lacy.

This negatively directed preachment, released by Robertson-Cole, represents much waste of good technical effects and effort. Sex dramas that lack vitality are wholly irritating.

"THE LAW OF THE LAWLESS"

As a setting for Dorothy Dalton whom Lasky has of late elected to transform into a youthful hoyden, we have "The Law of the Lawless," George Melford's screen production of Konrad Bercovice's story. A rather hectic yarn of Tartar and gypsy life of an unmentioned period, it is colorful enough and dashing enough to thoroughly entertain without once assuming to the adjective, artistic.

The general impression gathered from its somewhat frantic reels is one of desperate action. In fact, so consistently is the tempo kept at the rushing stage early established that there is little time for the expression of finer moods. Also, the suspense of the chase which just precedes the climax is detracted from by the high key generally maintained in that it precludes a possibility for contrast.

The Tartar daughter of a bankrupt offers herself at auction to anyone who will save her from the advances of the local money lender, an old villain who has ruined her father. The girl's own lover is too poor to purchase her and a strange, distinguished gypsy outbids the money lender. Carrying off his rebellious belonging, the gypsy is warned by the Tartar sweetheart that he intends a recapture of the girl. Later the Tartar is proven a coward and the gypsy, a self-sacrificing gentleman. A raid, a rescue, a fire and an escape follow one another with startling rapidity.

The locale is picturesque but never quite real.

The supporting cast introduces Charles de Roche and includes Kosloff and Tully Marshall. The whole is an hour of elemental but beguiling amusement, scenarized by Lloyd Sheldon and Edfrid Bingham.

"ALICE ADAMS"

It has been stated that few men can give adequate attention to both the story and the direction of a photoplay; that one angle or the other loses under such an arrangement. The current horrible example of "adaptation by the director" is "Alice Adams," Booth Tarkington's popular novel. In an attempt to play both the scenarist and director of this Vidor picture, Roland Lee has permitted his energies to become so scattered that both the production and his reputation suffer regrettably.

To start, the adaptation is stiff and inconceivably dull. This will shock the lovers of Tarkington, a man never boring. Rarely amusing moments of the original have been perfunctorily translated without ever catching the spirit that renders the author so consistently delightful.

There is also much to be desired in the actual staging of the play. The performances of the cast are strangely confused, lacking unity in the presentation of the various episodes and expressing very little of the pathetic and humorous motivation of the action. In fact, it is quite apparent that, in several cases at least, the individual is out primarily in his own interests with an eye to grabbing the picture.

Such a state of affairs would be less deplorable if someone actually succeeded in accomplishing a worth while characterization. No one does and the result is unbelievably garbled. This, with Claude Gillingwater, usually so admirable, ludicrously overacting Virgil Adams, a part which should have been subtle always; and Margaret McWade also overplaying the hysteria of Mrs. Adams to the point of incredibility.

Florence Vidor in the title role and Harold Goodwin as her brother are satisfactory but less effective than one would

expect. All four positions are rich in opportunities, most of them missed.

Alice Adams endures almost exaggerated neglect from her old friends because her father fails to make a fortune. Living in her dreams, she pretends to an existence which is not hers. This leads her to boastful deceit upon occasions. Mrs. Adams, bitter over the condition, blames her husband and finally forces him to leave his clerkship and start out for himself, utilizing a stolen glue formula as his foundation. The futile mess that ensues nearly separates Alice from her lover; but the Adams family reconstructs its viewpoints and all ends promisingly.

There is little suspense in the picture which works about in a circle with a distinct letdown in interest during the last two reels; while the continuous use of soft focus photography proves annoying at times.

"THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST"

David Belasco's old time thriller, "The Girl Of the Golden West," comes to the screen through First National. As pictured by Adelaide Heilbron and produced by Edwin Carewe, the famous play incorporates all of the momentous situations of the stage version and adds something in the way of mountain realism to the settings in spite of several perceptibly faked effects.

With a good cast, the never failing, melodramatic material of the play and a competent, even production, it is a picture that will in a measure repeat the success of the original; for we thoroughly believe that all humanity still loves a bit of the blood and thunder element in its entertainment. Witness the themes and plots of David Griffith.

We can recall no one of the last generation plays that would lend itself more happily to screening than this tale of a girl who keeps a California saloon in '49, an adventuring outlaw, a jealous, revengeful sheriff and a treacherous, termagant dancer. The concealing of Ramerrez from Jack Rance by the girl who loves the hunted wrong-doer, his later discovery and the poker game that ensues for his possession are incidents replete with intriguing uncertainty as are the following chase and threatened hanging of the picturesque lover. Carewe has told his romance grippingly.

The commanding interpretations of the cast must be credited to Rosemary Theby, fascinating in the slinking Nana, and Warren Kerrigan, who surprised us with his sincerity as Ramerrez. (The 1923 sport shirt worn by this old fashioned bandit detracted slightly from the illusion, however.) Sylvia Breamer plays the girl, and Russell Simpson is Rance, while Cecil Holland gives a characteristically finished interpretation in Tony.

"The Merry Go Round" (Universal)—Rupert Julian comes back with a spectacle-drama, forceful but human.

"Slander the Woman" (First National)—A slow moving uninteresting story which has been given a good production by Allen Holubar.

"The Man Next Door" (Vitagraph)—A commonplace scenario, trite and draggy, interpreted by a good cast.

"The Exciters" (Paramount)—An exaggerated comedy with fair interest, featuring Bebe Daniels and Antonio Moreno.

"A Man of Action" (First National)—A lively, pleasing Bradley King original, a bit overdone but attention holding. Douglas McLean starred.



Arthur H. Jacobs has begun production of "Against the Grain," by Dixie Willson, for First National. In the cast are Myrtle Stedman, William Collier, Jr., Mary Philbin, Josef Swickard, and Frederick Truesdell. Frank Borzage is directing. Mary O'Hara wrote the screen version.

"Dust of Desire" will follow "Ashes of Vengeance" as Norma Talmadge's next starring picture. Willard Mack is collaborating with Frances Marion on the adaptation of the book, which is a story of African life.

Virginia Brown Faire and Owen Moore are being featured in "Thundergate," which Joseph de Grasse is directing. They are supported by Sylvia Breamer, Tully Marshall, Richard Cummings, Ynez Seabury and Robert McKim. Sidney Hershel Small is the author of the story, and Perry Verkroff wrote the continuity.

Edwin Carewe is directing Holbrook Blinn in "The Bad Man." Enid Bennett is playing opposite the star, supported by Harry Myers, Teddy Samson, Jack Mulhall, Walter McGrail and Alfred Sellon.

Lasky Active Again

James Cruze's next Paramount picture will be a screen version of "Ruggles of Red Gap," by Harry Leon Wilson. Thomas Geraghty is preparing the continuity, and Edward Horton will play the leading role. He will be supported by Ernest Torrence, Lois Wilson, Fritzi Ridgway, Charles Ogle, Louise Dresser and Guy Oliver.

"The Ten Commandments" still carries on. A miniature city of 3,000 population has been built near Guadalupe where many of the exterior shots are being taken. It is believed the production will be completed in about four weeks.

William deMille's next contribution to the screen will be "Spring Magic," an adaptation by Clara Beranger of "The Faun" by Edward Knoblock. In the cast are Agnes Ayres and Jack Holt, featured, supported by Charles de Roche, Robert Agnew, Mary Astor and Ethel Wales.

The cast of Pola Negri's current picture includes Antonio Moreno, Wallace Beery, Henry Vogel, Gareth Hughes, Adolph Menjou, Kathlyn Williams and Robert Brower. The working title is "The Spanish Dancer" and Herbert Brenon is directing.

F. McGrew Willis is adapting Kipling's "The Light That Failed" for George Melford's next production for Paramount.

Julian Street has written an original story for Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., which has a Boy Scout background. It will go into production in two weeks.

Thomas Meighan has returned to the Coast to film "All Must Marry," by George Ade, the film version of which is the work of Thomas Geraghty.

The Goldwyn Lot

King Vidor is at work on "Wild Oranges," a story of the Georgia coast by Joseph Hergesheimer. Vidor himself prepared the continuity.

Victor Seastrom and his company on "The Master of Man" are back from San Francisco where they spent a week getting correct exteriors for this Hall Caine story. The cast so far includes Joseph Schildkraut, Creighton Hale, Winter Hall, Mae Busch, Patsy Ruth Miller and DeWitt C. Jennings.

The complete cast for Elinor Glyn's "Six Days," which Charles J. Brabin is directing, includes Spottiswoode Aitken, Corinne Griffith, Frank Mayo, Myrtle Stedman, Claude King, Maude George and Evelyn Walsh Hall.

Kate Lester, Max Davidson and Lucien Littlefield are the latest additions to the cast of Marshall Neilan's "The Rendezvous," which will be completed in two weeks.

"In the Palace of the King" is nearing completion under the direction of Emmet J. Flynn. The complete cast includes Blanche Sweet, Edmund Lowe, Hobart Bosworth, Pauline Starke, William V. Mong, Sam deGrasse, Aileen Pringle, Lucien Littlefield, Charles Clary, David Kirby, Charles Gorman and Harvey Clarke.

Jeanne de Balzac, great-grand-niece of the famous writer, is at Goldwyn's acting in the capacity of technical advisor on George D. Baker's film version of "The Magic Skin." She will also play a small part in the picture.

Metro Activities

"The Girl Who Dared" is the new title for Viola Dana's latest vehicle, formerly working under the title "To Whom It May

Concern." Oscar Apfel is directing and the star is supported by her sister, Edna Flugrath, Malcolm McGregor, Huntley Gordon and Charles Gerrard. Rex Taylor wrote the continuity from this Rita Weiman story.

"One Wild Day," Bull Montana's latest comedy for Metro on the present series, is nearing completion. He is supported by Vera Stedman, Jimmie Clemons, Florence Gilbert and Laura la Vernie.

Metro activities right now center on "Scaramouche" which Rex Ingram hopes to finish up within a week.

Ince Studio

May McAvoy's initial First National starring vehicle is "Her Reputation," a newspaper story, in which she is supported by Lloyd Hughes.

Strongheart is being featured in an all-star Trimble-Murfin production, "The Sign." The cast includes Stanley Goethals, May Allison, Rockcliffe Fellows, Edward Everett Horton and Harry Mestayer. Jane Murfin is directing.

Associated Authors have changed the title of their film version of Peter B. Kyne's "Harbor Bar" to "Loving Lies." Monte Blue and Evelyn Brent are featured and others in the cast are Charles Gerrard, Joan Lowell, Andrew Waldron and Ralph Faulkner. W. S. Van Dyke is directing, and the production is nearing completion.

Thomas H. Ince is contemplating the filming of "Anna Christie," Eugene O'Neill's play, in London with the original company. John Griffith Wray will direct. Screen tests are now being made of Pauline Lord, the star of the stage play.

After four months in the Canadian Rockies, Laurence Trimble is back on the Ince lot finishing up on interiors of "The Phantom Pack" and Jack London's "White Fang," with Strongheart. Donna Barrell prepared the continuity for both stories.

Universal City

Norman Kerry is being featured in "The Acquittal," with Claire Windsor, Richard Travers and Barbara Bedford in support. Clarence F. Brown is directing.

"Upside Down," an original by H. H. Van Loan, is William Desmond's present

starring picture. The continuity is the work of Sydney de Grey. William Parke is directing.

Margaret Landis, sister of Cullen Landis, has been added to the cast of "The Love Brand," by Adrian Johnson, which Stuart Paton is directing. Roy Stewart is the star and the cast also included Arthur Stewart Hull, Wilfred North and Marie Wells.

"Havoc," by John Blackwood, is being picturized under the direction of Harry Garson. J. Warren Kerrigan and Anna Q. Nilsson are featured. The continuity was prepared by Raymond Schrock, Lenore Coffey and John Goodrich. It is a Japanese story; others in the cast are Tom Santschi, Winifred Bryson and Edward Burns.

"Whose Baby Are You?" is the title of Baby Peggy's first starring feature, which King Baggott wrote and is directing. Rex Davidson, Frank Currier and J. Gorman Rex will support the diminutive star.

"The Victor" is a screen adaptation of Gerald Beaumont's magazine story, "Two Bells for Pegasus," now being filmed under the direction of Edward Leammle. The cast is headed by Herbert Rawlinson, and includes Eddie Gribbon, Esther Ralston, Dorothy Manners and Otis Harlan.

Mary Philbin is playing opposite Jack Hoxie in "Where Is This West?" an original by George C. Hull, which George E. Marshall is directing.

Miscellaneous Production

The final title for Mary Pickford's new Spanish picture is "Rosita." It is completed, and the star is supervising the adaptation of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," as her next screen offering.

"The Thief of Bagdad," in which R. A. Walsh is directing Douglas Fairbanks, is nearing completion. It will be ready for Fall release. Brandon Hurst, Snitz Edwards, Charles Belcher, Anna May Wong and Sadakichi Hartmann have been added to the cast.

At the Mayer-Schulberg Studio, Tom Forman is getting ready to start production of "The Virginian." Kenneth Harlan has been cast for the title role.

On the Sennett lot, Del Lord is directing Billy Bevan and Harry Gribbon.



QUESTIONS ANSWERED



Concerning the Writing of Photoplays

Q. I have long had in mind a powerful story which demands a dual role for a feminine lead. Do you think there is any demand for such a play?—N. M.

A. There are no iron bound or inflexible rules where a truly dramatic story is concerned. Dual roles are very expensive to produce because of the many double exposures and very frequently such roles are quite implausible. But, there have been several productions lately in which a big dual role was played by a masculine lead. If you feel that you have a powerfully dramatic story which gives a feminine star an exceptional opportunity for emotional acting, it will probably be well worth the effort to present it for acceptance.

Q. I have all the available data in connection with a famous murder case and am in a position to present it in the form of a thrilling mystery play with a most spectacular and unusual solution. Do you think there would be any demand for such a play?—A. Q.

A. If you are careful not to attempt to exploit a notorious criminal; if you do not emphasize any of the gruesome details of the murder; and if you feel that you are sufficiently skillful as a craftsman to build up a logical and convincing mystery play, your direct knowledge of the case in question might be valuable to you. Do not pin your faith upon the success of the story because it is a matter of court record, however. A *true* story is not necessarily dramatic.

Put your effort into building up a plausibly dramatic plot based upon human emotions.

Q. Why is there such a lack of suitable pictures for children, and is there no way in which the picture entertainment of children can be supervised?—M. D.

A. These are trenchant questions, and are coming to be realized as such by those who have the welfare of the motion picture industry at heart. In Atlanta, Ga., a movement has been recently started that bids fair to have far-reaching effects. A "Better Films Committee" has been established, consisting of three sub-committees, one of which cooperates with the theatres to present "Boys' and Girls' Matinees" on Saturday mornings. At one theatre alone in this city, more than 40,000 boys and girls have been entertained at the children's matinees since the first of the year. Another of these sub-committees publishes a *Photoplay Guide*, which informs the theatre-going public what type of pictures the current releases are, and enables parents to supervise their children's entertainment. Perhaps this movement, which has spread to a number of other cities in the South, is the first step in the solving of the problems you present.

Q. I have been told repeatedly that old plots and hackneyed ideas may be used in photodrama, provided they are given new treatment. I can see part of the truth of this statement in the fact that most plots and ideas used in the current photo-

plays are hackneyed. I haven't yet been able to discover just how a novel treatment is obtained. Can you give me any help?—D. S.

A. In melodrama new twists are sometimes obtained by mechanical devices. This is an expedient of the hack writer, however, and should be avoided. Novelty and freshness of treatment are attained chiefly through careful characterization. Make your characters distinct individuals, rather than types. Then, to the degree in which they live up to the distinctive personalities you have given them, will their actions be original and un-hackneyed.

Q. In testing the plot structure for soundness, what is the first and most important point to be considered?—R. Y.

A. The strength of the basic situation. This is the foundation upon which the play is built. If the basic situation is not genuinely dramatic and novel the whole super-structure is weakened.

Q. Should I write a screen story in as brief a form as possible?—H. W.

A. A screen story should be written in such a manner that it will be as easy to read and as interesting as a magazine story. If you will put it in such a form that it will be entertaining you will stand a chance of having it get the best of consideration.

Q. I want to write a story for Charlie Chaplin. Will you let me know if I must put in all the little "gags" and also the titles?—F. E. R.

A. In writing this type of comedy it is certainly necessary to put in the gags and if you can think of any really snappy titles they are of course a help. We would however warn you that Charlie Chaplin

does not buy outside material, in fact he himself is the author of most of his stories. Our advice to you is to avoid farce comedy, it is a very difficult field to break into.

Q. When trying to inject atmosphere into my stories, I find it very hard not to make the description of rooms read like a catalog of a furniture house. How can I obviate this?—I. S.

A. You need not describe all of the furniture. Give simply an idea of the exterior of the house, the style, then while you picture your characters in action, casually mention the furnishings of the room they are in. It is a trick that is a bit difficult to learn but is well worth the trouble.

Q. I have in mind a story in which the hero is a child. In such a case, should I have the three leading characters of hero, heroine and antagonist? If so, how should I work it?—J. E.

A. We would advise you against using a child as star. There is practically no demand for such material. Write of grownups. In a story centering on a child, you should have a villain, otherwise you have no conflict and there should be a love story among the grownups directly connected with the story of your star.

Q. I wrote a story in which the leading character was a motion picture actress and the story was returned with the comment that they never wanted a story in which the heroine is playing in pictures. Why is that?—O. B.

A. The public does not care to lose its illusions about picture making. If your heroine is a film actress, she must be shown on the "set" or on the "lot" and this spoils the illusion. Change the part to that of an actress on the stage, if the story is strong enough.

Q. Is it permissible to give a character a double role in a photoplay?—L. M.

A. The double role is no longer popular with the producers or with the public. It has been sadly overworked in recent productions and takes away from the effectiveness of a picture because people consider it as a trick and are more interested in the methods of the camera-man than in the progress of the drama.

Q. Is revenge a suitable theme for a photoplay?—T. H.

A. Revenge is a sordid and depressing theme and entirely unsuitable as a theme unless it is so powerfully handled that its emotional significance is really extraordinary.

Q. What is meant by motivation?—D. N.

A. Motivation is the development of action in accordance with the law of cause and effect so that the dramatic moments do not seem to depend upon accident or coincidence but are accounted for by a series of preceding events.

"B. C. F., NEWFOUNDLAND." Exactly

what is meant in dramatic parlance by the term *theme*?

A. In the last analysis *theme* is the spirit of your play, the essential significance of your entire action. It is the text of your sermon, the motif of your opera, the central thread of your literary fabric. It is less the lesson you desire to teach than the atmosphere you desire to create. It is your purpose and it is also your animating principle.

It is probably only occasionally that a dramatist starts out with a definite truth or maxim which he wishes to convey to his audience; but from his general point of view regarding right and wrong, things natural and spiritual, he gradually develops a story background which has the positive effect of presenting a clear-cut and formulated principle. This principle is demonstrated by the action of his characters, and, although he, himself, may have been entirely unconscious of its intrusion, his audience remembers it as the *moral* of the play; not always, but often, long after the story itself is forgotten.



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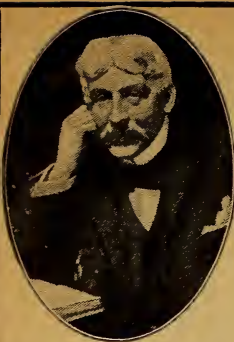
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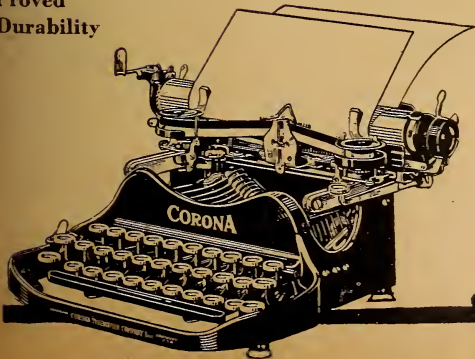
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SEPTEMBER

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SEPTEMBER, 1923

Vol. V—No. 3



SMALL TOWN REALISM

BY WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

[EDITOR'S NOTE:—Mr. Pelley, during the last four years, has sold \$250,000 worth of stories and photoplays. This article, which contains the practical formula of his success, should be, therefore, unusually valuable to those interested in creative writing.]

THREE or four years ago, John Clair Minot of the *Boston Herald*, in an exceedingly flattering review of a book which I had written, made the following comment:

"Thousands of people who read this novel, will weave into it their own experience. It is so naive, so homely, so simple in theme, construction and diction and deals with life's great vitalities in a manner so realistic, that tens of thousands will be thoroughly convinced when they finally lay it aside that they also could have written such a story. *Only they couldn't!*"

I grudgingly admit there are writers far more talented than I may ever hope to be. Men and women too will be supplying the public with simple, homely tales of real life until the end of time. Yet I choose to interpret Mr. Minot's comment as a tribute. The kind of tribute we pay an inventor when we say: Any damn fool can invent a Baldwin locomotive or a Mergenthaler linotype; it takes

a genius to invent a kiddie kar or a rubber ball on the end of six feet of elastic cord.

All the same, this simple, direct, realistic sort of writing that makes the reader believe he could duplicate it—until he tries—is not a gift. It is the result of a few deliberate literary tricks, much practice and a certain rule of technique in diction.

In the last three or four years I have had over a hundred short stories published in most of the standard magazines; in all of them I have employed the same methods to get realism. There are certain fundamental touches which applied to a yarn bring it down out of the clouds of purely imaginary fancy to the hard-pan and bedrock of human nature. Realistic stories, they are called. Nothing more or less than certain literary strategies to get an effect.

I do not write "small town stories"—or at least stories in a small town setting because I especially love the American small town or cannot write yarns in any other setting. I deliberately set a story in a small town environment because there

I can hit my reader hardest with my theme or message by making it easiest for him to interpret my paragraphs via the medium of his own ego, his own language, his own senses and experiences.

In other words, a long time ago I learned to utilize my reader to interpret my subject just as much as the printed page which conveys it to him. Taking the line of least resistance in the reader's cosmos, I utilize his own reactions, all those idiosyncrasies of his own individuality with which he is most familiar subconsciously, to get my story "across." I do not tell the story. I merely suggest a few basic ideas, settings, characterizations. He tells the story to himself.

To illustrate: Suppose I wish to put over a story on the theme of how much the average woman will do for the man she loves.

Now the average woman will do a devil of a lot for the man she loves. If the man is Mr. Right, the sky and the funeral director is usually the limit. In her heart the average woman knows this; so in proceeding to tell my yarn, by using a homely, simple theme that applies to every woman with a regular heart under her Perfect 36, I have her in a receptive mood to tell most of my story to herself; she will at once begin to shove her own individuality, experiences, reactions and sensations in between my lines. She will tell the story of herself to herself, interpreting by her own standards as she pleases, aiding me by delineating each of my word pictures after her own fancy subconsciously whether she entirely approves or not.

Ostensibly I am telling a yarn about the drama in the lives of my characters. In reality I am saying to her: "This happened so and so . . . don't you remember? And you reacted so and so . . . am I right?" And according as she agrees or disagrees she will say my story is a "bear" or a "flop."

By choosing simple themes which the lives of all kinds and classes of ordinary American folk have lived in some form or phase, I put together what is called the "realistic" story. But it is only so because it tallies with the experiences of people for whom it is written. It relates

something with which they are sympathetic.

No New England wife or mother, let us say, would pronounce a story realistic which happened to a Chinese woman on a houseboat twenty-two hundred miles up the Yang-tze River. It might be graphically told and extremely clever. But it would not be realistic because she could not read similar situations, atmosphere, people and language that has made up her own life, into its paragraphs. Because living in Sloan, Iowa, Gopher Prairie, Minn., or Paris, Vt., she cannot "get" how it feels to housekeep a boat twenty-two hundred miles up the Yang-tze.

At the expense of sounding trite, incidents, plots, situations and denouements are "real" to us only because we have at some time or other gone through the same. The realistic story is merely the story of "reflected personal experience." The professional writer learns this. He calls it technically "universal appeal." But your amateur writer just starting the rocky path to fame and fortune thinks literature must be exactly the opposite—the strange, unknown, unaccustomed, exotic, bizarre incident, theme or plot. But he is only interesting as perhaps a Chinese jade is interesting. Not one person in a thousand is really interested in jade. But say "diamonds!" and everyone takes notice. Not because diamonds are necessarily prettier than jade. But because everyone knows all about diamonds; it is every woman's joy to own one or fifty; she knows where they come from, how much they cost, and what the great vital affair in life reflects with which they are ever associated.

So much for theme.

Next I am careful to proceed in as straight a line as I am able in narration, from my opening paragraph to my climax. For that also is the way events happen to us in Life—a straight line, one following the other inexorably to the climax. The big dramatic periods in our lives are rarely complicated. They are open, simple and clear as light. But they are terrible in their openness, simplicity and clarity.

In living through a great dramatic period in our lives we do not jump around into all manner of positions and angles. We don't see an experience from Mrs. Jones' viewpoint and reactions one minute, what Mrs. Smith thought about it the next, what Deacon Williams said about it after prayer meeting the third, and how it reacted on the Widow Jennings who moved to Hackensack, N. J., last winter, the fourth. Life's hard-hitting intensities are never a mere literary hypothesis from the different viewpoints of all the relatives and neighbors. We see, feel, suffer and recover from our own viewpoint, consecutively, logically, inexorably. And by keeping to this tenet, in story writing, brings a sense of realism which too many amateurs discount.

So having chosen some homely, everyday theme to be interpreted by homely, everyday people you meet in the barber shop or street car every night of your life, I keep steadfastly to his or her viewpoint from start to finish. Or sometimes I have found that my own viewpoint, putting myself in the role of the local newspaper editor—the news-gathering spectator—gives me this clarified effect. That is why I have told most of those small town yarns which ran in *The American*, *Pictorial Review*, and the *Red Book*, in the first person. I can keep steadfastly to one angle of narration and get—simplicity of delineation.

Assuming this first-person role of newspaper spectator gives me another advantage which might not occur to the novice: It helps keep my theme always within the bounds of plausibility. How easy it becomes when enthused with a character or denouement, to have the people of the story say or do something which originates in the writer's imagination instead of actual life. Imagination is prone to run away at times and kick up queer capers. From first to last in writing the small town real-life yarn, I bear in mind this constant self-query: Could it happen right here in this little village of Podunk to real people whom I know personally, so that I could despatch one of my kid reporters to go out and get a story on it for the evening daily? If it could, then my imagination is not out of control.

In the small town setting, proceeding on the above basis, is found the environment too which is most easily understood by the maximum number of people with minimum of worldly experience. That is important.

So when you say that the thing happened "between the Baptist Church and the post office" you say much in little. No need to describe the grubby, dirty-windowed stores in between hung with the Uncle Tom's Cabin posters, the telephone poles gnawed by the cribbing horses of Saturday afternoon farmers, the pigeons strutting and crooning around the sidewalk in front of the odorous feed store, or the dilapidated trolley which every half-hour runs up from the depot to the Center.

"Between the Baptist church and the post office" expresses all these things because all our American towns run to the one type; wherever there is a Baptist church and post office there is the main street of fly-daubed stores, the gnawed poles, the pigeons and the trolley which hardly cares whether it runs or not. One calls up the other. . . . the whole gamut of municipal commonplaces. So I contrive to fill my yarn full of such grubby references. The reader "feels" the rest, sees, hears and smells all that goes with it in his subconscious mind as it was ingrained there years without number. By a few such banal references I get the effect of realism par excellence.

By the same token I always try to locate my dramatic sequences in places, buildings or locations of which every town in the American universe has glaring specimens. "Between the cigar store and the Y. M. C. A.," "just around the bank corner," "next to the Elite Bakery," "a few steps beyond the Olympic picture show"—we have these locations in every little burg from Beacon to Telegraph Hills. The reader locates himself instantly, feels at home. I can paint with a few coarse, homely strokes. He "gets" it in his subconscious and fills in the details and colors the picture to suit his individual fancy.

Next, I always make it a point to be specific about details of time and location. Especially when I want to concentrate

attention or increase suspense. I have opened dozens of these Paris, Vt., stories with the same formula: "At twenty-two minutes after four o'clock of the second day of May, about four feet from the corner of Maple and Elm Streets and six feet from the picket fence, etc." gives the feeling in the reader that because I am being so explicit, something of importance which he should watch closely so as not to miss the smallest detail, is about to be disclosed. Of course I do not disappoint or trick him. But I've got the effect of realism. . . . the thing actually took place. . . . this was the exact moment and spot.

Then I name and characterize my people consistent with the same homely settings in which they are to play the story. "The Smith girl," "Sam Jones' boy Jim," "fellow by the name of Barker," "old man Bliss's daughter," etc. In this way we ordinarily refer to our fellowmen and women and the neighbors who hedge us in and make Christian fortitude so necessary. And so I get my story people understood at once, even as I got my locale understood, because the reader knows and understands thousands of similar people called by the same colloquialisms. Yet—by the same trick—if I have a character to play with to whom everyday life is not so familiar, by throwing his "different" character against plain commonplace people, I get his individuality across. By contrast.

Lastly, I admit I write the yarn as the poor boob newspaperman with ink on his hands, glue on his spectacles and leaping dandruff all over the rest of him, who just plods along like a human dumb-bell in a single-track existence and speaking one syllable words about two-cylinder happenings because then I can play the Watson to my various Sherlock Holmeses. Being a dumb-bell, as I am enlightened, I can put across the same disclosures to the reader. I can utilize the people with whom I do business or contact, to express opinions to me and let the light in here or there on important plot steps as I want to mount them without once losing my one angle of narration.

The result is that when I combine all these things: milk-and-water theme, one-

horse viewpoint, Toonerville trolley environment, picayune detail of time and place, two-legged people called by barber shop appellations, the result in eight cases out of ten is a heart-tugging, open-air, straight to the bull's eye yarn that people say is great simply because they have interpreted with minimum of effort and maximum of personal experience.

I contend that every man and woman walking the frowsy old planet this evening, has a story worth telling about him in print. The author's business is to get it out, vitalize it, convert it into interesting reading. And those personal stories of real things that happened to real people make the most vital stories, hold the most interest, "get" people the hardest, cinch an author's popularity the strongest.

A few years back I was specializing on these small town realism stories. At the time I owned and edited a fair sized daily newspaper up in New England. Frequently I would have a story to write but no idea, no plot. What to do?

I grew into the habit of taking the next character who happened to walk into the front office to pay a subscription, settle a classified ad bill or raise hell because I said the Democrats were thieves and liars. I assayed their characters, reviewed their careers in town, added my own bag of dramatic tricks to exploit them, minded the rules I have touched upon to date—and my stories were luscious and ready-made, shrieking to be put in type. They wrote themselves.

For instance: In came the town banker with the annual statement of his institution's financial condition. Prosaic sort of cuss. Thirty-dollar suit, inky fingers, worried expression across the eyes, nobody would ever pass him on the street and look back to wonder if he was anyone in particular.

I looked into his private life as my paper had printed personals about himself and family. Stingy fellow he was, wouldn't contribute to the Liberty Loan advertising, wife once had an affair with another man, worked in the same bank thirty years, honest to a fault but acted as though all the rest of the human race

was bent on swindling. Scared to death his bank would eventually be robbed. Very well, supposing——

One day he gets a telephone call that despite all he can or does do to prevent it, on a certain date and specified hour, his dusty vault is going to be robbed, high, wide and handsome. By the person speaking. What would he do? How protect the depositors? Why should the phone caller desire to rob the bank? How accomplish it? Work it out and I had the story. Result: "The Personal Policy of Third Speed Tarring" in a recent issue of *Everybody's*.

Or again: Into the office comes a moth-eaten old attorney. Year in and year out he sits in a little rented room in the Grand Army Block, waiting for cases that never come and looking down through lack-lustre eyes on the peanut activity around the Bank Corner. What is his story?

First, the facts: Born of good family, people settled in the state at the time of the Revolution. Good blood and proud. The old man was once rumored to have thrown down the girl he loved within a week of his wedding to marry a girl he didn't love because his people wanted him to marry a girl of his own class and keep the blood blue. At any rate, all his folks are gone now and he's the last apple on the bough, badly frost-bitten; the last but for a grandson who is now running around town with the Pumpton girl from over on the East Road.

Now for the dramatics—to heighten these grubby facts into real fiction: Suppose we teach the old man a lesson that in this country it doesn't matter what your grandfather was: what are YOU. Always good stuff. Suppose we have him making the grandson commit the same pitiful mistake he once committed—throwing down the Pumpton girl because her old man works in the knitting mill. He's ruining two young lives with his stale philosophy. Suppose we teach him a lesson, give him a jolt he remembers. How to do it but to have the Pumpton girl put in a place where the old man's long-lost romance is dusted off and thrust at him anew, raw and bleeding?

We must connect the Pumpton girl somehow with the lawyer's ruined sweetheart. Relationship is too trite. Do it by happen-stance. The idea of womanhood suggests dress, styles, fashions—out of date fashions. Good! Have the Pumpton girl get somehow into one of the old dresses and appear to him in a situation that makes the old fellow think he's seeing double.

The girl is invited to a masquerade ball and too poor to rent a costume. The grandson loans her an old dress he finds up-attic. . . . of course the ancient sweetheart's never-used wedding dress. The old man comes on her so clothed one night in the moonlight, the moment his grandson is dealing her the grand bounce and saying the marriage is all off because his grandpop says so. Instantly the old fellow sees his own love tragedy impersonally—through the eyes of a spectator. He has suffered the consequence since. He gets the heart-punch and changes his whole philosophy. Drama! Result: "The Conversion of John Carver," in a recent *Red Book*.

I mention these two illustrations to show how easy it may be to use the material lying all around, places, people, colloquialisms, . . . dress them up with a little imagination and dramatic license and get stories of real people doing real things in a way that a maximum number of readers can interpret through their own sympathies. I could go on indefinitely.

There is so much material around to write up that right now it will require three years to get in story form the yarns I have in mind to tell. . . . every person you meet from Monday morning till Saturday night has a story. There are just as many sure-fire, hard-hitting, tear-or-laugh impelling yarns as there are humans in the universe. They make realism stories because ninety per cent can most easily comprehend them: themes, settings, action, characterizations, names, angle of narration.

Now go and write your yarn about the Chinese woman, twenty-two hundred miles up the Yang-tze River!

CHARLES CHAPLIN AND "A WOMAN OF PARIS"

A NEW ERA FOR THE SCREEN IS MARKED BY
THIS PRODUCTION, WRITTEN AND DIRECTED
BY CHARLES CHAPLIN HIMSELF

Reviewed for THE STORY WORLD

BY DOUGLAS Z. DOTY

SOME twenty years ago, in the South End of London, a boy of fourteen was struggling for his very existence. Though his father was an actor of no mean ability, he was often out of work; often the son went to bed hungry, and often he scuffled along in a pair of broken down shoes, hunting for a chance to earn a sixpence that he might eat. The same sort of shoes and the identical feet in them have since attained a comic fame. There was nothing comic about them then, however. Somewhere, somehow, the boy had learned to clog, and finally he clogged his way to the English vaudeville stage, and Charlie Chaplin's artistic career thus humbly began.

Yesterday, with three other people, I sat in the little projecting room of the Chaplin studios in Hollywood and saw Chaplin's latest picture, which is not only his greatest achievement thus far, but it makes one wonder if it does not mark the real beginning of the screen as a distinct art. At least Chaplin has visualized possibilities that few of us have dreamed of.

With little schooling, Chaplin has managed to educate himself beyond the cultural equipment of the average college graduate. He knows music, he knows the stage, he knows art, he knows history. He proves the assertion that a man who is an artist in one thing is potentially an artist in everything. I have heard him recite his own verse (excellent verse, by the way), with a power and a charm given to few men. As a pantomimist he is equal to the best that France has ever produced. In him are wedded the two

greatest forces known to civilization—creative imagination and consummate skill in self-expression. His new production, "A Woman of Paris," is the fruition of his art, an art that has been marked by singularly steady growth and rooted in a persistent idealism.

Before we discuss this particular picture let me tell you a little more about the man and his methods. So many who have suffered from abject poverty in their youth are apt to react in a purely materialistic way. Fear of recurring poverty makes them hard. Chaplin's sheer love of beauty saved him this fate. Those who have noted that in the Chaplin comedies there is always pathos back of the comedy will realize that, unconsciously perhaps, he has dramatized his early sufferings, that through the medium of his golden gift of humor he has aroused in his millions of spectators warm sympathy for the under dog, the boy that he used to be. And the universality of his message can be sensed when I tell you that he is almost as well known in Java and Siam as he is in New York and Los Angeles. Wit may be caustic and it may be local in its application, but real humor springs from a sympathetic understanding of human nature, and human nature is the same the world round. Money and the world's applause have not made a cynic of Chaplin, nor have they made him selfish. He is an egoist, but he is not vain. He is temperamental, he is moody, but not in the same sense as the spoiled darling of the stage or screen. He is merely the artist whose work either lifts him into the high heaven of delight or, as sometimes happens, plunges him into moody despair, and the battered Fedora that he

wears in directing a scene is always an index of his mood. One day not long ago I watched him directing some scenes for his new production, and from Monta Bell, his man Friday—with whom he fights out each point, sometimes with passionate fury—I learned to recognize his mood by the angle of his hat. Yanked over his eyes, it meant displeasure; pushed back on the back of his head, it indicated a serene spirit; cocked on one side, enthusiastic delight, and the actors watched that hat most anxiously.

Before I tell you how the story grew into being, let me add a word about the Chaplin studio itself, because it tells you something about the man. Unlike many of our film factories, the Chaplin studio is artistic in design; as you might expect, the offices are a group of English stucco cottages, and wherever there is an inch of space are green lawns, lovingly cared for, and beds of flowers always in bloom. The whole thing is neat as a new pin, and in one corner is a swimming pool, a thoughtful provision for those who have to work hard in hot weather. Over this small domain Chaplin rules as a benevolent autocrat, and I believe he takes a wicked delight in refusing to receive bank presidents and other important personages, while he is easily accessible to the humblest member of his profession.

And it brought out a side of Chaplin of which few people are aware. He is not only an actor of superlative ability in his own line, but he has the rare gift of being able to infuse other people with his own genius. In his new production, "A Woman of Paris," two women appear whose work will not soon be forgotten. One of these was an extra girl yesterday; tomorrow she will be on the list of every casting director. The other woman appears in one sequence only, for a matter of three hundred feet of film. The great German director, Lubitsch, who also saw the picture, exclaimed, "Mein Gott, who is that woman?" Chaplin smiled and told him he would introduce her in a few moments, and he did. They found the young woman pounding the typewriter in the Chaplin offices.

The screen for Chaplin is a plastic art. He molds actors into their parts as a sculptor molds figures out of clay. But

Chaplin does more than that. Industriosly for years, Chaplin has been turning out his human comedies—"A Dog's Life," "Shoulder Arms," "The Kid." None of these was a story that he had bought and twisted to his own purpose. Each had its inception in his own brain, and was carefully developed through his knowledge of screen technique. In other words, he has always worked consistently within the limits of his own medium, and as far as I know, no distributor or exhibitor has ever said to Mr. Chaplin, "Dis story vas never published in a magazine! The public ain't heard of it!" But fortunately the public had already heard of Charlie Chaplin.

"A Woman of Paris" has been nearly a year in the making, and if William De Mille is right, that art consists of "saying something worth saying in a beautiful way," then assuredly this is art. Chaplin calls it his "comment on life." It offers no conventional villain, no manly hero, not even a virtuous heroine. The story is told with such Greek simplicity, with such keen perception of human weakness and of human strength that what you will witness from your orchestra chair will not be a picture or a story; it will be to you as though you had stepped out from your own doorstep to find yourself, willingly or unwillingly, a part of a poignant drama of people you know and yet are powerless to help.

As we four stepped out of the projecting room into the light of the California sun we had absolutely nothing to say. The old polite phrases came, but they were not adequate. We had laughed often, but had not wept; we were too exalté for tears. It is so seldom one meets perfection in this world—the realization of one's fondest visions—that worn out superlatives are inadequate. And so it came about that we four went away without a word to one another, which perhaps is the greatest tribute that people of feeling can pay to perfect art.

Just when Chaplin first got the inceptive idea upon which his story is based, I do not know. He began to shoot the picture some ten months past. At that time he had his theme and his characters clearly visualized and the slender thread of his story well in mind. But in a sense the

story was never written, just as his comedies were never written but grew and developed on the set from day to day.

The story is simple enough and vitally involves but three characters, a woman and two men. Mr. Chaplin does not appear on the screen himself, except indirectly as his personality and his art appear in the work of his cast. Here is the unpretentious story in outline:

Marie St. Clair, beautifully played by Edna Purviance, has planned an elopement with Jean Millet, a poor but ambitious young artist, eager for Paris and for his opportunity. The girl's disapproving father locks her in her room, late one night, while the boy waits her coming to make their final plans. With his help she escapes over the roof, and on her return finds that she has been locked out. Her irate father appears and tells her never to come back. The boy takes the girl to his people. Their conventional souls shocked by a woman's appearance at midnight, they order her out. Feeling insulted, she refuses to stay in spite of the boy's pleading. He takes her to the railroad station and hurries home to pack his bag. While she waits, the boy is the center of a family quarrel, and in a fit of apoplexy the father suddenly dies. Marie, worried at his prolonged absence, telephones the house and the frantic son, incoherent in the face of his domestic tragedy, gives her the impression that his family are holding him there. He drops the phone to reach his mother, and when he comes back the girl has hung up. It is a most natural misunderstanding, and the proud young girl, hurt and disillusioned, boards the train and is lost to her young lover.

A year later we see Marie St. Clair in a luxurious apartment, the mistress of Pierre Revel, known as the richest bachelor in Paris. A superb characterization by Adolphe Menjou. Then comes the public announcement of Revel's engagement to a society woman of great means. It is a typical French marriage of convenience, uniting two great fortunes. Marie's cattish girl friends are quick to bring her the news. She takes the blow bravely with a laugh. That evening when Pierre calls to take her to dinner as usual, she is too sick at heart; she can-

not go. Pierre, the suave, the cynical, smiles at what he thinks is her fit of temperament, and goes his way to dine with someone else. That same evening a friend invites Marie to a Latin Quarter party, and Marie, desperate and lonely, goes. Uncertain of the right apartment, she rings the wrong bell. The door is flung open and her old lover, Jean Millet, in his painter's smock, is staring out at her unbelievably. The party is forgotten as she follows him into the studio where the old mother makes them tea. Then for the first time the girl learns of the father's death and she realizes how, through the irony of little things, she had in her foolish pride cast away her chance for real happiness. Is it too late, we wonder? What will they do, he a struggling, enthusiastic young artist, she known for what she is? There is no rhapsodizing; they have not seen each other for a year; they meet like old friends renewing their acquaintance, but there is a subtle undercurrent of something else. Marie, the pampered favorite living in luxury—what more natural than that she should want to help the struggling artist, her old friend? What more natural than that she should ask him to paint her portrait? He has asked her no questions as to her present life. She asks him to call to select the gown in which she is to be painted. She holds them up, one after another; he does not see the gowns; he is watching her. That is quite natural, too. The old feeling is coming back—he is remembering. And then as the last gown is held up a man's collar slips to the floor. She does not notice it, but Jean does. That bit of white linen tells a lot, and there is confirmation in the sudden appearance of the suave Revel. Marie goes to see him in the drawing room. He knows, as such men always know, when there is another man in the offing. There is nothing crude about Revel; he is not unkind, just amused. He is quite secure in his position. He is munching on some chocolates. Will Marie have some? No, she will not. Then he turns to the maid. "Ask the gentleman in the other room if he would like some chocolates." Marie flares up. "Pierre," she says, "there is no use of my explaining—you would not understand." And then Pierre, smiling and suave, re-

torts, "Oh, yes, my dear, I understand perfectly."

The portrait is finished. Marie has not been allowed to see it as yet, as she has posed, hour after hour, in a gorgeous silver gown with a marvelous headdress. But now it is done and she runs to the side of the canvas to look at it, and behold! it is not Marie of today, but Marie in the little toque and shabby suit as Jean remembered her the day she left him and was swallowed up in the demimonde of Paris.

Jean knows her position and now he wants to marry her. The girl hesitates. She has grown used to luxury and the soft things of life, but, the honest love of Jean brings back to her the glamor of romance. The spell is broken by the little old mother coming in. The mother sees in this bird of paradise the possible ruination of her son's career, of her son's happiness, and Marie goes, the question undecided.

It is perhaps the next day that the first break comes between Pierre and Marie. Marie tries to express her position to the man, who listens politely as he plays on an American saxophone, his latest amusement. He stops playing long enough to ask her—"My dear, have you not everything?" She shakes her head. He rises and fingers the priceless pearl necklace that is around her neck, and looks at her whimsically. "What else is it that you want?" he asks. "I want my own home and children, and a man's respect." Pierre smiles, then he bursts into uproarious laughter as he points out of the window. A peasant with his wife and several children and many bundles are crossing the street, dodging cars. His sardonic humor is ill-timed. Marie stamps her foot; yanks the pearl necklace from her throat and throws it out of the window. The imperturbable Pierre shrugs and starts to play the saxophone. It was a noble gesture on Marie's part, throwing away the necklace, but no sooner done than regretted. She sees in horror an old tramp pick it up and she flies down the stairs to the street. The necklace recovered she walks back with as much dignity as possible with the loss of one French heel. She has made up her mind she is going to leave. "Pierre," she tells him, "I shall never see you again." He smiles and does not believe her. She

is changing her shoes at the moment, a homely and human touch, for it is true that in the big dramatic moments of our lives instinctively, mechanically, we do the little things that we have to do through force of habit.

So Marie goes to Jean. The gray, worn little mother of Jean, selfish perhaps in her love and implacable in her hate and to Jean irresistible in her need of him, has won his promise not to marry, and Marie, tiptoeing in, surprises them and overhears. Once again apparently he has failed her, and for the last time. Human motives are so mixed that the full reason for doing a thing is not known, even to the person himself. And how was Marie to know that Jean, trying to placate the unreasoning love and fear of his little mother, was really denying himself and not the girl he loved. So Marie St. Clair laughs in his stricken face and goes back to the complacent Pierre. After all, if one cannot have love, it is nice to have the soothing luxuries of life. Even though one is rendered uncomfortable by the knowledge that a white face keeps staring up at the window, the face of Jean, half demented with jealousy and wild longing. Jean is no hero, but an ordinary mortal with very human emotions, upon whom fate has twice played a shabby trick.

Pierre and Marie are dining again in their favorite cafe in Paris, amid a well dressed crowd, when Jean comes in, desperate and murderous. Shabby, pale, and set, he comes straight to their table. Suave as ever, Pierre offers him his place and sits beside him. Pierre offers him a cigarette from a silver case; Jean takes one and lights it. Again we note that the little habits of life are strong even in moments of impending tragedy. Suddenly the boy flies at Pierre. Before he can draw his gun, he is thrown out by the waiters, and in the outer lobby, where a golden Bacchante is pedestaled above a fountain, the boy kills himself, his head falling into the water.

His body is brought home to the little old mother. She does not weep; she has but one burning emotion, hatred of the girl who unwittingly had caused her husband's death and now her son's, and this emotion shapes itself in the thought that the girl must pay the debt with her life. And

then the girl herself appears, to sob her heart out beside the dead body. Now perhaps for the first time, the little mother realizes that Marie St. Clair had really loved. And here we are conscious of a curious paradox—what the boy living could not bring about, his death has accomplished, for now Marie found she could never go back to Pierre, and at the last we see her finding happiness in serving others. In a picturesque provincial village, in a little stucco cottage, she and the boy's mother together have gathered to themselves all the foundlings of the neighborhood, all the unwanted children of the town. For an instant you will wonder if some of these are not Marie's own. One of them calls her mother, and then, flinging open the door, the child cries, "Mother, here's father!" But it is not Pierre who enters; it is the village priest.

Marie, with one of her children, goes down the road with a milk pail. It is close to supper time. Somewhere farther along the same road is a signpost reading, "Paris—90 kilometers." A touring car stops and in the tonneau Pierre leans forward to read the sign. He tells the chauffeur to hurry, as he settles back to talk with his male companion, who is asking him, "Have you ever heard what has become of Marie St. Clair?" Pierre shakes his head and shrugs. Then on the tail of a peasant's cart we see Marie with a little child, riding slowly along toward home. As she looks out at you, her eyes are wistful, but she is smiling as she draws the youngster closer, and the great touring car sweeps by from the opposite direction; and neither one knows of the other's momentary presence. So the story ends.

In its essence, as you will perceive, this story is as old as life itself. Then what makes it great as a picture? Treatment, of course—marvelous characterization, the human touches, the unrelenting realism that makes each incident appear so inevitable. And there is sound craftsmanship in the building of it. Unlike most stories unfolded on the screen, you do not know the end from the beginning, and in all the eight reels you never know

whether Pierre or Jean is finally to win the girl, and then she goes her way alone at the end—or is it the beginning of a new life for Marie St. Clair?

Constructively, then, the story has strong conflict, building from crisis to crisis, and a quiet suspense that never lets down. The grim aspects of the drama are constantly relieved by the sparkle of human comedy, comedy that is never lugged in. Each gesture, each bit of business that brings a chuckle or a laugh is always sheer characterization and always furthers the development of the story.

Perhaps a hundred and fifty feet of film are used when the head waiter in the cafe, presiding at the chafing dish, prepares truffles with champagne—"rooted by pigs and eaten by gentlemen." An amusing scene that makes you smile—but it is put there to do more than make you smile; it helps to show you that Pierre Revel not only loves well but lives well. At the Latin Quarter party, there is an episode, daring but delicate in its treatment and delicious in its revelation of human nature. An artist's model, swathed in white veiling, is put on a pedestal and as an artist starts to unwind the girl's thin covering he winds it around his own body, and your imagination pictures clearly the scene merely by the closeup of the man as he slowly covers himself with the veiling to the last yard. You then see a closeup of bare feet and ankles scampering across the floor, and then a head and naked pair of shoulders peering around the corner of a screen. Beyond this screen is a table, from back of which a drunk, slowly coming to life, rises up. From where he stands he can see, but of course you can't see. He blinks in utter bewilderment at the nude girl and disappears again.

This superb picture makes me think of Rodin's sculpture—so subtle and firm is it in its characterization, so big and bold in its mass, so exquisite and fine in its detail when detail is called for. With men like Chaplin, Ray and Fairbanks creating for the screen—surely the future is bright for our infant industry.



THE ORIGINAL SCREEN STORY

BY CHARLES CHAPLIN

WAS it not Havelock Ellis who said that progress was a gradual emancipation from morals? If such is the case then the real mission of the original story is to get away from the hackneyed formulae of the past.

To my mind, a great original screen writer must be a great thinker. Irony and the most subtle humor can be registered on the screen. The need is to develop writers who can create it, and actors who can "get it across."

There is really but one universal language. It is—the human emotions. The man who touches deeply on a real chord of life can catch the echo of its thrumming in India, Asia, China and all the far sun-scorched and ice-bound places of the earth.

It requires no great mentality to speak in the language of the emotions. It does, however, require a great mentality to make yourself understood.

A writer can get no other reaction from a story than that which he has put into it.

I have always believed in the original story. Sometimes, I think it is the salvation of the screen. But the stories will have to be written by real trained writers, and not by hack graduates of detective fiction. The story-tellers for the future screen, the greater ones, will be far-seeing people, who dare to

write of life as they have seen it.

In "A Woman of Paris," my first original story of a different character, which I have also directed, I have tried faithfully to live up to a story telling ideal. Life is a blending of the emotions. A story should be the same. The supreme optimist, the supreme pessimist are both people who see one side of the shield. In "A Woman of Paris" I have told a story as directly and humanly as possible. It will soon be left to the verdict of the people.

I now come to the much over-used word of "art." And to my horror I realize that many people speak of it who are more or less incapable of it. Art should transcend life and experience. The really great artist does not know why he is a great artist. He just is. By having lived and observed deeply, his sub-conscious mind is forever helping him on to greater artistic effort. But I have noticed, that the real creators say little of art. They are too busy creating. Generals, they win battles, and allow the lieutenants to talk about them.

I believe that in art or in any creation, the result achieved justifies any means of obtaining that result. If this result can come better through truth, then let there be truth, but if truth perverted brings about more beauty in the final analysis, I would not hesitate

at the perversion though I am conscious of the fact that truth is usually the surer instrument.

Among the great directors in this country, Griffith, Seastrom, Lubitsch, DeMille and Von Stroheim have touches of that something that labels them as creators. Some of these have a greater intellect to guide them more consistently while others are emotional and scatter-brained, but the spark is there nevertheless.

There is a wide discrimination between Seastrom and the others, I believe. He distinguishes himself with finer feeling and better taste than the rest of us. There may be some mentioned who are more creative and inventive and who suit the popular taste, but they are not so consistently balanced as Seastrom who for consistency, subject-matter and story-telling, is a true artist, to my way of thinking.

There is one thing sadly lacking among modern writers, though I am glad to say, not as much as it was lacking in the Victorian writ-

ers, and that is, directness. It seems to me that the first duty of a story-teller, whether on the screen or in a book, is to tell the story.

The screen teaches a writer directness—and that is a great deal. And I would warn the young screen writer to study the art of pantomime. That is, as he writes his story, he should visualize his characters going through it—in pantomime.

Clayton Hamilton has well said that, "Pantomime has been recognized for many centuries as a legitimate type of drama; but it is safe to say that the variety and the extent of its adaptability as a means of story-telling were never fully understood until the invention of the kinematograph demanded of it an unprecedented exercise."

The future of the screen is baffling at times—but vastly interesting. And that is the test of life—to baffle and interest at the same time.



"UNKNOWN" WOMEN OF FILMLAND

BY ALICE EYTON

Number Six of a Series

LIKE our universe, with its planetary system, the Moving Picture World is composed of many component worlds, each revolving in its own orbit, only touching each other at points; until a picture is definitely completed; when director, actor, writer, cutter, production editor (the successor of the supervising director), all claim credit for its measure of success, or prove alibis for its measure of failure.

One little world, however, touches all others at every point—that is the business office. From the daily pay of an extra, through the cost of story, continuity, sets, costumes, delays, and a thousand other details, up to the magnificent salary of the magnificent star, each and every item is duly tabulated and considered by some worried deity in this funny world of figures. And reputations are made, or marred, therein. For if production costs soar way above proportionate box office returns, someone is to blame and someone is told of the fact in "straight-from-the-shoulder" terms—and not only told of it, but probably dis-rated, or "let out." Then although the transaction may be entirely private, "the whispering chorus" that mysteriously populates every studio soon attends to the business of letting the whole world know that So-and-So has "pulled a boner."

In the big corporations, of course, many persons, usually masculine, keep hold of the purse strings. In the smaller concerns woman seems to have a greater chance to prove her ability along financial lines. As, for instance, in Harry Garson's beautiful little Spanish Mission Studio at Edendale, where, in a quiet upstairs office, sits the cool, efficient girl who has charge of every cent of the company's disbursements, who audits every account, and

knows every detail of the studio's financial administration. This is Miss B. M. Fenwick, the secretary and treasurer of the organization.

Miss Fenwick's success should prove inspiring to those women who turn away from the picture field as only presenting opportunities for acting and writing. Of course, she served her apprenticeship in the school of experience, as every genuine worker has done. When first she decided to strike out for herself she was living with her family in a small Michigan town, and, as a first step, she began reporting on the town's little newspaper. She soon discovered there was no future in that work; besides, to an active mind, it seemed utterly inane to write up society events that everybody already knew about. Hence, she resigned and went to Detroit.

There she made a vain, weary round of the newspaper offices. She even offered to work for nothing if they would give her a chance. But there was no place for her. She had to do something. So she started working in the offices of a railroad at a salary of twenty dollars per month. In a few weeks she heard of another position, wrote for it, and landed it. When she showed up for work, however, it developed that, due to a mistake in the files, she had been engaged because the company thought her a bookkeeper. At that time she did not know anything about bookkeeping, and the man who was to be her immediate superior did not know enough to help her get started. She needed the work so badly that she refused to admit defeat without trying to make good. So she set to work blindly, managed to get through the first day's work, and, in the end, held down her job, and taught herself bookkeeping.

This sounds improbable; but it is not so improbable as it sounds. For Miss Fenwick has a remarkable instinct for figures. She can just glance at a column

of figures, and tell you their total. If a mistake has been made in the addition of a column she can instantly single out the digit that has been wrongly added. And her judgment is unerring. If her balance at the day's end is not exact, she can leave it, go home, and, just before she goes to sleep that night, she can call up before her mind's eye the whole table of figures, see where the mistake has been made, and, when she goes to the studio in the morning, put her finger on the error.

Having learned bookkeeping, Miss Fenwick left to take a better position with the Metro Pictures Exchange in Detroit, where she did some work for Mr. Garson, who then was running the Detroit Strand Picture Theatre. He offered her a still better position, which she accepted. A little later, when he started producing pictures, he sent for her to work at his studio.

When she arrived there a head accountant and three assistants were handling the work. She made the fifth on the staff. She did her work well and waited. In a short time the head auditor left. Mr. Garson asked Miss Fenwick to take charge, and gave her complete control over that branch of the studio. Now she has one assistant, and the two of them do the work that formerly occupied five people—a lesson in efficiency, given, not by an efficiency expert, but by the workers themselves, the only persons who can successfully and permanently establish efficiency methods in any business. Therefore, Mr.

Moving Picture Magnate, you'll have efficiency in proportion to the extent and judgment with which *you*, not your contradictory subordinates, pick out your workers.

Asked about conditions, moral and otherwise, that make work for women difficult, Miss Fenwick says that she does not know of any other business that is as free from such unpleasantness; that, as far as her experience goes, the stories current about the studios are utterly ridiculous. She instances her statement with the story of a girl who came to work for her, and whose family were horrified when she started in the picture game. The girl had had experience in other fields of business; and, after a few weeks, she came to Miss Fenwick with the whole tale of her argument with her family, and, incidentally, of her own fears. It had become a laughing matter then; for she said she had never met with such uniform courtesy and fair treatment as had been accorded her in the studio; no business she had ever known had been so free from regrettable circumstances.

Miss Fenwick makes light of her success. Her attitude concerning it parallels her statement concerning her adventure in teaching herself bookkeeping—that it is only a matter of work and common sense, that anyone would know accounts must always balance, that where there is a debit there must be a credit to balance it, that a balance will always exist. Such an admirable philosophy of life, as well as a pithy recipe for success!



THE SEEING EYE

BY MRS. A. M. WILLIAMSON

Co-author of "The Princess Passes," "The Lightning Conductor," and

Many Other Noted Novels and Photoplays

THERE are so many "secrets of success!"

If you had only one of those secrets, you couldn't succeed. It wouldn't be enough, despite the advertisements in the magazines that promise to teach you all about success in one lesson. I do believe, however, that if you could choose only *one* gift from your fairy god-mother to help you on towards a career—almost any career worth having—you would not do wrong if you selected "the seeing eye."

Many people, and quite intelligent people too, wander through life half asleep. Their minds don't see and make note of what their bodily eyes behold. They see without seeing. How can an actor really act if he hasn't seen with his heart and soul what other people are really like; if he hasn't noticed quaint characteristics, remembered what bursts of uncontrollable emotions were like, or how faces looked, or hands trembled when emotion was being expressed? What writer of plays or stories would have anything worth saying if he hadn't seen and noticed and stored in his brain every event in his own life and the other lives that have touched his?

What artist could paint or draw unless he had seen deep down into souls, and into the sky and under the sea, and even into the magic,

secret individuality of trees and flowers?

When I used to travel nearly all over the world with my husband, with the idea of a book in my head, I began to realize how much, until then, I had missed seeing—and how much other people missed in the same way. It became my "business"—almost my very life to see, and then to store up thoughts and impressions which had come because of what my eyes had taken in. Seeing the beauties of nature and architecture in the way I *had* to see them in order to give color to descriptions, made me love the wonderful things of the world far more than in the days when I merely fancied that I saw them. They became more—a very part of me. And the training I gave myself, to sharpen my mental eyes, to keep the notebook of my brain always open, awakened me in other ways. I grew far more observant of people. I missed no trait, no slightest trick; and because of this improvement in myself, I began to understand how easy it is, and how important for everyone to learn to see. Indeed, it is just as important for a traveling salesman, or a grocer, as it is for a lawyer, a dressmaker, a reporter on a newspaper, an author, an actor, a director of moving pictures.

THIS MONTH'S PICTURE STORY

"The Duchess of Dago Dan's"

BY HAROLD SHUMATE

THE levee, outside of Dan's door, was dark and a mangy little dog whined in the deep shadows beneath the overhead railroad tracks. The cobblestones that led down to the river's edge were wet and slick with misting rain. There was still ice in the Mississippi and the few boats that had ventured out from winter quarters were securely tied up, their stages swinging gently in the wind like ghostly white fingers pointing silently toward a forgotten past. Paddle wheels were stilled, fires banked. Here and there a riding light shone faintly. Grim, ghost ships they were, waiting for the spring and the river's waking.

The rain grew harder and the lights from the houses along the levee showed amber. At the corner, stood Dago Dan's saloon, next door to a deserted warehouse now peopled by huge river rats. On the other side of the warehouse was a nigger gin shop, hangout of thieves and murderers, its owner one Mulatto Mike, a huge, yellow skinned beast, a killer. Then came a rooming house with beds selling at two-bits each. There were unwashed windows here, and an oil lamp flickered and smoked inside as uncertainly as the lives of the lodgers. Another saloon, more darkened houses, deserted and bleak and then the corner. A narrow, poorly lighted street led up a steeply cobbled hill to the more cosmopolitan portion of the city.

Across the broad river drooped the shadowy outline of Eads bridge, its three huge spans vaguely suggestive of the forbidden doors of the great beyond. Along the top deck were rows of yellow lights gleaming in the night; jewels at the throat of Father Mississippi.

To the east, lay the faintly discernible

shores of an Illinois city. Of a sudden, magnified grotesquely in the mist, a red glare illumined in crazed proportions the buildings on the other side of the river. It was a fire and a big one. Powerful searchlights could be seen on the bridge and there came the faint clanging of bells. The St. Louis fire department was going across to help fight the flames that were threatening a huge grain elevator in the sister state across the river.

Again it was still. There came only the occasional crunching of ice against the hull of a boat. The dog whined again and the rain turned into an all night down-pour. But inside of Dago Dan's, there was light and warmth.

Dago Dan never saw Italy. Names mean nothing along the levee. A huge man but with the catlike quickness of the Latin, Dan stood each night behind his bar, white aproned and coated, his black hair glistening as he polished glasses and nodded to those who came in. River men came to Dan's when their boats tied up, certain that they would be put back aboard when their money was gone and the danger of missing their step from the wharf boat enhanced by benumbing liquor.

Pilots could spin their yarns here in lazy peace or else sit and nurse their grudges against the world. Engineers could brag of the bellies of their old tubs or curse their old man and whisper of the winch that would some day be dropped at the right place just at the right time.

Sharkers, petty thieves and big, murderers and drifters, they all met in the snug haven of Dago Dan's. If an argument ended in a killing, the river was always close.

Outside, on the levee, someone began to scream but few of those in Dan's paid any attention. After a while, these

screams ceased. A man came in, blowing on his hands to warm them.

"Wot's goin' on out there, Jack?" asked a young fellow, more curious than the rest.

"Aw, nuthin'. Nigger wench gone crazy with coke," and the answer was careless, indifferent.

But another had heard those screams. A woman, scarce more than a girl, dropped into a chair at a table where two roustabouts were deeply engrossed in conversation. She was trembling. Stealthily she reached for the nearest glass. It was only half empty. One of the roustabouts turned and saw her. He snarled and struck at her arm. His voice was coarse, bleak.

"Keep your mits off, you!"

Then a cry from the soul of the woman, a cry that would have sent a sinner down to hell.

"Buy me a drink, mister," and her voice was throaty, dry. "For Gawd's sake, Mister, just one. Look . . . I got the creeps from them screams. See? My arm's like it was dead. Oh . . ." and again that cry.

Hastily the roustabout poured from his bottle, handing her the drink with his own unsteady hand. He crossed himself as she drained the glass. She closed her eyes against the lights.

In a moment they opened again and they were blue, the innocent blue of a young child's eyes. A smile crept over her features and the blue of her eyes deepened, the lids closing to narrow slits. She laughed harshly. She stood up, her figure lithe, her skin clear, something of an unleashed wildcat beneath the surface.

"Now drop a nickle in the piano and dance with me," she ordered and the man joined in the laugh as he obeyed.

Others danced, too, and some of the women were younger, fairer, but most of the men watched the girl who had begged for a drink.

She had hair, lots of it, but ruined by too much dye. Her cheeks were not very clean but heavily rouged. Her lips, painted an even deeper color, possessed a child-like droop at the corners. She wasn't very old, but there were lines about the corners

of her eyes and her hands were stained and red. Her skirts were too short and there was a hole in one cotton stocking. A sleezy silk waist covered her shoulders and there was a red flower stuck behind her ear. She lived in a room upstairs and she was not a very nice girl. The Duchess, some wag had called her, and the Duchess she had remained, the Duchess of Dago Dan's.

She had drifted in, one night, off a down river boat and Dan had kept her on. She brought in some trade and she didn't eat much. She wasn't a very good girl. She couldn't have been and remained at Dan's. Not even Dan, himself, knew her name. She never spoke of herself.

Bill Leftowich, known to the police and to the patrons of Dan's as Bill Lefty, was sweet on the Duchess. Bill was among the elite, a good gun-man, an accomplished thief and a lieutenant of Dan's in the underworld that bordered the river. Bill was a good spender and the other women angled for him constantly. Bill had done time at Jeff City more than once.

Bill walked toward the Duchess as she stood breathless after the dance. He offered her a cigarette and as the smoke drifted from her nostrils, Bill slipped his arm about her waist.

"You're an awful nuisance, Bill."

"Nuisance, me? That's a hell of a way for a frail to string along her man."

She eyed him sternly. "You're takin' a heap for granted, Bill Lefty. Move, I gotter dance with them guys that just come in. They ain't spendin'."

Bill watched her stride across the floor with a long, free sweep of limb. He tucked his thumbs beneath his vest as he rocked on his heels, watching her sullenly, jealously.

Toward midnight, the Duchess danced with a second officer on an Ohio River boat. He held her too tightly and she tried to draw away. The second officer laughed and a young fellow strode toward them from his place near the door. He, too, had partaken freely, but some semblance of decency remained. He attempted to release the struggling girl, but the second officer laughed and struck at him, knocking him heavily to the sawdust covered floor.

The Duchess tore herself away and looked down at the boy as he lay there. Dan strolled up and touched the boy with his boot, stooping to gather him up by the collar and toss him out onto the levee. Impulsively, the Duchess put out her hand.

"Wait, Dan," she said. "He ain't nothin' but a kid. Set him in the chair, there."

Dan looked at her oddly and smiled. He shrugged and did as she asked. The Duchess threw a glass of water into the face of the man and he opened his eyes. He looked at her.

"I reckon I deserved it, interfering that way. I'm sorry."

The Duchess watched him and then she smiled. She raised a glass to her lips but the eyes of the man stopped her. He smiled.

"Go ahead," he laughed. "It still gets me when I see a woman take a drink that way. Bad manners, isn't it?"

"You ain't objectin' to it any yourself, though, I notice," said the woman and the boy laughed good naturedly.

"That's different. It's like being a part of it, a part of the river life. All river men drink, don't they?"

He started to rise but the Duchess shook her head and put out her hand.

"Sit down, kid, and no hard feelin's. You ain't been here before?"

"No, it's my first trip."

"I thought so. But you didn't have to come at all, you know."

"Well," laughed the boy, "you generally try to see everything at once but I reckon I've seen enough of this place. Say, who is that terrible faced man that's staring at me like I was stealing his best girl?"

"Aw, that's Bill. Don't pay no attention to Bill."

The Duchess liked the face of the boy. He was frank, unashamed, to be truthful. Not many like him came to Dan's and it wasn't likely that he would come again. She smiled. He had tried to defend her, defend the Duchess. No one had ever tried to defend her before that she could remember.

"What's your name, kid?" she asked.

"Henderson—Jim Henderson, why?"

She regarded him steadily.

"This ain't no place for a first tripper, kid," she said soberly. "What would your

old man say if he knew you was to Dago Dan's chinnin' with the Duchess?"

"Oh, he'd kick, likely. He's always kicking about something. But a fellow can't be expected to stay at home forever, can he?"

"Maybe, kid, but there's a heap of better places to go than this. You ain't the kind that follows the river. It ain't good to guys like you, though of course, that ain't any of my affairs."

Jim Henderson smiled and leaned closer. He was very boyish, very frank.

"You're wrong, Miss—er—I've always loved the river. When I was a kid in short pants, I used to watch the smoke belching from the stacks and play at steamboating with a wooden box in the creek. I grew up beside the river and when dad bought an interest in the 'River Belle,' not long ago, I persuaded them to ship me. And I like it, too," this last with another outburst of boyish candor.

The Duchess stared off into the smoke filled room and her eyes grew dim. She bit her red lips with her white little teeth.

"Yeah, I see, kid," she said, slowly.

"You want to go back and show the girls your brass buttons and cute little cap. You want to follow the river! I know! I been watchin' 'em come and go for quite some time. Big ones and little ones, they want to follow the river and the river gets 'em in the end. The river calls a heap of men, kid, but when them men gets to be old, the river is done with 'em. They get so's they can't remember the bars and the crossings and they drift in here to Dan's to set an' smoke and wait for the easy berth they're always agoin' to get someday. See them old birds in the corner, there around the stove? They ain't pretty with their bleary eyes and their palsy and nigger gin shakes, but onct they was young and they felt like you do. They had to have their fling at the river and didn't nobody deny 'em a chanct, but God knows what they got to wait for, now."

Jim Henderson stared at the girl opposite him. He tried to laugh but the sound died away in his throat. There was something about her words that shut away merriment. He stuttered.

"But—but I—I shall only stay a few

years on the river. Five years, maybe and then I'll settle down—back in Louisville."

The Duchess yawned. "I know. Ask them old men what they said when they started. Five years, maybe ten, they give themselves an' then they'd settle down and raise chickens or live off their savin's. Look at 'em now. They ain't pretty, are they, kid? Aw, give it up! Honest, I ain't never talked to nobody like this before but you seem like such a baby, so innocent like. Why don't you beat it, kid, while you can?"

Jim smiled as he looked into the half open eyes of the girl.

"What about you?" he asked. "What is holding you here? If the river gets a man, what will it do to a woman?"

The Duchess laughed harshly. She reached across the table and patted the hand of the boy.

"You're a good kid," she said, slowly, "but a terrible damn fool—all right, Dan, I'm comin'," this last to Dan who had approached, suspicious of the protracted conversation between these two.

Jim Henderson half rose to follow after her, but paused, fearful lest he make a fool of himself. He sank back into his chair watching the girl as she smiled up at Dan and began to dance with men that came into the place.

The smoke in the room grew thicker and the men grew noisier. Toward morning, the Duchess saw Jim Henderson leave. She went to the door behind him and stared out into the blackness, trying to pick out his figure in the murk. Bill Lefty came up behind her with the stealth of a cat. He caught her arm in his murderous hand. She winced and Bill grinned. Bill liked to hurt them a little. It made them respect him.

"Playin' with that baby all evenin', wasn't you?" he muttered. "What's the big idea?"

"Quit, Bill, you're hurtin' me. He ain't nothin' but a kid. Ain't I got any rights?"

"Damn few whilst you're trailin' with me. You better mind your step, too, or I'll rock him an' you both to sleep."

Bill went out and the Duchess walked back into the saloon, now almost empty. Her heart seemed heavier. Old memories flooded back. Girlhood days surged into

her heart. She bit her lips and then she laughed.

The levee was bathed in the afternoon sunlight when the Duchess again looked out. Gone were the apparitions of the darkness and commerce held sway. Huge stake wagons, their rear wheels chained to act as a brake, skidded down the cobbles, fire striking from the feet of the mighty horses. The din of a freight train sounded from the lower deck of the bridge. A ferry was casting off from its wharf boat. The ferries were still popular with river-front houses. A negro sat on a pile of loose cobbles, eating early fruit filched from a passing car. A goodly bit of freight was piled up before one packet, waiting for the first trip to Memphis. A towboat came into sight, pushing four huge barges of coal. A switch engine shunted a string of empties along the levee tracks and an old man barely hobbled to safety. A brakeman cursed and several loungers laughed. A little crowd gathered in the center of the Eads bridge. Below, in the muddy waters, a head bobbed for a moment and then was gone. A favorite way of suicide with some. The water looked cold.

The Duchess stood inside her unwashed windows and after a while she turned her eyes away from the glare of the sunlight. Her little room over the saloon was her closest approach to home. She could make out the name of the towboat with the string of barges in tow. River Belle! It swept on down stream and she watched it until it disappeared.

"A nice kid," she muttered and absently noted the disarray of her room.

He was the sort that a young girl would love. She wished that she might have met him before. She half closed her eyes as though the thought hurt. And he was going down the river. The River! It would make him or break him. Which course was as uncertain as the course of the channel.

Spring came early in the Mississippi Valley, that year and with spring came torrential rains. The Missouri, the Illinois and all the smaller tributaries above St. Louis sent rushing masses of red water into the great basin through which it must be carried on to the Gulf of Mexico. The

ice floes were long gone and huge pieces of drift began to appear instead.

Dago Dan in a different environment might have been a philosopher. The river was his oracle. It fascinated him. Once, during those first days of spring, the Duchess found him standing beneath the slight shelter of the first span of the Eads bridge. She watched him, a man's slicker buttoned to her chin, the rain glistening on her hair. The river was rising rapidly and in another day the cobbles beneath Dan's feet would be covered with muddy water. Dan looked up at the girl and nodded. Then he turned back to his silent contemplation of the water. The Duchess edged nearer.

"You feel it, too, don't you, Dan?"

Dan didn't answer for a time and then he merely nodded.

"Tell me, Dan," she went on, "is there something in them waters that gives you creepy spells, something you are scared of an' want to run away from and yet—yet you want to stand and reach out for at the same time?"

A smile crept over the dark features of Dago Dan. People who knew him, understood him very little. It was unfortunate that the river had claimed Dan.

"The great river," he said to himself. "Once the seat of the mighty and now a stinking sewer! Some day the river will again come into its own, some day when the railroads are whipped. It was the railroads that hated the river and they have oppressed it until there isn't one boat today where once there was twenty. The river was a menace to the profits of the railroads and they caught the river by the throat and throttled it. But the river will come back and it will come back a giant! Some day the river will rise in its mighty wrath and sweep everything before it, every bridge under ninety feet that stands in defiance of the law; every tricky curved span; every narrow draw. They don't know the Mississippi out of its valley, but they will learn."

Dan and the Duchess walked back to the saloon and night came on. The usual customers drifted in out of the rain. All conversation was on the river. Another week's rain and the levee would be half covered.

Bill came in and waved to the Duchess. She smiled and they danced together to the strains of the piano that needed tuning.

"I got that job like you said I should," Bill whispered in the ear of the Duchess. "Aw, Bill, did you, now? What's it doin'?"

"Haulin' coal for a big bunch of stiffes up on Broadway. I ain't mindin' the horses and the drivin' but the loadin' and unloadin' part is sure hell."

The Duchess laughed. "What they payin' you, Bill?"

"Twenty a week. An' me able to pull down a hundred under Dan! That's what comes of fallin' for a frail."

"But it's a honest game, Bill, the coal hauling business and if you want me like you say—"

"Well, I'm stickin' ain't I?"

The days slipped by and Bill stayed with his coal hauling job, coming back to the saloon each evening to see the Duchess and the old crowd. Dan had said nothing about Bill's step: Dan never tried to change the course of a life. The Duchess had apparently forgotten Jim Henderson and she was beginning to look forward to the time when Bill would have enough saved to take her away. There would be no make believe before Bill. Bill knew what she was and understood. That was the comforting thing about Bill.

The Duchess did not know that the River Belle had tied up outside and she was talking to a man from Cairo when Jim came in. He went straight up to her and held out his hand. He was glad to see her and showed it.

"We had to put in for coal," he said. "How are you, anyway?"

The Duchess said, "All right, kid. Regular river man, now, ain't you?"

Jim grinned. "Let's sit down," he suggested but the Duchess shook her head.

"Too busy, this evenin', you go on up town an' take in a show. They say the Olympic has a good bill."

Her voice was cold and the boy winced. They were alone, now. She went on, speaking hurriedly, sharply.

"Look here, kid, I told you this wasn't no place for you to come. Don't tell Dan I'm runnin' off his trade but—aw, why

can't you stay home like you had ought to?"

Jim laughed, proud of his new independence, his newly acquired knowledge of the world and of men and women.

"Nothing doing," he said, "I like you, Duchess, and I don't see why I can't see you once in a while. You know I have never believed half the things they say about you. They are jealous, that is all."

She was very close to him and her eyes were soft. She closed them and a tear dropped to her cheek. She turned to leave him but he caught at her hand. Fiercely she turned on him.

"You beat it!" and her voice was hoarse. "Beat it before I call some of them strong arm guys over here!"

The boy said, "You're bluffing. You don't mean that. You like me and I am going to see you often. You are not like other girls back home. You—why—you aren't crying, are you?"

"No! I ain't c-c-cryin', you poor boob. I-I'm laughin'! Can't you see I'm laughin'? Oh, Kid, I wish to God—"

"What's your real name, Duchess?" asked the boy, again taking her hand.

"Rose—but I ain't spreadin' it around. I don't want all them people to know. Even I got some pride left. You ain't listenin' to me, kid."

The boy was musing. "It's a pretty name—Rose!" and then he turned to her with a smile, "Come on, Rose, let's slip away up town. We'll have a bit to eat at a decent place and then see that show you spoke of. Come on."

She shook her head. "It ain't safe. Dan wouldn't let me."

"I'll kill Dan if he opens his mouth. It's his fault that you are here in this terrible place. I'll—"

"No, no, kid," she broke in. "You got Dan all wrong. He ain't mixed up in it. Dan's been white to me. Some day, maybe, I'll tell you just how white Dan's been, but now I got to go an' smile at them folks what just come in. See, they ain't buyin'."

She ran from him and as she slipped past Bill Lefty, her arm was imprisoned. Bill leered at her and his breath nauseated her. Bill wasn't particular about his whiskey. All he demanded was a kick.

"I never knowed you to fall for a man

before, much less a Rollo-boy," Bill cried, roughly. "Don't forget that it's me you're waitin' for."

The Duchess drew away. "There ain't many MEN that comes in this place, Bill," she said. "You an' them ratty old pilots by the stove don't give a girl no extra heart beats."

Bill gripped her arm tighter and his face was close.

"Lay off, do you hear?" he cried, "I got a line on this kid. He's from Louisville an' his old man's a big noise down there. Me an' Dan got a little deal on we ain't aimin' to have spiked by no foolin' on your part, see?"

"You an' Dan? So you've quit the coal haulin' business, Bill?"

"Hell, them guys give me a pain, expectin' a man to work from mornin' 'till night for twenty a week. An' unloadin' coal too!"

"Wasn't it worth it—for me, Bill?" and there was a hungry look in her eyes, a look of pleading.

"You? You ain't seemin' worried, moonin' round with that damn kid from Louisville. You let him alone, understand. If you don't there'll be hell to pay!"

"Bill," she pleaded, "I ain't crazy but I like this kid. He's just a damn fool baby, Bill an' he thinks that I—that I'm like other girl's an'—he thinks—"

"Supposin' I tell him a few things?"

"Bill," and her voice was hard, vibrant, "if you talk to that kid, I'll kill you, Bill, so help me! If there's any snitchin' done, I'm goin' to do it. Why can't you leave him be, Bill? He ain't much of a man. He's just a kid that needs mindin'."

Bill laughed and turned to one of his cronies and the Duchess looked for Jim but he had gone out into the night. She went to the door and stared out into the rain, but he was nowhere in sight. A new feeling of loneliness came over her, oppressing her. She went to her room and lay down. When Dan knocked, inquiring as to why she was not in the saloon, she told him that she was ill and sent him away. She turned her face to the wall and she wished that she could cry but there were no tears left to a woman like her.

"Gawd," she cried, "why can't I love my own kind?"

The river was not far from the building line, now, and it was still raining from the Rockies, where the headwaters of the Missouri spring into existence, eastward to the Lakes. The government meteorologist was predicting a stage of thirty feet. There was considerable uneasiness on the lower river.

The Duchess stood looking out at the red sea of water and then she went inside, shivering. She sat down at a table near a vicious looking man with a broken nose, a New Orleans levee rat who had drifted in with the scum. She didn't even look into his face.

"Buy me a drink," she said, mechanically.

An old pilot stopped beside her. "What's eating you, tonight, Duchess?" he asked. "You got about as much warmth as I got beauty an' Gawd knows there ain't nobody chasin' after me for me manly shape. Gal, ye're scrapin' bottom."

The Duchess looked up and twisted her lips into what passed for a smile. She stared into her glass and then she drained it. The New Orleans levee rat with the broken nose watched her furtively.

When Dan closed up, toward morning, and lighted a lamp, the saloon was empty except for the man with the broken nose. He sat in a corner, snoring loudly, his head on his arm. Dan looked at him and smiled.

"Let him sleep," he told the waiter. "I've got all the money out of the cash drawer in the safe in my room. I want to see Bill Lefty. Where is he?"

"He's upstairs waitin' for you, boss," the waiter said.

The saloon was dark and only two lights shone upstairs. In one room sat Dan and Bill, in the other was the Duchess, staring from her window at the rain.

She was tired but her soul was restless. She decided to walk for a few moments in the rain. She stepped from her room into the hall and she heard the voices of Dan and Bill. She went down stairs into the saloon and lighted a lamp. The man with the broken nose blinked at her and laughed.

"So you come down to me, didn't you, dearie?" and his voice sent shivers down her spine.

"What are you doing here?" she asked calmly.

"Never mind that, dearie. I'm here an' I'm waitin' for a kiss."

He reached for her and she cried out. He twisted her arm and tried to draw her to him but she fought with the fury of a wild thing. He pinned her arms and dragged her toward the door that led to the levee. It was locked and he splintered the glass with his fist. The Duchess screamed.

From the stairs, Bill Lefty fired. Back of him was Dan. The man with the broken nose slipped to the sawdust covered floor, blood flowing from an ugly hole in his head. The Duchess wrenched herself away and ran toward Bill. The gun in Bill's hand was still smoking.

"I've killed him," Bill said, and the Duchess shivered.

Dan looked curiously at Bill and then, without a word, turned toward the still body. It must be disposed of but that was relatively simple and there would be no one to inquire for this levee rat. Bill clutched at the hand of the Duchess.

"He won't bother you no more," he said. "Get me a drink."

"You killed him, Bill—for me, didn't you?"

"Keep your trap shut. Where the hell is the whiskey?"

Somehow, the Duchess passed the rest of the night and she came down early to find Bill sitting at a table, staring at the rapidly mounting waters outside on the levee. She went up behind him and rested her hand on his shoulder. He started.

"Cut it out, can't you?" he cried and she saw that his hand was unsteady.

She understood and left him. She stood by the bar, watching him as he drank steadily. He had killed for her!

That night had made her his. He had killed for her. They were bound together by bonds that could not be broken. She closed her eyes but her teeth clenched. She must not fail him now, no matter what it cost.

The records in St. Louis show that the rainfall reached a precipitation of nearly

ten inches during April of that never to be forgotten year. Out in the state and across Kansas, it rained as hard. The Missouri, swollen beyond its banks, emptied a red flood into the Mississippi. The Illinois swept another avalanche of rushing death down through the fertile plains to the east. The levee at St. Louis was covered and the water stood a foot deep in Dago Dan's saloon. Townspeople streamed down the narrow streets to stare in amazement at the sea of rushing waters which moved with ever increasing fury down the Gulf.

Down river, below Cairo and along the low Arkansas and Tennessee shores, conditions were worse. Broad expanses were inundated, acres of wheat washed out, cotton fields turned into mighty lakes. Levees held for a time before the concerted front presented by an army of feverishly sweating workers only to break, sweeping death and destruction before them. Cities were isolated and pestilence followed in the wake of the waters. Great steamboats were swept from their moorings and, slashed by the fury of a thousand crazed whims of the mad waters, were smashed into kindling.

Old river men shook their heads. Never before within the memory of the oldest had Father Mississippi showed so terrible an anger. The homeless begged for food and the destitute prayed to God for mercy. Towns were swept from the face of the map and still the rain fell. The pious began to read from their Bibles of how in the days of Noah, a restless and a wicked world had been swept into the sea. The reformers nodded their long heads wisely and pointed toward the theater, the dance hall and even the struggling new moving pictures that were just beginning to flicker in darkened nickleodeons. A little congregation in Mississippi began to build an ark, forsaking the animals that should have gone in two by two for their more worldly goods including their best clothes, their softest featherbeds and a case of chewing tobacco.

It wasn't so bad in St. Louis, but along the low Illinois shore it was infinitely worse. The eastern approach to the great bridge was useless. Cahokia Creek was swallowed up, lost in the mad sea of swirl-

ing waters. The only entrance to St. Louis in this direction was by boat from Alton, twenty miles to the north.

South of St. Louis, some river dwellers were taken from their homes by rescue squads of police, but the city, itself, being on high ground, was in no danger. That portion that faced the waters along the levee was of little consequence, anyhow.

The last week in April, found the waters close to the second floor in Dago Dan's saloon. Everything had been moved upstairs and a scant crowd still sat in the illy-furnished, lamp-lit rooms. Dan was still there and so was Bill Lefty. The Duchess would always be there, people said. At night, boats tied up outside the very windows and those who were not too tired from their day's hard work, found their way to the usual gathering place. There was some fear felt for the foundations of the building but shoulders were shrugged in unconcern. River men don't like changes and the water would have to drive them out.

Bill Lefty was uneasy, those days. A police boat tied up outside, one day and the officers came into the saloon. They went straight to Dan.

"We found the body of a man that had been shot," said the lieutenant in command. "It turned up in a backwash below Chouteau Avenue, today. He's a river character and he has a broken nose. Know anything about him?"

Bill spilled his liquor. The man with the broken nose had come back with the flood. He watched Dan but Dan was calm, courteous, surprised that they should come to him. He shook his head.

The Duchess stood beside Bill and her own heart beat faster but the police went away, at last. She patted the arm of her man. No matter what he was, what he did, she was his. He had killed for her and the tie could not be broken.

Then, the River Belle tied up along the front of the half inundated buildings and not long afterward, Jim Henderson appeared in a row boat. He climbed through a window and with a smile on his face, he stood his hip boots in the long line of similar footwear.

The Duchess was alone and he went to her at once. He took both of her hands in

his and the color crept faintly to her face. She looked about them but Bill was not in sight. She laughed, carelessly.

"You've been gone a spell, kid," she said, avoiding his eyes.

"It seems ages, Rose and I missed you so. As soon as we tied up, I came to you. Have you missed me—just a little, Rose?"

"Back up, kid," and she laughed, a little too loudly, "Ain't you never goin' to learn that women like me ain't the kind that misses anybody? People are all the same to me, see? All the same an' one ain't different from the rest."

The boy appeared older, more of a man, now. There were lines about his eyes. There was a new note in his voice. He took her hands, again.

"Quit it," he said. "You're trying to make me believe that you don't care. But I know better. It's in your eyes, Rose, your eyes that won't meet mine. You care—you do!"

"No, no! I'm not your kind! Haven't I told you that? I'm bad—bad——"

"You are not bad. You have been ignorant, unfortunate. I'll kill the man who says you are bad, Rose. You haven't had a chance, that's all. While I was away, I could think of nothing but you. We've been working like niggers bringing in farmers and their stock, but I didn't forget. Rose, I want to take you away."

She was trembling and there were tears in her eyes. They crept down her cheek and the boy would not let her hands go. Her voice was low, jerky. She half sobbed. She would not look at him.

"I wish to Gawd—but I can't! I can't! You belong to them that loves you and I belong to—another man! Listen, kid, an' turn loose my hands. I got to stick here. I got to, kid. Maybe I ain't happy an' maybe I am. Aw, forget me, forget the Duchess—"

"I love her. Oh, Rose, I love you and I want to take you away from the river. You were right about the river and I'm going to quit, go back to my father and I want to take you to him, too."

She smiled through tear brightened eyes and she didn't mind that he saw her crying.

"It sounds pretty, kid, mighty pretty, but you ought to know better by now. I

bet you got a sweetheart in Louisville an' here you're carryin' on with me this way."

"That isn't true. There has just been you, Rose."

Bill Lefty walked into the room, pausing at sight of these two. His hand went to his hip and then he grinned. The Duchess cried out and instinctively Jim drew her to him for protection. Bill laughed.

"Your little boy came back, didn't he?" and Bill laughed uproarously. "Well, he come back to get this!" and Bill struck.

Jim came out of the corner. There was blood on his face. His eyes were dark. He shook his head as though to clear his vision. He spoke to Rose without letting his eyes leave Bill.

"Who is this man?"

Rose tried to speak but the sound died in her throat. Bill leered.

"I'll tell you," he cried. "I'm the guy that this gal belongs to!"

"You lie!" cried Jim.

Bill backed away. At the door he paused and turned the key. Just the three were in that little room, the Duchess and the two men. Bill faced Jim Henderson and his voice was cruel. Bill was sure of himself.

"Call me a liar, eh?" he cried. "I'll show you!"

But this time Jim leaped aside and sent a wicked left uppercut into Bill's face. Bill tore off his coat as Jim waited.

The Duchess threw herself between these two madmen but Jim gently pushed her aside. He patted her arm.

"This had to come," he said. "We three in a room and only two of us will go out."

The two men locked in an embrace, chest against chest, shoulder against shoulder. It would be to the end. They were silent, straining, muscles drawn to the breaking point. The girl stood by the window, her hands to her lips.

And Fate chooses its own time. Outside the window, a crackling, swishing sound came to the ears of the girl. She looked out in the rain and darkness. The mad waters rushed past the window. The river was still rising. Beneath the room sounded a deep grinding, a rumbling and many gentle splashes. The floor

swayed easily beneath the straining men. The Duchess understood. This building was going, the foundation crumbling in the greedy water.

The room swayed bodily and the two men were thrown to their knees but neither of them relaxed a muscle. The girl cried at them, beat at them both with her fists.

"The house is washing away," she cried. "For Gawd's sake come while there's time. Oh, we gotter get out."

She tried the door but it was locked. She beat at it with her fists but the heavy panels yielded not an inch. She ran to the window. Only the swirling, tossing waters greeted her. Trapped! She must get help and yet she could not get away. She cried aloud.

The two men did not hear. Jim jerked his right arm loose and as they fell from a clinch, Jim struck, sending Bill Lefty reeling to a corner. But he leaped to his feet and carried Jim against the opposite wall with the force of his rush. The walls began to crumble. The water was rising and the two men fought on in that room with its locked door. A section of the floor gave way and dropped with a gasping, sapping whirr into the water. The two men rolled on the remaining planks and the girl in the corner screamed.

She ran again to the window. She looked out and down. Her hand touched a rope. She peered into that gloom. A rowboat was tied there at the window. It was Jim's. She screamed her happiness. She turned toward the men.

Jim struck Bill full on the jaw and Bill went down and out. Jim stood there, his knees weak and the building tilted at a dangerous angle.

"Jim," the Duchess cried, "Jim, come quick. There's a boat here, Jim, a boat."

He ran toward her and she climbed through the window into the boat. He was half way over the sill and he paused. He looked back in the room. Water was running over the floor boards. Bill Lefty lay there, motionless.

"Quick," cried the Duchess, "we got to move fast or it'll catch us, Jim. Oh Jim, thank Gawd, you got out. It ain't too late. Hurry——"

"Rose, we can't leave him there."

The girl threw her arms about him. She drew his head toward her own. Her voice was shrill with fear.

"Jim, he ain't worth it. Oh, I can't let you go now. I do love you Jim. Let's get away, get away quick."

The man shook his head slowly.

"I've got to go back," he said and stepped into the room.

The Duchess stood there watching him. She saw the room go black as the lamp slipped to the floor with a crash. She heard the grinding of the waters against the rotten timbers. She stood there an eternity and then she felt the wall beneath her hand tremble. The place must go in a minute.

"Help me Rose," and Jim staggered to the window.

They dropped Bill's unconscious form into the boat and then Jim climbed in beside her. She kissed his face and held him close as he pushed off. The building went with a crash and their little boat rocked like a cockle shell on the seething waves.

Jim found an oar and pulled the boat in to shore a mile below the place where they had started their grim journey. They left Bill safely pulled up on dry ground and they stole away into the darkness.

They boarded a street car and rode back toward the place where Dago Dan's had stood. But at the top of the hill leading down to the levee, they paused. The girl shook her head.

"Dan's is gone," she murmured, "and the Duchess kicked out with it. If you still want to take a chanct on me, kid, why——"

"Chance, Rose? God allowed us to get out of that room and we're going to be thankful the rest of our lives—together!"

HOW I BECAME AN ADDICT.

BY HARRIETTE UNDERHILL

Motion Picture Editor of The New York Tribune

A LITTLE knowledge may be a dangerous thing, but no knowledge at all is fatal! So if you are fully determined to stop being a bookkeeper or a saleswoman or a housewife or a farmer, and become a famous scenario writer, by all means learn something about it before you begin to send out your efforts for approval! This is the way we now amend our advice to those aspirants who write to us for assistance. Time was when we would merely write "don't" to them, but assistance, you see, is what they really want—not advice!

At first we used to misunderstand and we offered our "don't" as advice, but in each instance we would receive in answer to our letter a few curt lines saying: "I think you misunderstood me. I am *determined* to be a screen writer. I did not ask for advice about that. I only wanted advice about how to dispose of my stories. Please let me know by return mail where to send them."

Oh, yes, indeed! People are quite as resentful of advice when you use up your own time, your own note paper and your own stamps in responding to their appeals as though you were forcing your way into their lives after repeated efforts on their part to shut you out. We have made it a rule to

answer all of the letters which we receive as motion picture editor of the *New York Tribune*, and, of course, many of them are easy to answer, it being necessary only to say "Thank you, I am glad you agree with me that 'A Fate Worse than Death' was a poor picture."

Sometimes they would send us their idea of an extremely snappy screen story and sometimes we would read it. These stories written by amateurs are intended to be features and they contain, usually, enough plot to make at least 100 feet of film; but the author always writes "of course I intend to work this out more fully." We often had heard scenario editors tell about the unsolicited stories which were sent to them—but we never believed a word of it until they began to send them to us. Then only did we realize the colossal ignorance of the layman (and woman) as to what constitutes a good screen story. We are not going to tell you about it because you wouldn't believe it "sight unseen" any more than we believed it when the scenario editors used to tell us about it. And still, through it all, was apparent that fixed determination to express their souls in the language of the screen and, incidentally, to earn a lot of money while doing it.

No profession ever invented has

brought such quick and dazzling returns as the movies. Tales of million dollar bonuses, half million dollar salaries, and \$10,000 prizes for short stories have set the world on fire—yea from Greenland's icy mountains to Africa's sunny clime.

Now, to all these people who wrote for advice as to a course of action not once did we consider recommending a course in photoplay writing. We disapproved of such courses—we disapproved of stories concocted according to formula. We liked writing which was inspirational. We looked for personality, whimsicality, originality and humor. "One Glorious Day" furnished us many glorious hours—we saw it three times. "Hold Your Horses" was a joy; "Tol'able David" was a classic. The words "photoplay course" were to us what is a split infinitive unless you are in earnest. And then, one day, when we were expounding our views a young man took us aside and said: "Did it ever strike you that you are an extremely egotistical person?" It hadn't, and we said so, and then he agreed to prove it to us in ten minutes, if we would listen.

He started off by saying: "If you owned a hat store on Third Avenue would you display hats to suit the people who passed by your window or would you make hats to suit yourself?"

"I should move to Fifth Avenue," we replied.

"All right. I'll put it another way. Do you feel that all of the hats or all of the gowns in the country should be designed according to the ideas of the Fifth Avenue costumer?"

"How silly! Of course not—people in New York dress differently anyway—that sort of thing probably wouldn't please people all over the United States."

"Well, there you are! There are styles in pictures as well as in clothes. Do you know that nearly every picture which has been rewarded with the turned down thumbs of New York critics has been a financial success out through the States?"

"Do you know that hundreds and hundreds of stories are required to keep the movie mill moving? Do you know that if producers began to eliminate what you call 'bad pictures' and made only what you call 'good pictures' that thousands of people would never be able to go to see the pictures at all and other thousands would not even care to go because they would not find there anything to interest them? It is all right to talk about educating the people but you've got to do it gradually and subtly. Few people want to be uplifted—they want to be amused."

We saw what he meant and being a frank person didn't mind saying that in a way he was right. We *had* been feeling pretty contemptuous of all the people who did not agree with us about pictures. If any one said he was bored by "One Glorious Day" that was the end of him as far as we were concerned. Anyone who didn't realize that "Foolish Wives" was the world's greatest picture was totally lacking in artistic temperament.

But after the man gave us that heart to heart talking to we began to reform. While everyone was try-

ing to make bigger and better pictures, we were trying to make a bigger and better critic. When we saw a picture where the heroine burst into a boudoir which was the director's idea of a Fifth Avenue mother's rest room, and exclaimed: "Embrace me, mother, I am betrothed," we said, "Now, Harriette, would that have impressed you so disagreeably five years ago?" No, of course not, and aren't there plenty of people who are going to enjoy this picture because they haven't caught up with you yet?

"Of course there are! And don't you know that there are plenty of 'serious thinkers' who point the finger of scorn at you because you enjoy *any* kind of picture? Of course, you know it. And isn't it the real truth of the matter that you consider yourself just the proper mixture of intellect and tolerance—a nicely balanced cross between the high brow and the humorist? And the still small voice answers, 'Yes, we did have pretty much that idea!'"

Well, right on top of this another question is raised. "What are you

going to do about it?" And after a little reflection we answered ourselves, saying, "I'm going to get over it."

So we started in. Instead of saying: "That is a rotten picture," we would say, "I do not care for that type of picture but there are a lot of people who do." Instead of congratulating ourselves on our superior judgment we began to pat ourselves on the back for our perspicacity; for it is now our boast that we could, if necessary, tell any exhibitor what kind of audience is going to like a certain picture. We still "know what we like" but we have learned to view it also with the other fellow's eyes. And we hope that all of the people who have been saying to us for years, "Don't be so intolerant," will see this confession.

Isn't it funny that the thing most of us cannot tolerate is other people's narrowmindedness? So now, when anyone writes to us and says, "How can I become a scenario writer?" we write back and say, "Take an accredited course in photoplay writing."



"THE ETERNAL CARMEN"

BY ELIZABETH MAURY COOMBS

A Model Photoplay

ALL through Lent the Theatre Argamasilla de Alba, Mexico City, had been closed, and the "Ideal Carmen" had, by order of her priest, prostrated herself daily before the black-draped altar of Our Lady of Guadalupe. But even at the shrine, she played as before an audience—true, an audience mostly of Indians, though not the American "noble Red Man" variety but the Aztec type; a sad little people with furtive eyes and the droop that centuries of oppression had caused to seep into their very souls,—even to these she played, because she must, while they knelt or crouched on the stone floor. She played also to the Spaniard who overshadowed them, as a banner waves above a squad of common soldiers, flaunting dominant! Before the Castilian women, still with the racial perfection of feature, though after thirty they were either swathed in folds of flesh or withered into wrinkled leather, she played always a part. For all these she merely did living picture acts in church, and semi-consciously; but for the men who attended mass she really did a histrionic role. They were few, these men, until they found on what boards she was treading—those of piety—then they came, blue-jowled even after shaving, with immense roving, seeking eyes, that rested only in their wandering gaze when they reached the beautiful back of the "Ideal Carmen" kneeling, her round arms uplifted in supplication, the only note of white in a sea of black like a star drowning in a moat at midnight.

"Ah, what sin can a woman so beautiful have done," they whispered, "one scarlet

enough, it seems, to make her attend mass regularly—the saints be thanked!"

But on this day her usual audience was augmented, and she felt it, even before she heard the mutterings of an American rancher:

"Gee, I am glad it's the Mexican Judas day—oh you know, they hang up lay figures of Judas Iscariot and cut them to pieces after dragging them around the streets by ropes. You'll see. The theatres open for one night and then the season closes. Carmen," nodding his head in the direction of her back, "plays tonight as Carmen herself, and I am awfully glad, I am weary of seeing her here in the role of a well creped door-bell—so glad you fellows will see her on the stage tonight."

Now from the confessional came the droning procession of the priests and as they stripped the black cloths from the High Altar rose the cries of the street peddlers in the very doors, selling the effigies of Judas Iscariot—images of wax, of plaster, some of dirty rags, all with ropes on their ugly necks to be dragged by, through the streets, through the gutters and sewers, then hanged by a frenzied and delighted populace.

A street or two from the theatre, Carmen alighted from the rancher's automobile, and with lowered mantilla went alone through the back entrance into the dusty wings, cool and draughty even in the heat of day.

"Carmen, Carmen, ah, come here! I must—ah, I must speak with you." Into the dusk of the wings she walked silent as a cat steps, and a young Spaniard there laid down a sword he had been sharpening and held out his arms to her, beseechingly. She drew back.

"Ah, not yet?" he appealed, softly.

"*Manana*, my Pedro," she breathed, then laid her fingers on his lips as she helped

him replace into its rack ever so silently the sharpened sword. Feeling its edge she laughed in rippling silence, and as her mother called her from an inner room he stole away. But again she was intercepted as she tried—not very hard—to pass a stout and older Spaniard who was entering from the other side of the building. He carried in his hand a tiny whetstone such as *peons* use to sharpen their grass blades. Warm and damp from concealment he held it to her lips; she kissed it, and he tried to slip his arm about her.

"It will be sharp now," he murmured, "your lips have blessed it—but how about me—bless me, Carmen!"

And again her lips opening like a flower breathing, sighed, "*Manana*, my Martinez."

"Come in here," called the Senora again, as Carmen started for the third time toward her apartment. "Take off that dirgeful mantilla. Ah, tonight it is a jubilee!" she exclaimed.

Senora Concha Gonzales' figure lapped over itself in the all-undulating waves of uncorseted comfort. Her serial chin was like a waterfall in front while her magnificent hair at the back, coiled and intercoiled in intricate writhings, seemed not unlike a nest of beautiful smooth black water snakes. She was the call boy, scene-shifter, mistress of the wardrobe, nurse in "Romeo and Juliette," and owner of the Gonzales Opera Company. Naturally, she was also the mother of the "Ideal Carmen," who swayed her audience nightly as she swayed herself in this, her favorite role.

"Ah," she again panted, "tonight it is a jubilee! The Federals have taken the city! They march, march, march through the Plaza!" mimicked the Senora, marching like a mountain on parade. "Ah, mucha caliente!" Opening the neck of her peignoir, she fanned into it, making herself like a huge white balloon tugging at its string.

"Where are my Judases?" pouted the beautiful Carmen. "Pedro was to send me one, Martinez one—don't say you have slit them and eaten the dulces—pig of a mother?"

"I, I! Ungrateful one, here." Dragging two lay figures of Judas Iscariot

from under a disorderly wardrobe. They were still filled with pralines and mala-cocha candies—but one being slightly slimmer than the other at once caught the girl's quick eye.

"Beast!" cried she, examining the mended rent in his silk anatomy, "you have split him and eaten his insides!"

"Liar," retorted the Senora, "I have not—besides the dulces were stale—a last year's Judas—your lover bought him cheap. 'Twas not so in my day, young men—*hundreds*—I dare swear, chased me from the church dragging Judases to my feet filled with pralines of the *best*—with French bonbons! You, you have but the two suitors—both of my Opera Company so you could catch them easily: Martinez like a sack filled with beans—fat, so fat!" spreading her arms and with eyebrows nearly joining her hair. "And poor, lean Pedro, like a dead frog in a dry water hole. Jealous of each other, are they?" she cackled. "Puppets, Gringoes! Why not they fight then? Martinez would bleed beans if he were stabbed, and poor, skinny Pedro—a bird cage of bones—he would run away rattling like castanets at the sight of a sword."

The girl still pouted, her red lips closed like a shut Hibiscus bud.

"But come, let us flay him," said the Senora, pointing to the lay figures as she led the way to the stage. "Hang up the false apostle," her voice came thick and sweet like heavy syrup poured. The girl, climbing with the sinuosity of a female panther, hung the puppet Judases to the branches of a painted scenic tree, and seizing a stage sword beat him with resounding blows. The Senora also took a sword—one of those used in the duel scene of "Carmen"—and together they whacked the hideous sagging figures of the candy-filled Judases with the savage brutality of generations of bull-fighters. Panting, the old woman swung the sword, then stabbed furiously at the swinging figure, running him through at a blow. The candies, released, rattled through the slit like toy musketry and fell on the stage, dustclouded with the strenuous play of the savage children—mother-child and daughter-child.

Groping on her knees, the sweat in a

beaded rim on her upper lip, the old woman devoured the candies while the younger one stuffed them between her exquisite lips and bit them like a playful cat, leaping from one to another sweetmeat with gurgling cries. Exhausted finally, they both rose and the Senora took up her sword.

"Mother of God, but 'tis sharp"—feeling the edge with one fat thumb. "I thought them dull—these stage swords—" 'Twas I stabbed him!" she boasted, "you but beat him half-heartedly—the false apostle—he felt my knife in his inky heart," she gloated. Snatching the wrinkled thing of baggy silk, she tore it savagely with her pin-cushiony hands and spitting on it flung it far into a corner.

"Come," she said, sailing ahead, "you will have your last meal before the opera now. No supper for you till afterwards. You can't sing full of *chile con carne*. Your voice is as thick as boiled *frijoles* anyway. Ah me, I had a voice as sweet as wine—sweet as roses—sweet as roses steeped in wine! You're flat, compared with me. But come, eat, and be away to your siesta."

She led the way to a back room, for in the back apartments of the theatres the Senora always managed to live and have her being—no hotels or lodging bills for her. There stood a casserole filled with red pepper pottage, a pile of thin corn cakes—tortillas—while a fresh cheese wrapped in cabbage leaves sat on the only chair, so that the two women were compelled to squat Indian fashion on a figured mat in front of a brazier of glowing charcoal, now dull, now bright, like pomegranate blooms on a grey day.

The singer of the day that was dead took up an onion, and dipping it in oil, broke a generous bit of cheese and chewed them impartially, while the girl scooped up the *chile con carne* with a bent *tortilla*. The meal finished, they rolled a couple of brown shuck cigarettes with fingers stained already to deep sienna, and smoking fell asleep on a couch of mats and discarded stage curtains.

"It is late," cried the Senora, poking her head in the girl's door, as she stood before the glass leisurely reddening her lips—which did not need the attention—and

tucking the red rose behind her ear, draped the gaudy shawl of "Carmen" under her arms, flinging a fringed corner over one naked shoulder and but half across her full heaving bosom, she became her natural self, "Carmen" to the life, as swinging along she followed her mother to the stage.

"The house is streaming full!" exclaimed the Senora, panting back from the peephole as the chorus took its place. "What care I whether Federals or Constitution-alists," she hissed, "it is a good night for the Opera." She shook the woven maguey bag at her waist, for, careful soul, she had taken the moneys from the doorkeeper before he could filch them.

Now came the cue for Carmen; and Carmen dancing, swaying, full-breasted, olive-armed, took the middle of the stage, and the house gave one gasp of voluptuous pleasure.

On through the swing of chorus, the lilt of song, in the fire-savage opera of desire, she swayed their senses dizzily as one man, just as a torch waving, fast followed by a thousand eyes, becomes like a sea of fire.

From one of the other of her suitors—Martinez as the Toreador, and Pedro as Don Jose—she fled as one pursued, whispering between the lines of song, maddening them as the matadore maddens the bull, flaunting her charms, her lips like poisonous crimson flowers, now parted as an opening rose, now closed as a folded bud. Leaping like some playful, tawny tigress at the very breasts of her audience, she drank the incense of their inflamed blood in the thunderous applause of the common soldiers, and the rain of gold pieces from their officers that fell and tinkled at her dancing feet.

Waiting her call for the third act, she saw Pedro try his sword on a bit of lint before going on.

"It is too sharp perhaps for a stage sword?" she laughed.

"No, no!" he cried, showing his white teeth as the side of his lip lifted, and he went on singing his part as he went, to be met by the Toreador. Perfectly their voices mingled in the duet, and now the chorus filled the stage while Carmen stood a moment in the wings, her mother by her side. The Senora's richly jewelled hands were over her hips, her lips apart.

On the stage the snap—snapping of the steel in the duel scene of mimic passions oft paraded, was as meat and wine to the fighting men in the audience. They rose, calling, "Bravo, bravo!" until it seemed they must think it real. Pedro as Don Jose lurched forward to reach his opponent, and the Toreador drove his sword into the fleshy part of the baritone's extended arm—heedless of the cries of the audience. Mad with the sight of blood, the men fought like panthers, crouching, lunging, parrying, Martinez the heavier, was driving the wounded Pedro backward, backward almost into the wings, and right under the eyes of Carmen was murdering him while thousands looked on breathless—for far beyond all doubting the duel was a real one. In the tinsel trappings of the stage madly they fought. Breathing hard now Pedro leaped aside—seemingly his last leap—then in one final despairing lunge, drove his sword almost through the thick body of Martinez who had slipped and was falling forward on his knees, thus wrenching the sword from his successful opponent's hand and breaking it at the hilt, in his own body by the force of his fall.

Speeding through the wings—pausing not an instant as he snatched a serape from an astonished Indian at the stage door to enwrap his finery—fled the victorious baritone, now through the narrow twisting streets, aswarm with soldiers rioting over the conquered city, like flies in the carcass of a dead horse, then out into the arid country, across the rocky hills where the blooming cactus in the dim light seemed like church candles held aloft to show their yellow flame of blossoms. On to a shrine whereof he knew, perhaps built—ah who knows for such as he, in the wilderness of the world. Creeping now he entered the crypt of this church, on hands and knees until he was close under the altar, and waited, and waited.

The night wore thin and a filament of day was threaded into a peephole of the crypt. Dimly the fugitive heard the mumble of the Indians' prayers over him—the swish of priest's garments seemed almost to brush the hair of his head, the murmurs from the confessional sounded as if whispers in his own ear. And when the rav-

eled thread of day had worn away he heard the marriage service being said, the deep voice of a man, the treble of a timid girl. Somewhere now near the distant doorway the grunts—then the whirr of a motor car. But at last all was still—a long time he listened without a breath—then slunk—shadowy as a coyote, through the cactus thicketed country and back to the streets—back to the old theatre—gliding through the wings—silent as dust falling. Only at a dark stain on the stage floor a shudder fitted over him like wind over still water.

Old Senora Gonzales sat over her work, humming the Toreador song as she clipped silver button after silver button from a stage bull-fighter costume that had a stiff and blackened rent on the left breast. One after another she clanked the discs into the maguey bag at her waist. She turned at his weak whisper,

"You?"

"Yes, I, I came for her—she had promised if—I won she would meet me in the crypt of our Lady of Guadalupe—I have waited a day of a thousand years—where is she?"

"She told me she was going to you—she went just before midnight, guised as a nun, saw you no nun?"

"No—save one—passed 'me tonight with a damned Americano—Gringo in an automobile of red—bloody red!" he shuddered, putting trembling hands over his eyes to shut out the recollection of gushing blood.

"Ah, ah," rejoined the mother of Carmen with indifference, "It was she, doubtless—a Gringo, you say? One has been here days—and some nights—she went with him instead. She was an ideal Carmen, but," shrugging her shoulders, "the season is over."

Opening the window on the Plaza a voice called in, "The Constitutionalists have conquered!" Over against the still dark horizon flashed the gleam of guns and the booming of cannon trained against the adobe houses.

"I thought it would be so," said the Senora taking up her scissors, "because it was the Federals day before yesterday—and *manana*—ah quien sabe? Perhaps the Americanos—Gringos, they come at the last, do they not, Cheated One?"

THE "GAG" IN SCREEN DRAMA

BY TAY GARNETT

Noted "Gag-Man" and Motion Picture Director

GAG: Something thrust into the mouth to prevent speaking. Noah Webster.

GAG: A title, bit of business or situation worked into a picture to furnish "comedy relief."

GAG-MAN: One who follows a director about, ever on the alert to say, "I don't know," when his director asks, "What can we stick in here that'll get a laugh?"

HAVING effectively showed up Noah, I will proceed to alibi the "gag-man."

At the present time, the use of "gag-men" by dramatic directors is becoming more and more prevalent. The studios are infested with them. A ghastly state of affairs, I'll grant, but there is one sure means of combatting this rapidly growing evil. When the author effectively innoculates his stories with a solution of comedy he will have removed the substance upon which the gag-man's existence depends. Exit "gag-men" tearfully.

This demand for comedy relief is not a fad. It is one of the natural results of the efforts on the part of producers to make better pictures.

In the past, the value of comedy has certainly been recognized by the masters of fiction and drama. Shakespeare, in his tragedies, gives us "relief" in his rich satire. When Dickens dragged out his old "Corona" and warmed up the writing arm, he surely "gagged them" to the limit.

To put the whole thing into overworked, but still good, old nut shell: *Comedy is an integral part of any well constructed, well balanced drama.*

Comedy, carefully handled may be made to serve many different ends.

If you want to "make 'em weep," write in a dash of comedy and the tears will be bigger.

For instance: I saw a picture the other night in which there was a wonderfully developed pathetic scene. It "got" them. The crowd "out front" were sitting on the edge of their seats watching the scene through a mist. I had a football or a watermelon or something in my throat that I couldn't swallow.

It was great! Then they made a big mistake. They followed this sequence with another one, also obviously played for pathos. It was a "flop." Taken by itself, this scene would probably have been equally as effective as the preceeding one. The way it was handled, it didn't have a prayer. We had just seen a powerful scene enacted then we went right on into another one which was not quite so powerful. It was a let down. We had been carried too far on one note. We grew restless.

If, however, this director had given us a breathing spell in between the two scenes—if he had handed us a laugh, something that would have let us settle back into our seats and get a fresh grip on the arms of our chairs, he would have put the thing over.

Aside from this one point, this was a very well gagged picture too. Even "gag-men" miss once in a while, but then this was not my picture.

If you want to carry a long melodramatic suspense, a generous sprinkling of well placed laughs will help you along. In a case of this sort your gags, of course, must follow along the lines of the action—further that action rather than halt it.

An instance: In a recent picture there was a prolonged fight between the lead and the heavy—a battle to the death. While this battle was going on, friends of

"the blue eyed boy" were valiantly attacking the naughty little playmates of the bad-man in an effort to rescue "good looking" from his toils. There we have the situation. Hero and heavy "doing their stuff" and the rescuers below in the gorge, or maybe it was a canyon, burning up countless rounds of black powder blanks in a mighty effort to pull off a rescue.

We kept flashing back and forth from the main event to the battle royal. It was a great fight, one of the best, I believe that has ever been filmed, but it was long. Interminable. Yet, among all the people who saw this picture, there were very few who were conscious of this length. How come? Gags!

Throughout the entire battle in the gulch, got it right that time, there was a humorous drunk character who, in his maudlin way, was trying just as hard as the rest of them to make a lasting impression with his "forty-five" blanks. He had several carefully placed gags, with the result that they offered "relief" and the fight went over *big*.

To put a punch into scenes of no particular dramatic value. Unfortunately, you can't get a real dramatic kick into every scene. The establishing of your facts and your characters leading to your dramatic situations are often dry and uninteresting—your background or atmosphere colorless. Obviously if, through a logical well planted gag, you can give your audience a laugh while you are establishing your foundation, you've gone a long way toward holding their interest, which ultimately means the success of your picture.

Gags in Characterization. Through gags you can give an intimate insight into the mental processes of your characters.

An example of this may be seen in a recent Goldwyn release. The hero was a man of few words and, (a new angle in itself), he wore glasses. Not ornate shell-rimmed affairs, but just plain old-fashioned specs. When, in the course of the picture, this unusual young man became angered, as he did not infrequently, the first thing he did was to quietly remove his cheaters then someone got theirs. This business completed, our hero would once more don his specs in a businesslike

manner and, with an equally businesslike "that's that!," would go on about his affairs. It was fine. About the second time he reached for his glasses we began to laugh—we knew we were going to get some action. Afterward we waited for the title, "That's that!" Here was a fellow we knew and understood and we liked him. Throughout the picture he never failed us and, important fact—throughout the picture, that business with the specs and the title that followed it never failed to get a big laugh.

On the other hand, it may be seen that where gags are used for the purpose of characterization, it is often necessary to use them with reverse English: that is, gags that are decidedly not humorous in character.

As a case in point, let us glance at the introduction of the heavy in one of the prominent pictures of recent issue. The heavy is seated upon a huge dais idly watching a contest at arms. As he watches he affectionately strokes a pet falcon, a vicious looking bird. The obvious affection of the man for his pet unconsciously suggests to our minds the similarity between the two—both birds of prey. In an instant we have mentally characterized the man. For all that this bit of business contains no element of humor, still it may well be termed a gag.

We get still another angle on gags in comedy and the comedy drama. In putting over a long string of comedy it is often necessary to break it with a bit of pathos—a "human touch." In this way we can clear the track and get a fresh start.

In the entire industry, there is no one who understands comedy more thoroughly than our quaint "king of comics." It is this understanding, as much as his ability as an actor, that is responsible for the enormous success of his pictures. When he is building toward a laugh, very often he does it with pathos. He carries you to the point where you are almost ready to weep out of sympathy. Then, when he has you thoroughly prepared for it, he runs in his gag, with the result that you roar. You roar at the gag itself because it is funny but you roar twice as loud because it is an actual relief.

Let us discuss briefly, the latest product

of this genius. This is hardly a "comedy drama," still it contains much that the students of drama may well afford to consider. The picture is full of laughs—gagged to the limit. Some of the gags are new, others are the old tried and true "prop" gags, but they are all so beautifully "dolled up" and so cleverly handled that each one is an individual "riot."

The central character himself is laughable, whimsical, almost grotesque, but through it all *thoroughly human!* His gags are all played with a convincing sincerity so that, despite their frankly burlesque qualities, they are *real*. In addition to this and the almost pathetic appearance of the character, there is a more serious note that is carried through the greater part of the story—the utterly hopeless love of this funny little man for a beautiful girl. There are many times during the picture when you feel as though you'd like to laugh or cry but are not sure which. It is at these points that he has planted his big laughs and—

There isn't a gag in the picture that "misses"!

Gags in titles. After a picture is completed and the cutting begins, the discovery is often made that there are scenes that don't hold up. They are weak or colorless. Often scenes that are very funny during the making are very "bla" when you see them in the projection room. Scenes, on the other hand, that are very

tender and touching when they are made sometimes look almost burlesque when you run them. It may be that the voices and music fool the director when he's shooting. At any rate, the best of them miss once in a while. Then, in conference with the director, the editor and their assistants, the gag-man is called into help build up the weak spot. I've heard it said that there have been times when a gag-man, so situated, has actually come up for air with something really usable. Of course you can't believe everything you hear, but it has never been said about me, to my knowledge so "That's that!"

Summing up then: It is the duty of the gag-man to stimulate the interest and assist in characterization of people and places, whether it be through the medium of comedy or of pathos.

However, in the generally accepted understanding, his fundamental duty is to furnish comedy gags.

Did you ever step into a parlor to be introduced to someone when, immediately the formality was completed, he or she (usually a "she" if you are a "he") would smirk kittenishly and say "Oh I've been dying to meet you. Everyone has been telling me how clever you are!" Then waits for you to say something funny! Didn't you feel great? Well, that's just what the gag-man is up against all the time!

I'll tell you this gagging's a serious business—it ain't to be laughed at!"



' ***B**EING everlastingly on the job beats carrying a rabbit's foot for luck."*

MOTIVATION

BY SHELDON KRAG JOHNSON

ONE word covers that which is initial in both life and drama. Life is action. Drama is condensed action. It is life in both the sequence and the cross-section. It is more than the depicting of life, the merely "what" happened (that is the realm of narrative), for it is both an analysis and a synthesis.

In this era of an ever widening synthetic viewpoint it is fitting that we should realize drama to be synthetic life. And the keynote to life or drama is *motivation*.

Lest this seem to be too much in the realm of the intellect, too far removed from the heart, from the emotions, let it be said that emotion is what we feel about an idea. Emotion is the stamp of appraisal, of valuation which we place upon an idea. Idea or "thing" can be used interchangeably for they are the two ends of the same stick. When we are in possession of what we want we are filled with joy. When we perceive something in the light of wanting it but not possessing it we are filled with longing, with desire, and when we believe we are prevented from such possession we are filled with sorrow, grief and woe.

If it were not, however, for the activity of consciousness, if it were not for our being aware of such feeling, in other words, if it were not for the idea at the bottom of the emotional state, we would know nothing about it. Therefore it is correct to say that the idea is the index of the emotion. Art is the projecting of an emotional state but behind the emotion is the idea.

The word motivation, coinage of our most recent artistic expansion, the motion picture, sums up and expresses the above analysis.

It is, to an extraordinary degree, a word of freedom for it implies the factor of an active and unconditional volitionalism, much more than the mere record of reactions.

Life is a going, a perpetual dance of the veils, an infinite revealing. Drama is the record of this, with its arrests, its conflicts and its overcomings. But drama is more than the mere record of the happening, it is the simultaneous presenting of the "why" together with the "what." Only with the inclusion of the former does the latter rise into any significance.

As a writer the motivation of your characters is vital. No less vital is your own motivation. Do you think man in the mass thinks only from his stomach down or do you realize that the heart and the head, aspirations and ideals, have as universal an appeal as the so-called demands of the body? Do you think there is a response imminent in the soul of man to things of the spirit or do you think that man is but an animal, emerging backward from the depths of ancient environmental ruthlessness only too ready to respond to echoes from out that past? Your answer will color, or discolor, all subsequent motivation.

THE TEN GREATEST NAMES IN MOTION PICTURES

The Second of a Series

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The second article in this condensed history of the Motion Picture Industry, written by a noted pioneer of the profession, presents an intimate account and an interesting estimation of the director to whom, in spite of the splendid work of his colleagues, the cinema art owes the greatest debt.]

THE ten years following the bestowal of the medal of honor upon C. Francis Jenkins for his inventions were tremendously important years to the motion picture industry. During those years the industry was in an embryonic state and the public was not inclined to take this new form of entertainment very seriously. The majority of the pictures shown were travelogues and they were exhibited chiefly in the vaudeville houses, where they were added to the end of the bill as a sort of novelty. Then came the Nickelodeon, or the five-cent theatre, which made its bow as a regular motion picture house and was patronized by the poorer class. Comedies and western melodramas usually made up the program. The public didn't know the names of the actors and didn't take much interest in the screen personalities. It didn't seem as though pictures would ever command any great amount of public attention, and those who made them were content with the small revenue they received from the one-reelers and had no particular lofty ambitions.

The majority of pictures made in those days came from "The Black Maria" studio which Thomas Edison built at West Orange, New Jersey, at a cost of about five hundred dollars. One of the first motion pictures to be released was three hundred feet in length and was called "The Black Diamond Express." It was shown for the first time in Los Angeles by

Thomas S. Tally, the present owner of Tally's Broadway Theatre. Mr. Tally exhibited it himself with an Edison Vitascope on a screen in the rear of his phonograph parlor, and the projection was made through a tunnel of wood and black canvas which occupied the center of the phonograph shop, which Mr. Tally did not wish to darken during the "screening" for fear that prospective talking machine customers might be frightened away.

During the early days of the industry all the pictures were made in the East, but it soon became evident that California, which had introduced this form of amusement to the world, was destined to become the permanent home of the industry, for early in 1908 the first moving picture scenes for a photo-drama to be filmed in California were made by Colonel William N. Selig, of Chicago, who sent a company to Los Angeles to film the water scenes of "The Count of Monte Cristo." The first motion picture to be filmed in its entirety in California was "In the Sultan's Power," and this picture, too, was made by Colonel Selig. Hobart Bosworth played the leading role and Stella Adams, Frank Montgomery and Tom Santschi took important parts under the direction of Frank Boggs. This picture was made in the first Los Angeles studio, an old mansion at Eighth and Olive Streets.

A few months later, the New York Motion Picture Corporation sent a unit to the Pacific Coast, under the direction of Charles K. French. This company produced the famous Bison Brand of western pictures, and the original company consisted of Art Accord, James Youngdeer, "Princess" Red Wing, Barney Sherry,

Charles Avery, Jule Darrel, Evelyn Graham, William Gibbons, Fred Balshofer, Buster Edmonds, Phyllis Daniels, Marien Sayre, Madeline West, William Daniels, Margaret Favor, Edna Maison, Jess McGraw, George Gebhardt, Jack Conway, Howard Davies, Charles Inslee, E. H. Allen, Milt Brown and Frank Montgomery. The first pictures were made in Edendale, a suburb of Los Angeles, and the studio consisted of a horse corral and a small stage. For the same ground that the Sennett organization occupies today, and which is worth several hundred thousand dollars, Mr. French paid forty dollars a month rent. His stage occupied a space 18x18 feet. Some of the early productions were made for as low as \$112 a picture. The actors and actresses in stock received \$35 a week. Under normal conditions the old Bison company turned out a one-reel picture in two days and sometimes finished a picture between sun-up and sun-down. From November, 1909, to July 17, 1910, the Bison company, under Mr. French's direction, completed 185 pictures, or approximately one picture every day and a half.

The third company to come to Los Angeles was the Biograph unit, which arrived in January, 1910, and remained thirteen weeks. The Biograph erected a studio at Pico and Georgia Streets, and the first picture made was "Ramona," which because of the California locale of the story required a visit to the Pacific southland. The original Los Angeles Biograph Company consisted of D. W. Griffith, Mack Sennett, Arthur Johnson, Owen Moore, Mary Pickford, Florence Lawrence, Marjory Favor and Lee Dougherty.

Next to arrive in California was the Essanay Company of ten players which left Chicago on August 15, 1910, under the leadership of Gilbert M. Anderson, who was to become famous later as "Broncho Billy." They worked at Los Gatos, Santa Monica, San Rafael, Lakeside, Hollywood and Niles. Soon afterwards Kenean Buell brought a Kalem company to Los Angeles which previously had been working in Florida.

It is generally agreed that David Horsley's Nestor Company was the first to open a studio in Hollywood. Mr. Horsley,

in October, 1911, rented buildings for studio purposes at the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Gower Street, which was later taken over by the Universal Company.

On November 23, 1911, the Vitagraph Company sent a unit consisting of Rolin S. Sturgeon, Charles Bennett, Anne Schaefer, Tom Fortune, Robert Thornby, Helen Case, Tom Powers, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Burns, Robert Burns, Walter Stradling and Alfred Ziegler, to the Pacific Coast.

Universal may be said to have established itself on the coast when it took over the Nestor studio on May 12, 1912. A couple of months later the Universal purchased the property across the street from the Nestor acreage, which was later the home of the L-Ko comedy company. In August, of the same year, William H. Swanson, then treasurer of the Universal, leased 1,299 acres, now known as "the back ranch" at the end of the San Fernando Valley, and in August, 1914, Universal gave up this property and moved to the present site of Universal City. This city was formally opened on March 15, 1915.

In September, 1912, Mack Sennett and a small company, including Mabel Normand and Ford Sterling came to Los Angeles and took over the studio which had been used by the original Bison company. Famous Players began work in Los Angeles in 1912, when Edwin S. Porter brought a company to the coast to produce "Tess of the Storm Country," in which Mary Pickford was starred. The Lasky Company later merged with Famous Players, started work in Los Angeles early in 1914. At about the same time David W. Griffith brought the Reliance-Majestic company west. James Youngdeer made pictures for Pathe in 1912; Thanhouser opened a plant late in the same year; Lubin sent a company west under Captain Wilbert Melville in 1913, and the Balboa and Albuquerque companies also commenced operations about the same time. In the latter part of 1913, Bosworth, Inc., commenced making pictures.

When the Great War broke out the pioneer days had passed. The studios were well established. System had re-

placed haphazard methods of production. The days of crude sets and cruder acting were gone. Photography and direction had improved marvelously and the Los Angeles studios were prepared to win the world's markets.

At the present time there are forty-nine studios in and around Los Angeles, and about 175 producing units are at work. Los Angeles has about 25,000 picture people among its population who are paid about \$50,000,000 in salaries annually by producers, and these producers spend about \$25,000,000 annually for studio equipment and supplies. The total investment in studios runs into hundreds of millions of dollars.

A great deal of motion picture history has been written since the first showing of motion pictures on a screen at Koster and Bial's music hall, in New York, on May 3, 1896, and a great many names are responsible for the progress which has been made. Some of these names are forgotten by the public, many of them have remained unknown to those who now patronize this great art. Few pioneers receive the credit they deserve for their achievements, and the fame which rightfully belongs to them usually goes to those who come after, who, perhaps, in a more dramatic manner attract the attention of the crowd. To the majority of us, the name of Woodville Latham, who produced the eidoloscope, the first machine to project pictures from film, and the first to be commercially offered in the amusement world, means very little. How many "fans" are familiar with the name of Edward Amet, of Waukegan, Illinois? And yet, he played a very important role in the forgotten past when several mental wizards were trying to find a way to put the motion pictures on the screen. With the financial assistance of George K. Spoor, he finally developed a projection machine, and, from this friendship came the famous Essanay company. Then, there is Louis Lumiere. He was a famous French photographer, whose projector had for a time promised an international success, and was called the "cinematographe," a name worthy of note because it survives in motion picture parlance as cinema or kinema even though the device disap-

peared twenty years ago. A gentleman by the name of Thomas Armat, of Washington, built the type of projection machine which came to dominate the industry, and he continues today, in his home at Redondo Beach, California, to experiment for the technical advancement of picture projection. Other names which should not be forgotten include Colonel William Selig, founder of the world known Selig Polyscope Company, who contributed a great deal of thought and time to the advancement of the projection machine and gave the industry one of the greatest productions the public has ever witnessed—"The Spoilers." In this picture, which was an adaptation of Rex Beach's famous novel, Tom Sanschi and William Farnum gave the greatest fight ever seen either on the stage or screen, and, though many producers have since attempted to equal this great scene they have never succeeded in doing so. "The Spoilers," as produced by Colonel Selig, marked a great step forward in picture production and that picture will always occupy a special archive in the history of the screen.

Then there was LeRoy Latham, a nephew of Woodville Latham, who gave the first "store show" entertainment exclusively of films, in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1895, thereby putting himself on record as the first exhibitor of motion picture films. Perhaps many of those who attend picture shows have often wondered who was the first actor of the films. Some of them might have arrived at the conclusion that it was Mary Pickford, Arthur Johnson, Florence Lawrence, Owen Moore, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Jackie Coogan, or one of a dozen others whose names are today household words. But, if you told them it was Fred Ott they would be inclined to scratch their heads and wonder. Nevertheless Fred Ott has the distinction of being the first actor of the films. And, he wasn't an actor, either. In fact he had never played a role, other than that of a mechanic in Edison's laboratory. However, he was the first individual to appear in a role before the camera. What role did he play? He sneezed, and considerable footage was devoted to a reproduction of the facial contortions experienced during such. He played the role

of a sneeze and the continuity of action was one good healthy sneeze, and this also was the first close-up introduced on the screen.

There are many others who played very important roles in the progress of motion pictures during the days of its infancy, but the majority of them were interested in getting the motion picture on the screen, and, when this had been accomplished they rested. Few, if any of them, continued along with the procession or contributed any great amount of aid to its progress, as far as production was concerned. However, they are entitled to unlimited praise and their names will go down in motion picture history, even though the members of their generation knew little about their efforts or the parts they played in the embryonic days of this great art.

About the time that we began to manifest interest in the reproduction of action and suspense we shrank back and gasped as the locomotive came rushing from the background and dashed toward us until we began to move uneasily in our seats as it approached the foreground and threatened to speed directly into the audience and crush all those present.

Then there came a man out of Louisville, Kentucky, who was suddenly aroused to the great possibilities of the screen. This man had been an actor, and knew the value of suspense. He realized it was possible to put the stage on the screen. There was the train, interesting and thrilling enough in its natural sphere, but suppose a girl, bound and gagged, should be tied to the rails, directly in the path of the oncoming train? That would be more dramatic, that would give the audience a real thrill? He decided that these scenics and pictures of objects which play a natural part in the usual order of things were interesting enough and would command the attention of the public for a time because the motion picture was something new and novel. But, the public would gradually grow tired of passenger trains, steamboats, pugilistic encounters, country roads, cows grazing in beautiful pastures, and so on, unless they were used as backgrounds for dramatic stories. Eventually the moving picture patrons

would want to see pictures of life as it is lived by all of us, with all its drama, comedy, farce and melodrama. He believed in the future of the industry and realized that motion pictures had come to stay. He foresaw the great possibilities and his ingenious mind began working out improvements.

David Wark Griffith is the name of the man. He entered pictures very quietly and played small parts, traveling the road of the unknown actor for some time. Florence Lawrence tells me that he played a small bit in one of her pictures once, when she was the highest paid star in the films. But it wasn't long before he was made a director and began making one-reelers for the Biograph. The first picture to be produced under his direction was "The Adventures of Dolly," in which picture Arthur Johnson played the leading male role. That was in 1908, and even at that early date Griffith made the prediction that the day would come when pictures would be shown in first class theatres on Broadway. Later he made such pictures as "The Lonely Villa," "The Violin Maker of Cremona," "Judith of Bethulia," which featured such players as Mary Pickford, James Kirkwood and Blanche Sweet, and then he suddenly absented himself from the public for a long time. He went to California with a Biograph unit, where he continued making small features.

When he returned to New York he brought with him a picture that will live forever in the memory of every American. That picture was "The Birth of a Nation" and marked the beginning of a new epoch in motion pictures. He had fulfilled his prophecy, that the day would come when pictures would be shown in the best theatres on Broadway, and proved conclusively that the screen had no limitations. He had proved it by making a colossal spectacle, and almost overnight, raised the screen from its mediocrity to a height where it could command the respect of all classes. He brought it up to the level of the speaking stage and by his genius eclipsed the sanguine expectations of the most optimistic mind. He asked "top prices" from the public, and that public was perfectly willing to pay them and

to sit through an entire evening and look at motion pictures because it was given something really worth while to look at.

"The Birth of a Nation" was a sensation. It came at the psychological moment: at a time when harsh critics were firm in their belief that this infant industry would never outgrow its swaddling clothes. This production had all that was needed to make any production a success artistically and also from a box-office standpoint. It had great exploitation possibilities; it had magnitude the like of which had never been seen before on the screen. It had all the ingredients that are needed to make a great picture. It had a story, romance, thrilling action, suspense, startling climaxes and tremendous spectacles.

It was almost perfect, from every angle, and the public accepted it as the greatest effort on the part of a producer to give the public something really worth while in the line of pictures. It was shown in every city, village and hamlet in the country and people flocked to see what wonders had been worked by this great wizard of the screen with the aid of a camera. It was a great picture then; it is a great picture now. Theatres are still booking it and the public is still going to see it. It ran a year at the Harris Theatre in New York, and its run has never been equalled by any other production.

The public will remember D. W. Griffith for a long time. Probably fifty years from now his name will be familiar to picture patrons. Griffith is a genius. The public owes a great deal to him: the industry will ever be indebted to him. His is undoubtedly the best known name in motion pictures today. No man in the industry has illustrated better real love for this great art than has D. W. Griffith. With incredible vitality and an insatiable desire to upbuild the industry, he has traveled by calculated, methodical and studied steps the road to success.

We are of the opinion that he has done more to perpetuate the motion picture art than any other individual, and, for this reason we have selected his name as one worthy to be included in the list of the ten greatest names in motion pictures.

When he made "The Birth of a Nation" he did a very great thing. The public will remember him for that. It will also remember him for such productions as "Intolerance," "Hearts of the World," "Broken Blossoms," "Dream Street," "Way Down East" and "Orphans of the Storm." In each of these productions he proved himself a master of suspense, and convinced us that the public loves melodrama.

The members of the industry will remember him because of the many benefits it has derived from his ingenious mind, which gave to it such really great contributions as the "Close-up," "Fade-out," "Iris," "Medium Shot," the "Lap-dissolve" and the "Soft Focus." These were all important technical improvements and have been used by every director since Griffith introduced them.

As a director he stands alone. Every one of his productions represents a sincere attempt to contribute something really worth while to the industry he loves. His pictures are clean and wholesome and the entire family can see them without fear of blushing. He has never had to resort to smut in order to attract patrons and he never will.

It is true that the early pioneers of the industry deserve great credit for their persistent labors, but it is doubtful if any of them made the contributions that D. W. Griffith has made since the screen came into popularity. He, more than any other individual, is responsible for the high standard of quality it has reached today, and his name will occupy an enviable place in the history of this great art, and for that reason we put his name as second on the last of the ten greatest names in the motion picture industry.



NON-CENSORSHIP

An interview with W. F. Willis, for seven years censor-in-charge of the Chicago Board of Moving Picture Censors, and now employed at Universal City to censor stories and scripts before they are filmed.

By FREDERICK J. JACKSON

"AS an institution, censorship is not a logical institution," declared Mr. Willis, who went on to say, "In debates where the advisability of censorship is under discussion, the meat business is often mentioned. Probably all of us will agree that if a steer has lumpy jaw or if a hog has trichina, it will be dangerous for us to eat of the meat. Therefore, meat inspectors are appointed. This sort of censorship is safe, for the evidences of the above mentioned diseases are clear and unmistakable. But we are careful that our meat censors do not have any specialized attitude towards the meat they are to censor. We would not allow a Jew censor of meat to ban all pork, nor a Catholic censor to deny all of us meat on Fridays, nor a vegetarian dictator to forbid all meats to all of us at all times.

"To carry it farther, we have what we can call building censors, who examine plans and specifications to prevent the erection of structures which will be a menace to the public. But we do not allow them to dictate the color scheme, nor the type of heating system nor the style or type of structure. So far as these house censors can go with certainty, representing the wishes and wisdom of the public, and not their own individual tastes, we approve and welcome their censorship.

"If there were any standards by which the film censor might work with the same certainty as the meat censors and the house censors, film censorships might not be such a bad thing. But so far, no such standards have been discovered. No tests have been devised which can be applied to

stories and which will reveal at once if the story is good or bad, and, if bad, the exact location and extent of the badness. The only guide in which the producers have found any merit is in the reaction of the public.

"For seven years I was on the Chicago Board of Censors. The number of censors on the same board varied from seven to twelve. With changes in the personnel, I was probably in close touch with twenty or more average people working as censors. I fought with them and for them and at times *against* them. If a man tells me that censors are vicious I am quite willing, on their account as well as my own, to tell him that he lies. But if he tells me that censors are not accomplishing that which censorship was at least nominally designed to accomplish, *I must agree with him.*

"I have claimed that censors are average people, but I deny the wisdom of censorship as an institution and also claim that average people cannot work it out at all. Censorship has always tended towards routine. It had tended towards perfect rigidity when it should have perfect flexibility. There has always been a tendency towards this line of thought: 'This scene is of an immoral action, therefore the scene is immoral, therefore the story of which it is a part is immoral.'

"I repeat that this is always the tendency and I make this assertion from my experience of years as a censor. Some of my former associates might challenge this and I would then ask them how often I had demanded, categorically, in the terms of the Chicago law we were supposed to work under, when they proposed to delete some scene: 'Is it immoral? Is it obscene? Is it riotous? Is it otherwise unlawful?

Has it a tendency to disturb the public peace? Does the picture have a harmful effect with this scene or this title in it, and will the deletion render it harmless?"

"If their memories are clear they will tell the truth and say that this was a daily occurrence, until the very sound of my voice droning out these questions drove them frantic. And if they remember they will also say that their most frequent reply was that we had cut the same scene in another picture and that they did not see why we should not cut it in this picture, that we must be consistent, that a precedent had been established which we must follow, and that sometimes some of them replied *that they did not like the scene and for their part they voted to take it out and anyway it would not hurt the story!* And they might also tell you, if they were very chatty, that *sometimes*, when some wanted to delete one scene and some wanted to delete another, they compromised, deleted *both* scenes.

"A few censors do seek to avoid cutting by rote and to look for the ultimate moral effect behind what on the face looks to be sheer immorality. But they have their problems in battling with other members of the board who do not see things the same way and who try to censor blindly; blindly, that is, because they cannot see through the smoke of their own personal tastes and prejudices. As an example some wanted to ban a film called 'Good Women,' because in it a woman lived an immoral life. But the story was perfectly moral, and taught a strong moral lesson.

"The Chicago film standards, which were epitomized in the foregoing questions I continually fired at my fellow censors, were simple and clear—on the face of them. They sound workable, but they weren't. I found a strong tendency to fall back on the letter of the standards and to lose sight of their purpose whenever such a course would lead to the deletion of scenes which some particular censor did not happen to like, and more particularly when the censor was a high

police official in whose department the censor board was organized.

"And under these standards, with the backing of a judge who would follow the strict letter of the law, *99% of all films could be barred*. I do not mean this figuratively; I mean it *literally*, and the news reels, the travel pictures and educational pictures would suffer with the rest. I also found a very strong tendency, whenever the prejudices of some of the censors could thereby be served, to lose sight of *both the purpose and the letter of the law*. I think they were honest in their intentions, but they were confusing *taste* and *morality*, and with very few exceptions were not conscious of this confusion.

"They were not accomplishing that for which they were established as censors, they were tending to bring their work to a point where it would itself be a menace to the public welfare. I maintain that any standards established by law inevitably tend to become rigid, and that when they become rigid they become pernicious.

"Let us consider scenes on the screen as merely the language of the eye, just as spoken words are the language of the ear. Do you ever think of trying to purify *thought* by banning certain words from our speech and then approving all expressions of thought which are couched in unforbidden words?

"If that were to be done, Billy Sunday would more than likely land in jail, but *The Memoirs of Fanny Hill* could be shouted in our public squares without danger! If we undertake to do with our picture language what we agree it would be absurd to undertake with our spoken language, we will be heading straight for the same ridiculous result.

"If we give the censors a more general set of standards we may be sure that they will make their own catalogue and eventually follow it slavishly. And if we give them nothing but authority and allow them to formulate their own standards, the catalogue will follow just as surely. And when this catalogue is reached and becomes well established, *beware!*



HOW I WRITE A SCREEN STORY

BY JUNE MATHIS

Editorial Director, The Goldwyn Studios, and the Highest Salaried Woman in the World

AS I have been asked countless times just how I go about it to create a screen story, I have decided to tell the readers of STORY WORLD some of my methods, and thus answer the many questions in one article.

The first thing I do in constructing a scenario from a great original story, a novel, or a play, is to find the theme of that story. I have held steadfast to one fixed rule all during my writing career, and that is, that the theme of a story is ALL IMPORTANT. No combination of circumstances has ever been able to make me deviate from that rule. For, no original story, or no story in novel or dramatic form, either in book, on the stage or the screen, can possibly live and stir the hearts of the world unless it has a theme. Themeless stories may make money, and be popular for a time, but they will not live, and they will not be revived, unless they have a theme. A glance at the stories, original, and culled from literature and the drama, that are being refilmed, will bear out this assertion. Hence, I always look for the theme of the story. It is paramount.

The next important step I take, and particularly is this true on my larger stories, when I have a quantity of time in which to develop them, is to find as many people as possible who have a genuine feel-

ing for the story in mind. I ascertain from them, the things in the story that strike them, the scenes, the episodes, the dramatic climaxes and anti-climaxes that have made the most lasting impressions.

Often I have found something that at first has seemed very marvelously dramatic to me, and this may not have made a general impression on all the other people. I find that one touch of nature making the whole world kin, the situation in a story that will have the most universal appeal, is that one, of course, that appeals to the greatest number of the people whom I question.

After finding these situations and weeding out the others, I concentrate on the scenes that at least seven-tenths of the people questioned have found to be the most satisfying, the most true, and the most dramatic.

Then, after allowing my subconscious mind to work upon it for a time, I start to construct the story from the high spots, filling in all the while to make the story logical, and at the same time trying to put the breath of life into my characterizations in an effort to make them live, so that people who see the story on the screen will recognize them as fellow human beings who have lived and loved and suffered.

Feeling as I do that to write and depict human nature faithfully, that one must have lived, I try at all times to go through the mental and emotional reactions of my characters, to endure, in so far as possible, their sufferings, to share in their joys and triumphs, and to have sympathy for their defeats.

I started scenario writing really because when I went to the theatre I saw great novels and plays changed beyond recognition. They had often been altered to such a degree that very great dramatic climaxes were left out. I felt that I wanted to see them as they had been in the novel or on the stage, and I started to experiment in my own way. Of course, with the conceit of the amateur, and the confidence, without which it may be said, that nothing much is ever done, I went forward with my own ideas of screen writing.

Many things have been said regarding screen writing, and in the very nature of things, when so much has been said on a given subject, a great deal of it becomes axiomatic.

But, it must not be forgotten that any art has fundamental rules that must be followed. For instance, the art of the screen requires that dramatic incidents melt into one another, and that a story which the novelist would require hours in the telling, must be told by the screen writer in five or seven reels.

So in my own screen creations, having long ago learned how much compression and directness is needed, I discard all unnecessary details at the start.

I first build the framework of my story as a whole, much as the architect designs a building.

I have my story so well under hand that I can visualize the whole thing in natural order. I can move my characters in and out of the rooms of my imaginary building in a natural way. That is, I am able to do this, before I am done with my story.

When the design of my story is completed, I then begin to fill in the detail, I find, that with an accurate design, and much concentration, I eventually get the results which I have striven for.

As the screen story seeks to show the influence of incident and action on human character, by the incidents and actions portrayed, I naturally think in terms of incidents and actions. One can no more tell a screen story with words than they could write a sonnet with action.

So, as a result, having chosen screen writing as a life work, I have bent every energy toward strengthening my powers of visualization and observation, knowing that I must tell a story so simply and accurately that it can be appreciated by the most discriminating, as well as the little child.



CHOOSING TITLES

BY EDWARD EARL REPP

MUCH has been said and written concerning the vital importance in using a combination of words which make up the title of a manuscript, but very scant information has ever been given as to just how to choose that combination and gain results.

What David Wark Griffith said some months ago about titles should be situated deeply in the brain cells of the embryonic scenario writer, to remain there in the mind forever and anon.

"The title of the scenario as well as the subtitles of a screen production, in the eyes of the Editors as well as the public, is ninety per cent of the drawing power."

That well defined statement is absolutely true! It has been proven time and again. By close observation of the theatre going public, I discovered the wide scope and truthfulness of that short recital.

In effort to elucidate the meaning and the importance of choosing "titles with a drawing power," I will suggest several current screen productions now being shown. Viz:

"Adam's Rib," Cecil B. DeMille's latest masterpiece. What kind of a mental picture is conjured by that two-word combination? It suggests something of interest to the public at large because it refers back to a period of which little is actually known. Not only does it bring up the prehistoric, but to the keener

mind, Adam's Rib is suggestive of modern up-to-date women.

Short snappy titles are considered more attractive. Titles of more than three words should be avoided. This is easily proved by the success of several well-known photoplays which lacking in plot and technique were made successful through the drawing power of the main title.

Take for instance the popular production "Java Head." Another two-word title. Those seeking excitement (in mimic forms) would naturally come to the conclusion that a screen version under such a title would be salted with adventure.

"Nobody's Money"—evidently applies to comedy on a higher plane. And so it does!

But the embryo should not be inclined to believe that he can write a story of small interest, write a title that pertains to everything but the story, and expect it to "go over." Such things as that come only from inside the studio. In choosing a title, one should first consider the impossibilities, the length, and—meaning. Then set it down in its proper place, and go ahead with the story. Imagine a good title and construct your manuscript in co-operation with the combination, and a perfect understanding should be guaranteed throughout the entire story.

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

BY LESLIE C. WILLIAMS

THE wise poultryman does count his chickens before they are hatched—but he does not expect six chickens to pop out of four or five eggs. Fewer disheartened writers would contemplate rejection slips if they followed his example. And remember that the law of the survival of the fittest must be reckoned with whether you are raising chickens or composing scenarios.

Is it possible for the novice to take stock of his own material before he commits it to scenario form? Is there any gauge by which you can measure ideas and determine whether or not you have the correct ingredients for a photoplay? The most astute professional would shake his head dubiously at these earnest—and intelligent—questions of the aspiring photodramatist. There are elements entering into any creative work which preclude the accurate application of recipes and formulas.

But if, before you begin to write, you will ask yourself certain definite questions and will answer them as honestly and as thoughtfully as possible you can save yourself those dreary moments when the scenario you “dashed off” so optimistically comes back to remind you that you will squander an appalling amount of effort unless you learn to “look before you leap.”

The first question is the hardest one, although it “sounds easy.” Is this story of yours narrative or drama? This is a difficult question but it can be accurately answered by anyone who will approach it with the same concentration and the same rational determination to master it that you might bring to a proposition in geometry or to the intricacies of “mah jongg.”

Never forget that the scenario editor ruthlessly sifts the wheat from the chaff.

Drama is his precious grain. Good, bad or indifferent—he can measure it, evaluate it, accept it or reject it. To submit narrative to him is to waste his time and yours.

Let's do some sifting before we attempt to define.—What inspired your desire to make a scenario out of this material? Where did your ideas come from?

Are you, by any chance, attempting to tell “a true story?” If so—don't—or at least, wait until you can bring to it that creative courage which truth of this sort requires. Drama is never false to life; but there is in any dramatic structure that element of motivation which necessitates design, emphasis, unity. History seen by some incredible superman is doubtless dramatic in the fullest sense of the word; yet the events which make history—even when they are exciting or spectacular—are almost always fragmentary. So—as you listen appreciatively to your friend's thrilling tale of how he beat off the Mexican bandits, as you are touched by the pathetic efforts of your washerwoman to protect her children from her brutal husband, as you fondly remember that love affair of your own youth—he thankful that your creative ardor is kindling your powers of observation and sympathy; but resist that impulse to reshape the true story into the scenario. Ten chances to one, your story is narrative—that rambling, “picaresque” type of narrative which has neither beginning nor end.

Perhaps you love nature, or are interested in cities, industries, have traveled in strange countries. Such interests are innocuous—very probably they are cultural. But don't fancy that “local color” can ever masquerade as drama. Descriptive narrative helps out in your letters home, and it is the well-known source of most high school “compositions,” but the scenario editor will pounce on it and cast it into the nearest rejection basket.

If you take life seriously you are probably the zealous defender of some "cause." You may wish to dispense information or to voice an opinion on prohibition—on the iniquity of our divorce laws—on the efficacy of Coue's famous formula.—If so, write a paper for the next club meeting; send an open letter to the newspaper; deliver a lecture; but don't—not even if you camouflage it with a love story and a railroad wreck—don't stand on your platform and proclaim your pet theories as drama.

But if drama is not "the course of human events," or the description of interesting places and people, or the eloquent exposition of manners and methods and morals, what is it?

In the photodramatist's vocabulary, it is the record in screenable action of some entertaining struggle, motivated by desire, complicated by opposition, culminated by a suspensive climax. It is poignant because our desires have their roots deep in our emotions. It is exciting because conflict appeals to the elemental passion for supremacy. It has "punch" because its predicaments are sustained to the breaking point and then resolved with a sharp twist. It is as much bigger than any definition you can contrive as life is broader than our philosophies.

If you feel that any grammar school youngster can tell off-hand whether or not a story is drama or narrative—watch out.—Many a college professor cannot make an accurate differentiation. But he can learn to, and so can you, especially if you are willing to follow his example of clear thinking.

There are various ways of acquiring this sixth sense which enables one to distinguish between drama and not-drama. The obvious laboratory for the playwright would seem to be the nearest motion-picture theater. Unquestionably, if you intend to be a scenarist you must study as well as enjoy photodramas. You cannot expect to use a medium with which you are unfamiliar, nor can you afford to "write down to the movies." So if you are one of those superior mortals who cannot find anything diverting in screen plays you had better dedicate your type-

writer to free verse or expend your creative energy in aesthetic dancing.

The difficulty is that a good photoplay is too diverting and that you as an observer are—quite literally—in the dark. If you are sufficiently imaginative to be susceptible to drama it sways your emotions and enchants your critical faculties with its "deep delight." If it does not thus entrance you there is something wrong with the drama—or with you. A similar reaction occurs of course when you see a good play on the legitimate stage. But if you go several times to the same play the suspense breaks and with it breaks the spell of the drama. You are then free to appreciate the technique and to study the effect the critical moments have upon the audience. Such an analysis will more than repay the effort it costs you.

For the serious student of drama there is another method which will be most helpful, especially if you can make a habit of it and establish it as a sort of "setting-up exercise." Because cinematography is still an art in the making there are only a few great screen dramas which you can accept as authentic models of technique; but any adequate library contains collections of great dramas which on the legitimate stage have proved their popularity through years—sometimes through centuries.

Are you familiar with such famous modern dramatists as Galsworthy, Barrie, Dunsany, O'Neill, Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Rosstand, Suderman, Tchekhov, d'Annunzio? These ten names represent as many nationalities; and their plays are as popular in London or New York as are Shakespeare's dramas in Copenhagen or Rome.

Use the drama shelf in your public library or buy books for a drama shelf of your own. Let these volumes be your treasure-trove where you may study at your leisure and thus gain not only an increased appreciation of the essentially dramatic moment but also a wider knowledge of one of the most delightful types of literature.

One more word of warning just here before we attack the second question—Don't be too optimistic as you assess the dramatic value of your material. It is just possible that it hasn't any value, or

at least not enough to make it worth your effort to work with it. In this case, be honest and sensible and discard it. However much time you may have to devote to your writing, you can't afford to waste any of it manipulating scenario plots which lack a sound foundation of dramatic conflict.

This question is easier. Have you an attractive hero or heroine? This is not a brief for the "star system" which many able critics consider a menace to the art of motion pictures. You need not write a story which will exploit the beauty or the ability of any popular "star"—although it must be admitted that if your scenario does provide such a role it will be much easier to market it. But almost every good novel or good play or good motion picture focuses our attention upon some one dominant character and engages our sympathy and admiration for this person. "Hamlet," "Oliver Twist," "Romola," "Cyrano de Bergerac," "The Virginian," "Anna Christie," Douglas Fairbanks in "Robin Hood," Charles Ray in "The Girl I Loved"—these and countless other examples demonstrate the value of the leading character as a device for unity, coherence and emphasis—as an irresistible appeal to our age-old instinct for hero-worship.

Another caution before we consider the last important question—Don't be tempted to make your antagonist the principal character. A "heavy" lead is very difficult to handle satisfactorily, as you will realize if you saw Pola Negri in "Bella Donna."

Here is the third question—Have you a "big scene?" A photoplay without an effective climax is as hopeless as a corner drug store without a soda fountain. You just must have one to draw the crowd. Drama which does not win its public is poor drama. "Entertainment value," taken in its broadest meaning, is the only legitimate purpose of any play on the

stage or on the screen. Different types of dramas appeal to different types of people; but from the "high brow" problem-play to the crudest melodrama runs the necessity for a sustained and intensely dramatic scene in which the conflict reaches its decisive moment.

There are other questions which you may not be able to answer satisfactorily. Everyone is tired of "old stuff." Magazine editors and producers are clamoring for originality or at least for novelty. You can learn to avoid such obviously shop-worn material as the hero who suffers from loss of memory, the heroine who promises to marry the man she does not love to secure money for the operation to restore her father's eyesight, the villain who is the purveyor of bootleg whiskey, the child who is identified by locket or birthmark, the mortgage on the farm, the intercepted letter—one might add many other trite devices to this list. Perhaps you can recognize hackneyed ideas, but can you achieve originality with this material from which you would create a photoplay? Unless you are that unusual person who can get a true perspective on his own creative efforts you cannot decide this question accurately, for originality is not the result of correct technique. It comes as a happy accident; it is kindled by the spark of inspiration. Nevertheless, there is much to be gained by striving for it, by rubbing your wits to set fire to the dry tinder of your plot.

So when you have tried your conscientious best to test the structure of your scenario you should throw off the wet blanket of criticism and stoke the fires of your imagination with the driftwood of fancy, sympathy, romance, vision. Make your drama as much bigger than your material as the completed building is bigger and more significant than its joists and bricks and shingles. Write because you love to write and because you have the joyous confidence of a story worth telling.



WRITING FOR KIDS

BY DENNIS H. STOVALL

Noted Writer of Juvenile Stories

FOR nearly twenty years I have been engaged in the fascinating business of writing stories for boys, girls and young people. Just how many such tales I have ground out of my old No. 4, in this time, I really do not know. But there have been hundreds. I wrote five of them this week, and five last week. If I keep within sight of my assignments I will write five next week, and five more the week after. It's a great life! I write under half a dozen different *nom de plumes* as well as my own name. Some folks ask me, "Where do you get all your plots?" I don't know. The Good Lord only knows about that, and I'm too busy to seek divine revelation. In the summer time I deal in blizzards and snowstorms, and during the winter I bring an atmosphere of "dog days" and dazzling, desert heat into my den. Neither the ice man or the coal trust can get anything on me.

Oh, yes, it's a great game—is the writing game—the very greatest game in all the world!

But to write the boy's story, which has been, and still remains, my story, it is necessary to know the boy. Know him in his moods, his ambitions, his aspirations, his desires, his hates and loves. He is, above all things, a creature of action. Also, he is a creature of reason, of fair play and wide vision. So, if your story does not actually begin with the first line, or the first paragraph it will not grip the boy's interest, and he may toss it aside before he even starts with it. We, who write for boys, should keep in mind the big truth that the boy of today is a vastly different being from the boy of yesterday. His interests are different, his demands

more positive. The boy of today feels himself related to society, and he dreams of the time when he will do big things. The desire of his heart is to be a leader, a master, a hero. He wants to explore unknown lands, to be a great inventor, a statesman, attain some wonderful achievement, win everlasting reknown, fame or glory. It is such aspirations as these, in the hearts and minds of our youth, that keeps the race on the upward climb. Such boys become the men who hold high the torch of progress. And those of us who make it our business to write stories for boys, should foster such ambitions.

In a structural sense the modern boy's story is little different from that of the up-and-going story for adults. The old-fashioned, long-winded tale of adventure will not do. Nor is there a place for the "blood-and-thunder" yarn in which the hero carries a gun on each hip and a knife in his belt. In like manner the milk-and-water story with the lily-white boy of angelic temperament is taboo.

Your boy's story of today, if it wins, will have action, suspense, thrilling situations, mystery, and a satisfying climax. The recognized short-story form is as essential here as in any other branch of the writing profession. There may be this difference: Every story written for the boy should have an underlying purpose—a point to make, or a lesson to teach. But this must be so artfully woven into the tale itself that the boy gets it without knowing it. Unless the youthful reader gains a bit of inspiration, is encouraged, helped or given a new impulse, the story you write for him will be a stale, dead thing.

The boy reader, no less than the adult, is keenly interested in the working out of the plot. He delights in being thrilled by tense situations, and can hold his

breath as long as anybody when snared by the thread of suspense. The situations, however, should involve more than physical danger, and the denouement more than a rescue. Motives and cross motives, the play of wills, the matching of wits, are as keenly followed by the boy reader as by a mature student. The greater the mix-ups of wills and personalities, the more complicated the entanglements that comprise the web of the tale, the better does it suit him. But there must be one outstanding, dominating character—a hero with red blood in his veins, who has genuine courage, and purposes that are noble. Always, the hero must be human—just such a fellow as the boy would have for a chum.

It should be considered that I am dealing with the story for the boy in the 'teens. The story for juniors is more juvenile in character. Boys and girls of from nine to twelve delight in legends, fables and fairy tales. The 'teen-age boy is well beyond this. As already stated, he believes himself in the world of actual things. "He craves all that is great, wonderful, heroic, noble and self-sacrificing. To him nothing is so unusual in nature or achievement as to be impossible." With this truth in mind, we can readily understand how unwise it would be for us to write any than a constructive type of story for the boy. By nature he is a builder. He would much rather build than tear down. He would rather construct than destroy.

There really is a big opportunity for writers in the juvenile and 'teen-age fiction field. The returns, in dollars and cents, may not be as great, but the measure of satisfaction is no less than that derived in any other branch of the profession. The fact that a great number of boy stories appear in story papers that find distribution through Sunday-schools makes them no less virile or red-blooded, purposeful or strong. In recent years there has been a wonderful improvement in the character and type, make-up and literary standards of Sunday-school story papers, just as there has been an improvement and a raising of standards in all other magazines and periodicals published for young people. Rates of payment, too,

are much better now than they were formerly.

In this, as in other lines of the writing business, there are very definite rules to follow if we would win favor with those faithful, indomitable men and women who stand guard at the editorial gates. The tendency these days is to get away from guns, so it would be better not to equip your hero with a brace of pistols and a belt of cartridges. A girl in a boy's story may not be out of place, but there must be no love element. *The American Boy* goes so far as to say it wants no girls at all in its stories, nor should there be an element of crime. The mere mention of liquor would be out of line here. Such publications as *The Boy's World*, *King's Treasures*, *Forward*, *Wellspring*, *Youth's World*, all of which find distribution through Sunday-schools of various denominations, demand stories with an abundance of action, real plot and clean motives. As previously hinted, there is no longer such a thing as a "Sunday-school type" of story. The boy who goes to Sunday-school is as masterful, strong and forceful as any other boy.

Then, your boy's story must be plausible. Indeed, it must actually be true, in the assurance it brings to the reader that it really could have happened. Also, it must be technically correct. If you have anything to say about radio, be absolutely sure you say it right, otherwise you will bring a storm of criticism and ridicule upon your unlucky head, and the editor who published your story will pass you by next time. If you bring in boy scouts, you should know something about scouting. Boys are super-critics, and very quick to catch an error.

Last, but by no means least, comes the title. It really should be first. My working plan is that of putting down the title, and then writing a story to fit it. To me the title suggests everything—setting, theme, characters, even the plot and considerable of the action. Anyhow, it makes a mighty good starting point. And it actually is the starting point for the reader. If the boy isn't interested in the title it isn't likely that he will be very much interested in the story—or in beginning the story.

LEARNING TO WRITE BY STUDYING PHOTOPLAYS

BY RUBY SKELTON

SEE pictures and more pictures and still more pictures. Study them. Analyze them. Find out for yourself what it is that these stories have that carries an appeal to the public. That's the way to learn to write directly for the screen.

If you aspire to write, don't go to see a photoplay just to be amused. Go with the definite purpose of learning something. See for yourself why the author of that particular story succeeded. See to it that you distinguish the quality which all successful screen stories must have.

In studying the stories, study also the characterizations and the titles. Learn for yourself, by observation, just how the screen writer sketches a character, and why it is necessary to do this. Note the purpose of each and every title that flashes on the screen. Study the wording and the thought in them.

Don't content yourself with a visual study alone. Use your ears as well. Listen to the comment of the people around you. Note how the audience is affected by the picture.

By this means you will learn to separate the successful pictures from the failures. The public is the final and absolute judge of merit. By their comments and

their attendance the people determine the rank of a photoplay.

Listening to the comments of the people who form the audience of a picture is the surest way to gauge the actual value of the story. Watching the picture will teach you how and what to write. Listening to the spectators will teach you what the public likes—the most important thing that must be learned in screen writing.

The screen drama is the democrat of the arts. To be truly great, it must appeal to all ages and both sexes. There is no surer way of determining the qualities that make for this universality than by following current productions of successful producers.

All motion pictures have something to tell the student writer. The successful ones tell you how and what to write. The failures point out the things to avoid. It is just as important to know what not to write as it is to know what to write.

The great mass of beginners who attempt to write for the screen, give the impression, through their work, of never having seen a motion picture. They seem to have little or no idea of what is required by the screen. Their stories might furnish material for a magazine; some of it might be developed into a novel. But none of it pos-

sesses the qualities demanded of a play.

If these same writers would devote as much time to the study of photoplays as the student musician does to the work of the great composers, the results would be entirely different.

So, I say again: See pictures and more pictures and still more pictures. Study them. Analyze them. Get all you can from them. But don't copy.

Therein lies another grave danger. Copies can never hope to equal the original. Furthermore, there is no market for second-hand stories. Yet the inexperienced writer, not infrequently, unconsciously borrows ideas from successful stories, and weaves them into his or her own work.

Study the produced screen story for the generalities. Learn for

yourself how and why things are done. Then, using this knowledge as a tool of your craft, construct your own story.

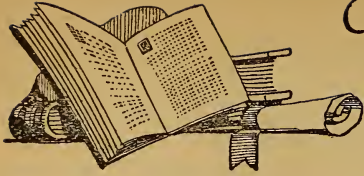
But it must be your own story. It must have an idea all your own as its theme. You can learn what kind of ideas are required by the screen from a study of it, but you cannot get ideas by this means. The idea must come from within. Only the general outlines may be acquired from other sources.

The screen needs writers. But it needs writers who know its requirements. It is not interested in that large class of "would-be" writers who will not take the time and trouble to study and work before attempting to sell their stories.

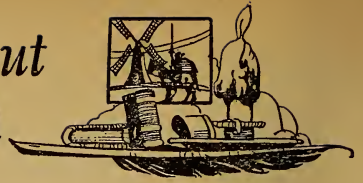
Learn the rules of your craft by studying the efforts of successful craftsmen. In other words: Learn how to write photoplays by studying photoplays.



SEE life. Experience the beauty and romance and adventure that lie about you. Out of the visions and dreams that direct experiences bring, there will attach itself to you, like a barnacle of the sea, the one thing that you are pre-eminently fitted to do.—O. Olson in "Success."



Facts about Fiction



THE LOVE STORY

BY CARL CLAUSEN

FASHIONS in literature change almost as often and as radically as the fashions in women's ready-to-wear. The "Main Street" type of story is the prevailing mode at present. Sinclair Lewis started something. Whether or not he chose his subject by accident or design I do not know. But the story was more than timely. The American public, fed up on the subject of war, and weary of spectacular heroics, pounced upon "Main Street" with a sigh of relief. The book's success has been responsible for a deluge of imitations. The pendulum will swing again. That is the function of imitations—to keep the pendulum moving.

So unless you are a pioneer with a vision, eschew the timely story. If you are possessed of great and virile originality you may become a setter of fashions. If not, confine yourself to the tried and tested. Don't be a follower. The fashions have a way of changing overnight. In the dry goods business a coterie of gentlemen get together and decide what our wives and sweethearts shall wear next spring. They do not gamble with their output. Our wives and sweethearts will wear what these gentlemen say, or go naked. King Tut dresses are the fashion this year. A search warrant would not disclose a last year's model upon their shelves.

Writers have no such organization to force the public to use their output. Plugging along in the trail of a star may make you a little easy money, but sooner or later another star will flash across the

sky, the fashions will turn face about and you will find yourself with a lot of unsalable merchandise on your hands.

Literature has its staples just like the grocery business. The people must have flour, sugar and potatoes. Humorous stories, adventure stories and love stories are the staples of the magazine business. The editors must have them, or suspend. The humorous story comes first on the list of staples. It is easy to sell but hard to write. If you have no special sense of humor, try the adventure type, sea or land. It is always a sure bet and your market is wide. If lack of travel bars you from writing this kind of yarn, and you do not dare to trust to your imagination, there is still the simple love story. You cannot go wrong on that. Its market is almost as wide as that of the adventure story, and it comes a close second to the humorous story in universal popularity.

The love element has been comparatively little exploited in the short story field. This is mainly because it does not lend itself as well to short treatment as other types. The unity of time is the greatest bugbear. A romance requires a certain conventional space of time for development. A man may not meet a maid today and marry her tomorrow.

A young writer came to me the other day and said:

"I find that I cannot write a love story in less than from ten to fifteen thousand words. A decent interval must elapse between the meeting of the heroine and the hero, and the wedding bells. This necessitates stringing the story out."

That remark of his is responsible for this article. A love story starting in with the first meeting of the two principals

would not be a short story but a novelette. The time element, alone, would bar it from short story classification. That is why there are so few Love-Short-Stories.

Even Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy," perhaps the finest love story of two decades, violates the unity of time, and to a certain slight extent, that of place. Its unity of characterization is perfect.

You will note, however, that Kipling opens his story in the middle, plunges right into the action with the bond of affection between the lovers unmistakably established. Had he started with the young Englishman disembarking his ship in India and meeting the girl at that moment, the successive steps of their growing interest, culminating in love, would have taken the story into the realm of the novelette.

A short story with love as the theme should open with the lovers already acquainted, or better still, already in love or at the point of falling in love. Your story should confine itself to a certain single situation or incident, preferably one of a sacrificial nature to show how great their love for each other is.

One of the best love stories I've ever read was one in which the male principal was absent—in the flesh. He had been killed in the late war. His sweetheart went every evening to the turnstile where they had exchanged their lovers' vows and met him there in the spirit. The story was written with marvelous skill. Although absent, the dead lover's personality dominated it through the girl's sorrow and despair.

I am quoting these two examples merely to show the possibilities of love in the short story field. It is, however, best to avoid both situations. A white man falling in love with a woman of another race is not a popular theme with editors, and "Without Benefit of Clergy" would be hard to improve upon. It has been tried a thousand times without success. Stories of spiritism, or of the so-called "supernatural" are taboo also with most magazines.

If you are observing and have the proper dramatic faculty you will find any amount of situations that will carry a

love theme to five or six thousand words without padding. Love between a man and a woman is the greatest dramatic force we know of. Even without any frustrating complications, it is still dramatic, because behind it lies the impulse to perpetuate the race, or better perhaps, to reproduce oneself, which we share with all things that live or breathe.

A windstorm breaks a tree. A month later new shoots appear below the break and the wound is healed over with rosin. On all sides we see the constant feverish desire of all living things to create, to perpetuate itself. Perhaps in this desire there is no race consciousness. Perhaps it is merely a selfish impulse to keep one's own personality from passing from the face of the earth. The fact still remains that nothing more powerful and satisfying than love between the sexes has been discovered up to our present state of evolution.

For love men perspire in offices and sell their talents to disagreeable taskmasters, women drown their youth in washtubs, or sentence themselves to penal servitude for life in the backwoods and on the desert. For every man who goes to war from a sense of duty, nine hundred and ninety-nine go because they want to stand well in the eyes of their sweethearts, wives, sisters or mothers. Which is another way of saying that if our women would refuse to cheer from the sidewalk, and stay home behind drawn shades, there wouldn't be any wars. Playing hero in a uniform with the worshippers absent is like playing clown without an audience. The laugh is on oneself.

The theme of genuine love is being exploited only too little in short stories. I say genuine love. Not the simpering or over-sexed concoctions so popular at this moment. The field is wide open—always will be—for the wielder of a sturdy and sincere pen. It is a hard story to write. It must be done with proper restraint. If you permit your feelings to run away with you, for a moment, you are lost. Approach your story in a serious frame of mind. Remember that you have selected a subject wherein only the master may excel, and he only, in his rarest, inspired moments.



Good English AND ITS USE

A Department for Everyone who Writes

GOOD ENGLISH AND GOOD MANNERS

BY HAZEL W. SPENCER

WHILE traveling in the Orient a number of years ago it was my very pleasant fortune to be entertained in the private homes of wealthy and cultured Chinese and Japanese. The English spoken in these homes was so charming that I have never forgotten the impression it made upon me; an impression probably the more pronounced because of the fact that experience with Orientals in this country had led me to expect a nondescript mixture of two or three languages, or at best a mild form of "pidgin" English.

Neither the mixture nor the "pidgin" intruded itself for a moment, but instead I was treated to a speech as chaste and musical as any I have ever heard, and in Japan, especially, it was as delicate as the purest Italian. It is well known that no language on earth is more melodious than the tongue of Dante, and English is indeed well employed when a comparison of the two is suggested.

My host in Yokohama, although a man of large affairs, found time to cultivate a flowing and idiomatic English rare even in our own country. His children, of whom there were seven, were all being educated to enter American Universities and spoke English perfectly while yet in their early teens and younger.

"You speak better English than I do," I said to one of the little girls. "How does it happen that you know my language so well? I am many years older than you are and have spoken English all my life; how have you learned in three

or four short years, and in a foreign country, to speak it more correctly than I?"

The child regarded me in evident perplexity. "But indeed, my English is not better than yours," she insisted gravely. "Perhaps it seems so to you because you expected me to speak a language you could not understand at all. My father says that English is the greatest language in the world and you see it is necessary that we should learn to speak it correctly."

Necessary indeed, but how many American fathers are so punctilious? Memories of the slangy and colloquial speech tolerated and even employed by America's so-called "cultured" classes dulled for a moment the pleasant glow of national pride kindled by the child's statement and appeared to challenge our boasted assumption of superiority.

After spending some hours in the company of this little almond-eyed daughter of the Far East I began to wonder if there may not be some connection between good English and good manners. Perfect courtesy seems to express itself naturally in perfect language and the manners of the cultivated Oriental are the last word in gentleness and refinement. He would not do any language the dishonor of handling it carelessly.

Good manners are not too common here in America, but where they are found we may be fairly sure of finding good English. It takes time to be courteous and it takes time to speak and write correctly; but in America time is what we have least of. Money we have in plenty but neither good English nor good manners are to be bought; they must both *grow*.

In the Orient time is the common possession of rich and poor, high and low.

Everyone has all the time he cares for and, as a rule, takes it. The haste which has become synonymous with all American movement or accomplishment is a thing the Asiatic knows practically nothing about. Haste of course discourages both learning and social charm, but in the Orient where no one (except the American tourist) is in a hurry it is quite possible to cultivate both. In China even the banker embarked upon a deal involving millions has time to treat you courteously, and one such banker whom I had the pleasure of knowing personally had also the time to cultivate a conversational English I have rarely heard surpassed.

This banker, Mr. Liung Chi Cong, sent me a very valuable gift on the day I was leaving for America. On my way to the steamer I stopped at the bank to thank him in person and to bid him goodbye.

He was very busy at the time with a directors' meeting, but he rose at once and came to meet me, and his companion directors rose also and stood beside their chairs while I made my little speech.

Mr. Liung Chi Cong took my hand in both his own and beamed upon me with a fatherly smile. "It is indeed a pleasure to receive your thanks," he said earnestly, "but a still greater pleasure to have given you happiness. When the silver trinket becomes tarnished, as it will, remember that friendship is beautiful and lasting. Your gratitude is sweet to an old man like me, but the possession of your friendship is an honor. I appreciate deeply this personal visit and esteem myself fortunate to have provoked it. May your journey home to America be a safe and happy one."

Language and manners like these are none too common anywhere, but finding them thus in Hong Kong was, for me at least, an experience almost startling. I have since learned that among the educated classes both in China and Japan, they are the rule and not the exception, it being commonly understood that you can lay no claims to education until you speak and act correctly.

Coming home on the Pacific Mail by way of Honolulu, I had occasion to compare my friend, Mr. Liung, with certain American Smiths and Browns and Robin-

sons who suffered greatly by the comparison. Millions of money and even university degrees do not, it appears, guarantee either good manners or correct speech. A wealthy New York banker, traveling "en suite" and contriving to impress everyone aboard with his magnificence, confided to a friend in my hearing that "between you and I those kind of people are mighty tiresome." He was a Yale graduate and several times a millionaire, but he could have sat at the feet of my banker in Hong Kong and learned both grammar and civility.

It has been my experience both at home and abroad that good English is almost invariably the accompaniment of good breeding, and vice versa. Where you see tawdry and slipshod English you are very likely to see slack courtesy and even rudeness. A fastidious regard for the little niceties of speech has become associated in the minds of most of us with fastidiousness in every other direction. If you are nice, in other words, you are nice all through. If you are "good" you are "very good indeed," but "if you are bad you are horrid."

I was speaking not long ago to a friend, a professor of English in one of our well known universities. "Why," I asked, "when education is practically universal do so many persons write and speak such abominable English?"

"I think one of the reasons is that we write so few letters," he answered. "There is exceptionally fine training in letter-writing, but nowadays almost no one has time for that sort of thing. The telegram has taken the place of the charming, friendly letters of our forefathers, and many of us do not even know how to word a telegram properly."

I repeated this statement to a young woman who had asked much the same question of me that I had asked of the professor. She replied instantly: "But delightful letter-writing involves a response. Suppose you write very well yourself yet have no correspondent who cares to take the time for a really literary correspondence, or even for a careful correspondence that is not intended to be literary."

"Did you ever try writing to an imag-

inary person?" I asked her, "and answering your own letters? It is excellent practice besides being rather a fascinating game. I knew two girls many years ago who carried on such a correspondence with the most delightful results. They began by writing each to a single imaginary correspondent and answering the letters as I have suggested; they finally pooled their interests, as it were, and continued the correspondence together, the imaginary persons really writing to each other. The result was a clever and original story, never published to be sure, but delightfully written and well worth reading."

Letter-writing is good training both in politeness and in literary style, and it is a wonderful stimulus to the imagination. For some reason or other, however, most persons dislike writing letters, although I have never known any one who disliked receiving them. Mere inquiries after the state of one's health, or formal statements to the effect that James has gone to New York on business, do indeed inspire very little in the way of enthusiasm, but given the stimulus of a vital interest anyone may become an entertaining letter writer.

A young woman of my acquaintance began her present promising literary career by writing letters to an invalid whom she had never seen. The letters were suggested by a friend when the young woman was still a child. Hitherto letter-writing had bored the child unspeakably but when it was made clear to her that she might help some one who was ill to pass an occasional hour happily she found the thought curiously attractive.

From an awkward little school-girl's crude and immature effusions her letters became within a few short months delightful excursions into real literature. Her all absorbing desire to relieve the monotony of the invalid's existence obliterated all self-consciousness and enabled her to express herself with that simplicity which is the truest art while allowing her to cultivate at the same time a vocabulary both forceful and direct and a manner as winning as it was unusual.

No matter how busy we are we all have time to write at least one letter a week to some one person. This letter may be

a mere formal note nobody would care to receive, or it may be a thing of life and beauty and charm that one would look forward to with all the eagerness of a young girl to her weekly love letter. The practice in making it the latter would insure an English style as graceful as any Chesterfield's.

It is of course the spirit back of such English that gives it its real significance, as it is the spirit back of—or perhaps I should say *through*—all art that makes it art in the first place. And thus it is that manners really do have a vital connection with correct speech and writing. One's manners are the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace—or the lack of it—and one's English is proportionately good or bad according to one's manners. If you have any doubt of this please make careful note hereafter of the manners and English of the people with whom you come in contact. You will probably find the result illuminating.

It all resolves itself into a question of time. What you take time for you are very apt to do well; what you rush into and hurry over is usually a failure. And this is always to be remembered when you begin to write for the magazines or the screen: if you are not willing to take time, to re-write, to revise, to reconstruct, you are very unwise to begin at all.

Occasionally a salesman, by unusual vigor and dash makes a sudden and spectacular sale; but all salesmen know that the only sure-fire policy in salesmanship of any sort is patience and the willingness to take pains. We are all salesmen of one sort or another, and the writers of stories purvey as definite and marketable a commodity as the agents for a harvesting machine.

There is this difference, of course, that when you are selling a machine it is the sum total of your personality that attracts to or detracts from the real value of the implement; your clothes, your way of wearing them, your little tricks of speech, the very condition of your teeth and fingernails. Whereas in selling a story you are making use of another set of symbols altogether. It is no longer *your* clothes but the way you clothe your story that counts; the appearance of your manu-

script; not your way of saying things but your way of writing them; not the correctness of your tie nor the polish of your boots but the way you turn your sentences.

All of these things take time and it is the salesman willing to give them time who becomes in the end successful. Take time to be perfect in detail, to be fastidious in the little matters of appearance. Anything you have for sale will sell more quickly if it is in good condition than if it is run down and out at heel. Whether it be a second-hand car or the manuscript of a novel the success you have in disposing of it will depend positively upon its appearance.

IN AND OUT OF THE DICTIONARY

A column of authoritative solutions to problems concerning the use of English, submitted by readers of The Story World.

"F. B., San Pedro, Calif." . . .
Which is preferred, the expression "everybody's else," or "everybody else's"?

Answer: The preferred literary form is "everybody else's."

"R. K. C., Paso Robles, Calif." . . .
Certain adjectives, like *straight*, *round*, *perfect*, cannot logically be compared. Yet we often hear such expressions as "more perfect," "a straighter line," etc. Will you set me right on this?

Answer: In actual practice we do compare these adjectives although, as you say, we cannot do so logically. When we speak of a thing as more perfect than another, or a line as straighter than another line, we mean simply that the thing more nearly approaches perfection, or the line more nearly approaches absolute straightness, not that perfection or straightness are compar-

able in themselves. It is a fine point but in a sense the use you mention is permissible according to most grammarians.

"G. M. W., Lynn, Mass." . . .
I am troubled about the use of commas. When two adjectives modify the same noun should they be separated by a comma?

Answer: It is not necessary to separate them unless they are alike in meaning. For example, you may say "a bright little boy," but you would say "a dull, cloudy day."

"F. H. W., Ann Arbor, Mich." . . .
Will you please give me a good definition of "gerund"?

Answer: You could find such a definition quite easily in any good dictionary or grammar, but a very simple definition that may help you is this: A gerund is a word ending in *ing* that is part verb and part noun. It is more like a verb than a noun in its use. It acts like an infinitive with *to* and for that reason is sometimes called an *infinitive in ing*. Quite frequently you can use either the gerund or the infinitive in a given sentence.

Thus: *Infinitive:* To dress for the party required but a moment.

Gerund: Dressing for the party required but a moment.

"M. G., New London, Conn."
Will you please give me an example of the "split infinitive"?

Answer: To quickly go; to soberly judge; to earnestly implore; to continually travel. You see, do you not, that the insertion of the adverb does indeed "split" the infinitive? This is a use regarded as very inelegant and colloquial by all scholars. You will not find it in the works of the best writers.





RIGID definitions are not always possible or desirable. This is one of the difficulties encountered in teaching the technique of an art.

The student of the screen learns that the photoplay inherits something from each of the elder arts, though it differs from all of them. It is related to painting—it is a picture, or rather a series of pictures involving pictorial composition. There is a relationship between music and the photoplay, for as Victor O. Freeburg has so well expressed it, "As music is a movement of ever-arising, ever-vanishing sound with certain recurring motifs, so a cinematic composition may effectively be a movement of ever-arising, ever-vanishing visual values with certain recurring pictorial motifs."

We may trace some inheritance from sculpture, and architecture, but more from literature and most of all from the drama of the stage. That the drama is the nearest kin to the photoplay has been so well established that it is unnecessary to discuss it here. Assuming that such discussion would be quite beside the point, we run abruptly into the question, "What is drama?"

Ferdinand Bruntiere has stated that "The essential element of drama is a *struggle between human wills*," and this stood as a terse definition of drama for many years. William Archer says, "Perhaps we shall scarcely come nearer to a helpful definition of drama than if we say that the essence of drama is *crisis*. A play is a more or less rapidly developing crisis in destiny or circumstances, and a dramatic scene is a crisis within a crisis, merely furthering the ultimate event. Drama may be called the art of

crises, as fiction is the art of gradual development."

Clayton Hamilton has pointed out that *contrast* is an indispensable element in a play and that a play becomes more and more dramatic in proportion to the multiplicity of contrasts that it contains within itself. Professor George Pierce Baker declares, "Drama is presentation of an individual or group of individuals so as to move an audience to responsive emotion of the kind desired by the dramatist and to the amount required." I cannot recall the exact words of William deMille, but he has explained drama in effect somewhat as follows: "One character desires a certain thing. This character is the 'lead' or 'protagonist.' Another character places obstacles in the path of the first. He is the 'antagonist.' In overcoming these obstacles conflict results and it is this conflict between opposing forces that results in drama."

All of these definitions contain elements of truth; examples which form exceptions may be found in each case. Drama written to be acted must be so composed that the characters tell their own story in what they do and say, while in literature there is always reliance upon the author's description and interpretive writing. The following is about as comprehensive a definition as I have come across. "Drama is an outward expression of inner emotional conflict; it is a play containing a fundamental element of definite human conflict between contrasting characters; composed of a unified sequence of events and situations expressed in action and dialogue and culminating in a climax."

Photodrama as a separate art differs from the drama of the stage in several respects. In a photodrama the character must express himself in action rather than in words; it is what he does rather than what he says that counts. In the

photodrama it is possible to follow the characters wherever necessary without the hindrance and restriction of the limited space of the stage.

All of which leads us back to the thought that the subject of drama or photodrama cannot be dismissed with a definition. There is just enough of the elusive in them to require that the student study, absorb and practice under expert guidance if anything in the nature of success is to be achieved.

All of the discussion and dissension between authors and photoplay producers; between authors and directors; between directors and producers; between producers and exhibitors—in fact between any two or all of the various individuals and departments included in the making and exhibiting of motion pictures—is working to a good end.

Anything so big and vital as the cinematic institution is bound to survive and to right its wrongs and mend its defects. In the great scheme of things it cannot be otherwise. Each year brings forth a greater number of good and satisfying photodramas than the preceding year. Each year finds more real, thinking people devoting their energies to the problems of picture making. No art has advanced as surely and rapidly as the motion picture art. No art is destined to have the same tremendous effect on practically the whole population of the world that the art of the motion picture is having and increasingly is going to have.

Don't "deplore" and "knock" and "regret" and "condemn." If you have any constructive and progressive ideas use them. If you are engaged in actual motion picture work you are in a position to get direct action. If you are a theatre-goer you may co-operate with your exhibitor and help in influencing him toward better pictures.

But don't idly criticize—do something. Don't wail—work!

The untrained amateur who attempts to write for the screen too frequently attempts to relate something "from his own

life" or something "that really happened" to a friend or relative. That this is not a sound method is a fact that the student writer must learn right at the start. There are several reasons for this. One is that everyone is inclined to exaggerate the importance of personal experiences. A few weeks ago I was accosted by a "hold-up" man who robbed me of what money I had with me and then beat me into a state of unconsciousness. When I recovered my senses and reached home the event seemed of great importance, yet we read of such attacks every day and turn the page of the newspaper without a second thought of the matter. The residence of John MacGroarty, author of the famous "Mission Play," burned some months ago. The following week the entire page conducted by MacGroarty in a Los Angeles paper was devoted to a philosophical account of the fire. Because I was held up and because it was *MacGroarty's* house that burned we were impressed. One is reminded of the distinction: "The quarrel in the flat next door is comedy; the quarrel in one's own flat is tragedy.

Another reason for not depending on events that "have really happened" for story material is that truth is frequently so much stranger than fiction that it is impossible to make it plausible and convincing. The student must learn to give his story material the "illusion of reality." He must devise fictional incidents, situations and climaxes so that they will convince an audience that they are true. He must create—not report. Life is full of story germs but it is the adroit touch of the writer who is skilled through training that may accomplish this.

A character in a photoplay does not have to be *unusual* to be appealing, but should be *interesting*. Sympathy and interest may be aroused in an exceedingly commonplace character. The drama of plain people, into whose lives a crisis comes is perhaps more effective than any other. The very contrast between the serenity and lack of color in such lives and the sweep of drama that comes with a great emotional crisis is productive of emotional response in an audience.



Across the Silver Screen

THE LATEST PHOTOPLAYS IN REVIEW

GEORGE DU MAURIER was an artist first, and a novelist afterwards, yet his novels, *Trilby* and *Peter Ibbetson* (which he illustrated himself), have become classics. Both have been done successfully in plays as well as in films. A third and posthumous novel, *The Martian*, is not as well known.

Being an illustrator, it was to be expected that the author of *Trilby* would have visualized his story in a series of pictures. There is little doubt that if Du Maurier were alive today he would be one of the most successful in writing direct for the screen, possessed, as he was, of a visual as well as of a mental eye—with a keen sense of drama and of characterization.

Let me say at once that Richard Walton Tully's production of *Trilby* (it was first done some years ago by Clara Kimball Young) is immensely worth seeing and is sure to be popular. As a production it is lavish in investiture and faithful in detail to the period and to the locale. Andree Lafayette, who came over from France just to play the role of Trilby, is a new type to us—a blonde and blue-eyed French girl of exquisite beauty and a most capable actress. Arthur Carewe is a more notable Svengali than the famous stage impersonation of Wilton Lackaye. It is so convincingly sinister, so gorgeously acted, that it makes the old hypnotism stuff seem real and vital.

We gladly acknowledge that *Trilby* is an exceptionally fine picture. But let us consider it from the story-telling point of view. Let us look at it as professional writers and see what it gives us—quite apart from its production values and the box office selling points.

Mr. Tully's script quite faithfully

follows Du Maurier's text; I am inclined to think, a little too faithfully because, as we know, that which is colorful narrative is not always effective screen drama.

A young artist desiring to study in Paris bids farewell to his father and mother and the quiet English vicarage that has always been his home. This was back in the 70's when the Victorian conventions were at their stiffest. In Paris, where he becomes known as "Little Billee," he shares a studio with a Scotchman nicknamed Sandy, and a huge blonde Englishman with side whiskers, called Taffy.

In the meantime a French sculptor of note calls for some missing laundry and comes upon a little *blanchisseuse*, barefooted and scrubbing away. This is Trilby. His artist eye is struck with the perfection of the girl's slender feet and ankles, and so Trilby becomes a model of the Latin Quarter and a frequent visitor to the studio of the three British Musketeers of the brush. Little Billee promptly falls madly in love with her and she with him.

In an attic room of the same ramshackle old building lives Svengali, whose great burning black eyes, whose long coal-black hair and straggling beard accentuate the pallor of his gaunt and sinister face. Svengali is a musical genius, a pianist of great ability, but as yet unrecognized. Starving with him and completely under his domination is a weak-kneed little violinist called Gecko. They play at studio parties for the food they get. At one of these parties Trilby, who is of English origin, attempts to contribute by singing "Ben Bolt," but she is tone deaf and her audience squirms at her terrible performance and begs her to stop. Svengali realizes that she has a glorious voice if it can be trained. Pre-

sumably in his wanderings in the Orient he has acquired the power of the hypnotist. Later, Trilby, suffering from a headache, he puts her to sleep as she sits in a chair, and when Billee and the others, aghast at his power over her, protest, Svengali, with a little sneer, snaps his fingers and she wakes, her headache gone. But light-hearted, happy Trilby has learned to know fear—fear of the mysterious Svengali.

One day, entering a life class, Billee beholds his Trilby posing in the nude before fifty young artists. He is horror-struck; he rushes back to his studio and tells his companions that he is through, that he will never see Trilby again. He leaves Paris and wanders through the country sketching. Trilby, a child of nature, cannot understand his Victorian attitude; all she knows is that she has hurt the boy she loves. She never poses again. She goes back to her old job in the laundry. Svengali follows her and smiles unpleasantly as he realizes that sooner or later he can get her in his power. He loves her in his way, but his burning ambition is to make of her the greatest singer in Europe. As she comes out that evening he waylays her, but she eludes him and rushes back for protection to her two friends, Taffy and Sandy, and there she finds Little Billee back from his wanderings, unable to keep away from the woman he loves. And though she is fearful of his conventional parents, she agrees to marry him. A studio party is given in their honor, a typical Bohemian affair, and the climax is the arrival of Little Billee's parents, the vicar and his wife. They are aghast at the thought of their precious son marrying an artist's model, and the little mother finally induces the girl to give up Little Billee. Heart-broken, she creeps away and falls sobbing, and then comes Svengali, whose burning eyes fix upon her. She struggles for a time, until she relaxes into a hypnotic sleep; and then for a year no one sees or hears of Trilby.

Then one day Paris is plastered with signs announcing the debut of La Svengali. Mme. Svengali's fame has gone before her, and a big audience awaits breathlessly her appearance. Drawn by

the name Svengali, the three Britishers are present. Svengali strides into the orchestra pit amid a storm of applause, his baton poised; then the curtains part and Trilby appears. Billee, his heart in his mouth, stares as one in a spell as the girl's marvelous voice rolls out. She is thin and ghastly pale, but beautiful as ever. Like an automaton she makes her bow and glides out. Billee and his friends rush to the dressing room to find Trilby and Svengali waiting for their next number. The girl in her trance does not recognize Billee or the others. In a violent rage Svengali orders the men out. Taffy turns on him, and starts to struggle with him. Then the men leave and Svengali slips down in a chair overcome by a heart attack. The impatient audience demands Trilby, who is led out by another musician. He waves his baton, and Svengali's power broken for the moment, the girl comes out of her trance, bewildered, to find herself before this splendid audience. Being urged to sing, naively she sings once more "Ben Bolt," while the audience shrieks in derision.

Svengali has dragged himself to a box in an effort to bring her once more under his spell. The effort is too much and he falls back dead. After her year in the evil power of Svengali, almost continuously in an hypnotic state, poor Trilby's strength has been drained to the last drop and she collapses. Tenderly guarded over by her old friends and Little Billee, at the last we see her lying on a chaise longue, Billee by her side. The doctor comes and orders him away. She must have quiet if she is to recover.

Then appears Gecko with a package, presumably found among Svengali's effects, and addressed to Mme. Svengali. As Gecko leaves the girl, languidly she opens the parcel to find herself staring at a wonderfully life-like portrait of Svengali himself, his great black eyes looking straight at her. Trilby's eyes gaze, slowly she sits up, the man's power through his portrait is still over her. Hypnotically she begins to sing for the last time, very low, but very beautifully, and with the last note hardly above a whisper Trilby falls back dead.

"The Bright Shawl"

HAVANA of the fifties, when Cuba sought independence from Spain, is background against which are thrown the flaming colors of "The Bright Shawl." Adapted from Joseph Hergesheimer's novel of the same name, this story under John Robertson's imaginative direction has been woven into a tapestry of the secret gardens of the Malecon, the forbidding walls of the Moro Castle and the sinister negro danzon; through which like a scarlet thread runs a breathless tale of intrigue and romance.

From the opening scene on board ship, in which Charles Abbott and his comrade, Andres Escobar, silhouetted sharply against the sky, turn their faces toward the approaching shores of Cuba, the story moves from the languorous rhythm of the first measures of La Jota into a tempo more intricate and rapid, until, like the whirling fringe of La Clavel's shawl, it confuses the senses. From vivid splashes of color, picturesque scenes of romance and poignant drama, one remembers—Charles Abbott, after the death of Vincente Escobar at the hands of the Spaniards, when, as he looks through the fretted grille of the garden and his eyes rest upon the fragile loveliness of Narcissa, he is overcome by her charm and the desire to revenge her brother's death. The Theatre, gala with a colorful crowd, and La Clavel, as she dances amid the applause of the cavaliers, pausing to fling to the American a rose, the token of her love. The interior of the church, where in the gloom of the nave the secrets of the Spanish army are given Abbott by the dancer. La Clavel's apartment, where surprised by Santacilla, the Spanish Captain, she is mortally wounded when she protects the American from death, and with her last strength gives to the man who has not returned her love, the Bright Shawl, stained with blood. Andres lured to his death at the danzon by the sinister charm of Pilar. The dramatic duel in the garden and the closing scenes in which Charles Abbott awakens as from a dream to find himself on a ship bound for home with the Bright Shawl and Narcissa.

Richard Barthelmess portrays Charles Abbott, a wealthy young American whose

interest has been enlisted for Cuban liberty, with fine restraint and a sensitive appreciation for this romantic idealist. Dorothy Gish as La Clavel, the Spanish dancer, although she is not the sultry charmer of the book and one wishes now and then for the consuming seductiveness of Nita Naldi or Barbara La Marr, gives a distinctive appreciation. Mary Astor as Narcissa Escobar is appealing; while Jetta Goudal is a perfect conception of Hergesheimer's Pilar de Lima—"that water lily bloom, so densely pale, whose lips were like the applied petals of geranium."

Like all novels adapted to the screen, Hergesheimer's story loses much of its original charm and meaning. While Charles Abbott is interpreted and explained effectively in the novel, his role in the photoplay is weakened by the fact that he is always at the mercy of his adversaries and fate. The love interest, which plays a minor part in the novel because its appeal is not needed, when translated to the screen lacks conviction, for we do not feel that Narcissa is vital to Abbott's happiness.

"The Bright Shawl," as the symbol of romance and love and life, has been created for all those to whom these things are precious.

"Human Wreckage"

From the inspiration of a great need and the desire to lay bare to the eyes of the world the insidious and sinister menace of the drug traffic has come "Human Wreckage," an original photoplay written by C. Gardner Sullivan, which strikes at the roots of the dope evil not as an animated sermon dressed up with a feeble plot, but in terms of human values.

Forsaking the conventional construction, the story in impressionistic flashes presents briefly the background of the traffic—the poppy fields of India; dope smugglers along the Canadian and Mexican borders, forging the first link in the chain which binds society; peddlers plying their trade in the city; an imaginary city crumbling to dust, its foundation eaten away, a glimpse of a street reminiscent of "Dr. Caligari's Cabinet," in which the drug-crazed men and women slay and

are slain; and through the boulevards and byways stalks the hideous hyena, symbol of dope, licking his filthy jowls as he tracks down his human prey. This beastly figure is used with dramatic effect as a motif through the fabric of the plot.

From this introduction the story moves to the arrest of Jimmy Brown, a drug addict, when he attempts to steal to buy himself dope. The influence of Alan McFarland, a prominent attorney, is responsible for Jimmy's release and his commitment to a sanitarium maintained for the cure of addicts. A pathetic case of a mother and baby both dependent upon drugs prepares the ground for the main action, which in dramatic contrast to the introductory sequence, strikes at the heart of a prominent family, the McFarlands. McFarland, with brain overtaxed by an important law case, upon the outcome of which depends a human life, is persuaded to take a "shot" of morphine for relief. The process by which his will power is broken down is a remarkable piece of motivation, and his battle with the silent evil is powerful in its revelation to the human soul. This is the first step, but before long the drug, taken for temporary relief, becomes a vital necessity and all his attempts to break the habit are fruitless until he believes that his wife also has become addicted to it. The story ends with MacFarland victorious, the victory symbolized by the exit of the hyena from the house which has held the hideous thing for months.

Terrible in its revelations of human suffering, merciless in its attack upon dope, dramatic in the same degree that life is dramatic, "Human Wreckage" has a vital message.

"Merry-Go-Round"

To the strains of a Viennese waltz, Life's merry-go-round whirls unceasingly in this unusual photoplay. The aristocracy of the Hapsburg Court and the common people of the Prater Amusement Park, palaces and painted tents, noblemen and clowns—dance before your eyes.

The story, suggested possibly by "Lil-

iom," and by an incident of paternal despotism in the life of Emperor Franz Joseph, with the authentic atmosphere of the "gayest city in the world," was written for the screen by Eric von Stroheim and directed by Rupert Julian. It is spring in Vienna and the Prater concessions are crowded with pleasure seekers. Beside an organ stands a slip of a girl with a wistful smile grinding out tones for the merry-go-round and dreaming of Prince Charming. A young nobleman, tired of the ceaseless round of Court functions, has come to the park. He sees the girl and because something in her unsullied sweetness appeals to his jaded senses he talks to her. Love follows, but by the order of the emperor, the count is forced to marry, not the girl he loves, but a woman of the aristocracy. And then, after a long time during which the girl's mother dies and her father is injured by the cruel proprietor of the concession, she again meets the nobleman, only to find that he has deserted her and married another woman. The war comes, and as the count goes to the front he tells her of his love and his undying hope. The nobleman's wife dies and with the war ended spring comes again, the chestnut trees bloom and the lovers are united.

Although full credit should be given to Rupert Julian for his direction, the original conception of the story, its tender and forceful romance and its theme are the work of von Stroheim. Unfortunately, as the plot progresses and leaves the sources of its conception, there is a gradual diminishing of its appeal and virility until, in the closing scenes, it becomes conventional. The story is vitalized by Mary Philbrin's exceptionally fine interpretation and the splendid characterizations of George Hackathorne and Cesare Gravina.

The wistful charm of the girl who dreamed and smiled in the face of disillusionment; the response of the jaded count to real love; and the development of the theme that life whirls unceasingly to the tune of time, that the world is only make-believe, while we are only children dreaming, makes this photoplay a distinctive contribution to the screen.



IN THE FOREGROUND

Brief Editorial Chats on Timely Topics

SIGNIFICANT indeed is the fact that the large metropolitan newspapers and the better class of magazines have, of late, been paying decidedly careful attention to the stories upon which motion pictures reviewed in their columns are constructed. Time was—and not so far distant, at that—when the author, excepting he chanced to be a so-called “big name,” was barely accorded mention by the critics. Star, producer, technical staff and director were given full credit; the author received little or no credit, although it might be mentioned, in passing, that he generally came in for full discredit, were the picture a failure.

Slowly but surely, however, the importance of the screen story has come to be recognized. The fact that motion picture drama has a technique peculiarly its own has been impressed upon the minds of the public; and critics, realizing this, have given more and more space to the men and women who have mastered this new medium of expression.

In a recent issue, the *New York Evening Post* discusses in an unusually sane manner this vital problem. “With all its technical perfection,” says the *Post*, “the art of the moving picture is still in the stage of adaptation. Its present function is largely that of translator of previously successful plays, novels and short stories. Can it rise to the state of a creative art?”

The writer replies to his own query by stating, “*It most certainly can,*” but adds, “however, if it is to accomplish this, as all of its admirers desire, authors must more concretely realize that the moving picture has a definite technique of its own—as has the play, the novel or the short story. One may be a good short story writer and not at all a good playwright, a good playwright but a poor novelist, and

so on. One may be master of one technique and a failure at another.”

The *Post* continues: “According to Mr. Clayton Hamilton, it would take from six months to a year and a half for an able writer to master the definite and peculiar technique of the screen. Then, and only then, could it be more valuable in ‘writing direct’ for the screen, and thus, by giving the picture first hand material, help raise them to the level of creative art. An expression of the present attitude of many writers might be found in the remark of one best-seller author of our acquaintance: ‘The movie of my novel? Oh, I don’t care how bad it is! I’ve been paid for it. That’s all I wanted.’”

Elaborating on this idea, the *Post* remarks: “This disinterest on the part of authors in the adaptations of their work to the screen, provided merely that they are properly remunerated, must certainly work against the advance of the moving picture as an art. And if, on the other hand, the moving picture continues to rely for its successes merely on the reproduction of work that has already appeared in the novel, play, or short story form it cannot ever enter the estate of creative art. If the authors care anything whatever about the motion picture as an art, it is then their job to learn its particular technique, to become practically conversant with the definite boundaries of its field, with the things the moving picture can do well, the things it does ill, and the things it cannot do at all.

“When we have a number of ‘writers direct,’ thoroughly conversant with the moving picture as a medium of creative expression, not expecting from it the nuance possible in the written word, but utilizing to the full all its own peculiar resources, then—and not till then—we shall begin to have a new era of the movie. Writers—as artists—will have begun to ‘feel’ the motion picture as an artistic medium of original expression.”

When One Imagination Controls Millions

UNTIL motion pictures came into existence, it is unlikely that a single audience, in all the centuries that people have been assembling for entertainment, has ever approximated a common mood at any given instant of the program. Whether the medium be music or spoken drama, the translation of its theme or situations into an emotional effect is a function of the author's own imagination. He constructs some kind of image on his own mental screen from a thing heard; the ear, in a way, performing an optical office, but without the optical accuracy of objective vision. More than skillful expression in his medium is required by the composer, writer or playwright to transfer an emotion to all the audience. The people must possess a common imagination, identical with the author's, and that is impossible. For the flight of human fancy is as individualistic as the thumb-print.

The photodramatist encounters hurdles of this sort in his straight flight to the mind of his audience. His story is pre-visualized, and it is received through the sense of vision—the one sense which registers an impression or an image without use of the imagination. Indelicate inferences aside, we may for illustration liken the motion picture audience to a herd of cattle, in which unity of emotion is exemplified in its purest form—the thing seen animating the herd as a single animal. The analogy ceases the moment the audience gets out of the theatre and into a world whose activities set all the senses at work and, with them, the individual's imagination.

What a challenge to the photodramatist! During the hour or so each day that his picture spins through the projector, he literally controls the thinking processes of millions of men and women. It is his imagination, not theirs, that grips these millions, plays upon their emotions, directs their minds. The more skillfully he constructs his drama, the more permanent its impression. A picture is not forgotten, is an influence which never dies.

Motion pictures are the easiest assimilated of all forms of entertainment or instruction. They have become almost the

sole nourishment of the lazy mind. Photodrama will achieve the perfection of its power when the thing to which it gives expression under such marvelously favorable circumstances, and which the audience receives with virtually no resistance, becomes sufficiently provocative to stir their imagination after the people have left the theatre.

Splendid Sausages

IN a certain newspaper column conducted by a New York writer who professes a marked fastidiousness in his choice of plays, clothes, books and foods, the word "splendid" was used twice. In his ramblings around town, the writer had discovered a "splendid" decorative window display in a delicatessen shop, the motif of which was sausages. On the night before he had witnessed a "splendid" maneuver of a dozen or more brilliantly lighted battleships of the United States Navy up in the Hudson River.

This is cited merely as suggesting the peak of absurdity too often scaled by the writer who is absolutely insensitive to the spectrum of the dictionary.

When the New York columnist views the aurora borealis at its best, what words and phrases will he have in reserve adequately to describe it? He has exhausted his native tongue on a window display of sausages.

It is useful to know and remember the story of the highly conservative managing editor of a St. Louis newspaper. Nothing less than a national election could persuade him to break over into a two column headline, but in his absence a tornado wrought death and destruction in St. Louis. His assistant, in charge at the time, discovered a quantity of wood block type, four inches high, in the print shop, and spread them across the front page. Proud of his work, the young man displayed the paper to his chief upon the latter's return. The editor gazed ruefully upon the shrieking page. "Well," he commented, "I suppose a storm that tears our own town up is worth more or less headlining and you've played it up with plenty of emphasis. But that type, my boy—that type. I was saving it for the second coming of Christ."



WHAT does the public want? This question has kept such men as Adolph Zukor, Carl Laemmle, Thomas H. Ince, and other big producers awake many a night until long after Mr. Chanticleer proclaimed the arrival of a new day. It has worried all of us for a long time; it has worried the dear old public, too. Recently, that public was given a chance to say what it wants. It all came about through a committee which was formed to make a list of questions to be given to patrons of three of the largest picture theatres in New York City. Let's see what the public had to say. First of all, it stated implicitly that it deemed the story more important than the star or director. That's nice.

Show me the writer that wasn't convinced of this a long time ago. But, here's the rub. Some producers believed that the public preferred to see literary masterpieces on the screen rather than stories written directly for the screen! I wonder! One of the finest pictures, technically, that I've seen in a long time was "Our Mutual Friends," written by a gentleman by the name of Charles Dickens. And yet, it was shown in a second run house in Los Angeles. I saw "Jane Eyre" in a vaudeville theatre where it was tacked onto the end of a lot of good acts. The audience was so tired from laughing and applauding the various specialties that not many of the patrons waited to see the picture. It was an excellent picturization of a famous novel. Lorimer Johnston recently made a beautiful gem of "The Cricket on the Hearth"; a picture worthy of being shown in every first class theatre in the country. At present, it seems to me as though it is being kept a secret, or lost

in the shuffle. Why? Because the public doesn't want adaptations. I have seen many excellent picturizations of masterpieces of literature at pre-views which were never heard of again.

The public goes to see pictures made by an acrobatic actor named Fairbanks. It is true that he has been in the habit, lately, of taking masterpieces, messing them about a bit, and putting them on the screen. But, when he gets through with them they are usually "original" stories. He will tell you this: he makes them Fairbanksian. Another well known young man, who has gained considerable mention in pieces in the newspapers under the name of Chaplin, will tell you that "The Kid," "The Pilgrim," and a few other pictures he has made from time to time, were absolutely "originals." He made them masterpieces. A director by the name of Griffith admits that "The Birth of a Nation"—a picture that will go down in moving picture history as the fore-runner of all great achievements—was practically an "original" story when it appeared on the screen. Thomas H. Ince will be pleased to admit that "Civilization," "Hail the Woman," and several more of his greatest successes were written especially for the screen. "The Heart of Humanity" made Allen Holubar famous. It was penned for the screen. An "original" story entitled, "Blind Husbands," introduced a genius to the public in the personage of Eric Von Stroheim. He followed up that success with "The Devil's Pass Key" and "Foolish Wives," both of which were created directly for the screen. "Merry-Go-Round" will undoubtedly be one of the ten best pictures of the current screen season. It is an "original" story. The public wants a good story and a good picture. It wants good actors, doing good acting. It wants good photography and good "sets." That's all

it does want, and, any time it gets it, that public is going to be satisfied.

Alan Dwan tells us that pictures should be written directly for the screen. He spoke right up like a good little major, during the Congress of the Motion Picture Arts, and said that most literary masterpieces have no pictorial value, and, therefore, if a story is written with the object of making it adaptable for screen usage, it has much more value as a picture than the masterpiece famous for its literary style. Let's take his words seriously, for he has been jaunting right along with the industry since the days of its nursing bottle.

Before you forget it, put such titles as "Merry-Go-Round," "The Spoilers," "Red Lights," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "Rendezvous," "Little Old New York," "Trilby," "The Magic Skin," "Greed," "Scaramouche," "Three Wise Fools," "The Gold Diggers," "Judgment of the Storm," "The Ten Commandments" and "A Woman of Paris" down in your note book, among the pictures you must see. The student of the screen should not ignore one of these productions. And, on your way home, after seeing any one of them, you'll admit that the producers are making a very sincere effort to give the public something really worth while. The public is going to see some real pictures this season.

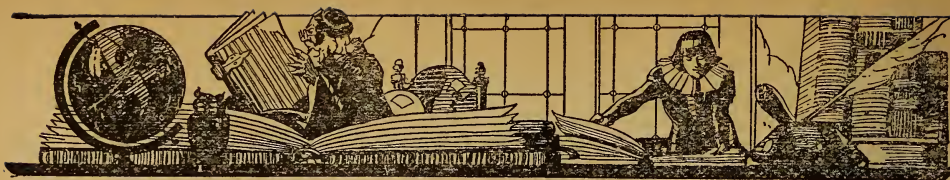
Marshall Neilan expressed considerable admiration for one Thomas Hardy in a recent issue of the *Los Angeles Times*, and said, in part: "Of all the great living authors, Thomas Hardy is the most easily adapted to the screen. His belief that life is made up of a series of incidents, combined with his knowledge of the human heart, makes his work more easily presented on the screen than that of the other masters." I am inclined to the belief that there are many other authors who are of the same opinion as Thomas Hardy. We don't care to admit that Mr. Hardy's works are more easily adapted to the screen than those of any other living author. Mr. Neilan is considering a picturization of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Perhaps that has a lot to do with his statement.

I recently received a letter from a mem-

ber of the "Writer's Club," in a large Southern city, wherein she disclosed the following: "Last summer I answered an advertisement in a magazine—and mailed a story to a New York concern. They had written me they liked my story and were very much impressed with my work. But, 'it was not prepared correctly for selling to the producers.' This work they would do for me, and asked \$27.00 for the labor. After six months, the story was returned, and put away. Several months later, I again saw an advertisement in one of the magazines; this time from Los Angeles. I mailed them this same story. An answer came promptly. They also liked my story, but, in its present form it was crude and showed the work of the amateur (this work, of course, being that done by the New York concern). They, also, wanted to put my story in 'proper form,' as they felt sure they could sell it quickly. Producers and stars were 'wanting just such a story,' and these people asked \$35.99 for their work. If this had been your experience, what would you think? Wouldn't you hesitate to send this second company \$35.99 to rewrite a story that another concern had asked \$27.00 to do for you?"

I most certainly would. In fact I would hesitate before I answered either one of those advertisements. Ask June Mathis, C. Gardner Sullivan, Harvey Gates, Harvey Thew, Marion Fairfax, Frances Marion, Lois Zellner, Raymond Schrock, or any other successful screen writer if they have ever submitted their stories to such concerns to be "typed." Such firms are created for the sole purpose of tempting and ensnaring the amateur writer, dear lady, and just so long as the amateur writer is anxious and willing to donate perfectly good specie toward their maintenance they are going to exist.

Courses in scenario writing, if reliable, are of great benefit. There's no doubt about that. But be sure you are dealing with a reliable school—one that can show a record of having trained men and women to write for the screen, and—most important of all—that can point to a list of photoplays actually produced from the work of its students.



The STORY WORLD'S SERVICE BUREAU.

WITH thousands of inquiries already answered, and hundreds arriving monthly, the value of the *Story World's* Service Bureau has been amply demonstrated. No department, the editors believe, has proved more popular, or has been of more real worth to the readers of the magazine than has this one.

An interesting thing has been the wide catholicism of the questions: "Where can I sell a comedy-drama with an old man lead?" "What is the Egyptian word for plague?" "Is it possible to film the construction of a bridge in the Andes mountains?" "How is a 'fog effect' obtained in a picture?" "What is the real name of Seena Owen?" These are but a few of the queries, selected at random, to give an idea of the service we are rendering.

All inquiries that have to deal with the sale of manuscripts are cared for by the editor of this department. Technical problems are solved by G. Harrison Wiley, one of the best technical men in the motion picture world, who is retained at considerable expense by *The Story World* as staff advisor.

No matter what problem is puzzling you, if it has to do with the motion picture or the realm of magazines, we are prepared to answer it—provided, of course, that it is capable of solution.

When sending in your questions,

do not fail to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply. The mass of correspondence involved makes this rule necessary and, since the service is absolutely free, we feel certain that our readers will recognize the fairness of such a provision.

FICTION MARKETS

The following list of fiction markets includes only magazines that pay for fiction upon acceptance, at a rate of one cent per word, or better. Magazines which ordinarily pay over two cents are marked with an asterisk. A double asterick indicates those paying highest rates. In submitting work to these markets, writers should enclose stamped, self-addressed envelopes to insure the return of their manuscripts:

- Ace-High—799 Broadway, New York.
- Action Stories—41 Union Square, New York.
- Adventure—Spring & Macdougall Sts., New York.
- *Ainslee's Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- *American Magazine—381 Fourth Ave., New York.
- Argosy All-Story Magazine—280 Broadway, New York.
- Asia—627 Lexington Ave., New York.
- *Atlantic Monthly—8 Arlington St., Boston.
- Black Mask—25 W. 45th St., New York.
- *Blue Book—36 S. State St., Chicago.
- Bookman—244 Madison Ave., New York.
- Breezy Stories—709 Sixth Ave., New York.
- Brief Stories—805 Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia.

- *Century Magazine—353 Fourth Ave., New York.
- *Collier's Weekly—416 W. 13th St., New York.
- **Cosmopolitan Magazine—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- *Country Gentleman—Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia.
- Country Life—Garden City, L. I., N. Y.
- *Delineator—Spring and Macdougall Sts., New York.
- *Designer—12 Vandam St., New York.
- Detective Stories Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- *Dial, The—152 W. 13th St., New York.
- *Elks Magazine, The—50 E. 42nd St., New York.
- **Everybody's—Spring & Macdougall Sts., New York.
- Farm and Fireside—381 Fourth Ave., New York.
- **Good Housekeeping—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- *Harper's Bazaar—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- *Harper's Monthly—Franklin Square, New York.
- **Hearst's Magazine—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- Holland's Magazine—Dallas, Texas.
- **Ladies' Home Journal—Philadelphia.
- *Life—598 Madison Ave., New York.
- Live Stories—9 E. 40th St., New York.
- Love Story Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- *McCall's Magazine—236 W. 37th St., New York.
- *McClure's—80 Lafayette St., New York.
- McLean's Magazine—143 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.
- *Metropolitan Magazine—432 Fourth Ave., New York.
- *Modern Priscilla—85 Broad St., Boston.
- Munsey—280 Broadway, New York.
- National Pictorial Monthly—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- People's Story Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- *People's Home Journal—78 Lafayette St., New York.
- *People's Popular Monthly—Des Moines, Iowa.
- *Photoplay Magazine—25 W. 45th St., New York.
- **Pictorial Review—200 W. 39th St., New York.
- *Popular Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- **Red Book—36 S. State St., Chicago.
- **Saturday Evening Post—Independence Square, Philadelphia.
- Saucy Stories—25 W. 45th St., New York.
- *Scribners' Magazine—597 Fifth Ave., New York.
- Sea Stories—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- Short Stories—Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.
- Smart Set, The—25 W. 45th St., New York.
- Snappy Stories—9 E. 40th St., New York.
- *Success—1133 Broadway, New York.
- *Sunset Magazine—San Francisco, Calif.
- Telling Tales—80 E. 11th St., New York.
- Top Notch—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- True Story Magazine—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- Western Story Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- *Woman's Home Companion—381 Fourth Ave., New York.
- Woman's World—107 So. Clinton St., Chicago.
- Young's Magazine—377 Fourth Ave., New York.

PHOTOPLAY MARKETS

Below is a list of studios which furnish a general and fairly steady market for various types of photoplays. In each case, address your manuscript to the Scenario Editor and enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for return. It is especially important in submitting photoplays to keep a copy of your work, since motion picture companies, although endeavoring to return all material, are not required by law to do so, and your manuscript may be lost.

Fox Studios—1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Calif.—Comedy dramas, melodramas and Western dramas for the following stars: Shirley Mason, Charles Jones, William Russell, William Farnum and Tom Mix.

Eddie Lyons Productions—Care of Berwillia Studio, 5821 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Two-reel comedies for Eddie Lyons and Bobby Dunn.

Ben Wilson Productions—Care of Berwillia Studio, 5821 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Two-reel comedies for Monty Banks.

H. and B. Productions—Care of Bronx Studio, 1745 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.: Dramas, comedy dramas and all-star dramas.

Century Studio—6100 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Two-reel comedies for Jack Cooper, Baby Peggy and Fred Spencer.

Phil Goldstone Productions—Care of Chester Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.: Dramas for William Fairbanks and Snowy Baker.

I. W. Irving Productions—Care of Cosmosart Studio, 3700 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Harry Reveir Productions—Care of Cosmosart Studio, 3700 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Shell Craft Productions—Care of Cosmosart Studio, 3700 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Two-reel comedies for Ted Henderson and all-star casts.

Clifford S. Elfelt Productions—Care of Fine Arts Studios, 4500 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Dramas, all-star casts.

Garson Studios—1845 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.: Dramas for Clara Kimball Young.

Goldwyn Studios—Culver City, Calif.: Big feature dramas.

Charles R. Seeling Productions—1442 Beechwood Drive, Hollywood, Calif.: Western dramas for "Big Boy" Williams and George Larkin.

Richard Thomas Productions—Care of Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Douglas MacLean Productions—Care of Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Comedy dramas for Douglas MacLean.

Irving Cummings Productions—Care of Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica

Bld., Hollywood, Calif.: Outdoor dramas for Irving Cummings.

Victor B. Fisher Productions—Care of Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood Calif.: All-star dramas.

Courtland Productions—Care of Ince Studios, Culver City, Calif.: Unusual dramas for Guy Bates Post.

Lasky Studios—1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Calif.: Comedy dramas for the following stars: Betty Compson, Gloria Swanson, Pola Negri, Joy Moore, Walter Hiers, and May McAvoy. Also all-star dramas.

Mayer-Schulberg Studio—3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Metro Studios—Romaine and Cahuenga Sts., Hollywood, Calif.: Comedy dramas for Viola Dana and all-star dramas.

Palmer Photoplay Corp.—6362 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Purchase for their own production scenarios written by those who have taken their course in photoplay writing. They also act as agents for their students in the sale of scenarios to other producers.

Robertson-Cole Studios—Melrose and Gower Sts., Hollywood, Calif.: Western dramas for Harry Carey; dramas for male or female lead.

Joseph M. Schenck Productions—Care of United Studios, Los Angeles, Calif.: Dramas for Norma Talmadge and comedy dramas for Constance Talmadge.

Maurice Tourneur Productions—Care of United Studios, Los Angeles, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Principal Pictures Corporation—Care of United Studios, Los Angeles, Calif.: All-star dramas.

Universal Film Co.—Universal City, Calif.: Dramas and comedy dramas for Herbert Rawlinson, Jack Hoxie, Wm. Desmond, Gladys Walton, Hoot Gibson, Neely Edwards, Lon Chaney, Reginald Denny and Roy Stewart. Also all-star photoplays and two-reel comedies.

Warner Bros. Studios—5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.: Comedy dramas for male or female lead.





FOR YOUR BOOKSHELF



The Latest Novels Reviewed

By HETTY GOLDRICK

IN Harper's recent contest there were seven novels chosen for publication. The prize winner has not yet been announced but it is undoubtedly one of the seven. An anonymous one, "*West of the Water Tower*," has made quite a stir.

The Balzac Prize novel, "*My Friend From Limousin*," by Jean Giraudoux, was published in June by Harper's. The Balzac Prize is one of the most coveted in France. By candle light a jury of members from the Academie Goncourt met in the room once occupied by Balzac. When they chose "*My Friend From Limousin*" they had four hundred more manuscripts to consider. Their decision created a literary furore and "*My Friend From Limousin*" has become one of the most widely read books in Europe. It is a story of loss of memory.

Willa Cather, author of "*One of Ours*," which won the Pulitzer prize of the year, is in Europe working on a new novel which she declines to discuss even with intimate friends as she finds that such discussions are disturbing to her work. In an interview with a *New York World* correspondent she is quoted: "So long as a writer works selfishly for the pleasure of creating characters and situations corresponding to his own illusions, ideals and intuitions, he will always produce something worth while and natural. Directly he takes himself too seriously and begins for the alleged benefit of humanity an elaborate dissection of complexes, he evolves a book that is more ridiculous and tiresome than the most conventional cold-cream girl novel of yesterday."

Whether or not Jack London's work will live in his own country, in Norway he is still one of the most popular of American writers. It is not difficult to under-

stand why. Norwegians know the fury of the elements, the wrath of the sea gods and the almost superhuman courage which mortals must possess to cope with them. Johan Bojer and London are equally at home in heroic tales. Bojer has surpassed all his previous work in "*The Last of the Vikings*." It has not much of a plot but it is epic in construction. His word painting is so masterful that he seems to be painting an actual picture spread before his eyes. That this is what he really is doing is acknowledged in his recent statement that "*The Last of the Vikings*" is largely a picture of his own boyhood experiences.

There seems to be a great vogue for a chatty, story-like treatment of subjects which we have been accustomed to have written about in a serious, lofty vein. Hendrik Van Loon, whose "*Story of Mankind*" has been such a success is now at work on "*The Story of the Bible*." "*The Story of the World's Literature*" is the work of John Macy. Giovanni Papini's "*Life of Christ*" has caused more curious interest than has been aroused in the literary world for years. The editor of *Century Magazine* says: "If H. L. Mencken should join the Baptist church and write a 'Life of Christ' it would of course outsell his 'Prejudices.' All Italy talked of Papini's book for the same reason that the old cronies meet at the village postoffice in animated discussion of the conversion of the village 'bad man' at the tent meeting revival."

When the "literary bludgeoner of Italy," as Mr. Frank calls him, turned believer after years of rampant atheism and wrote his "*Life of Christ*" world-wide attention was drawn to his work. In all current catalogues of best sellers this is listed, and it surpasses many others in that it is being translated into a dozen languages. This is perhaps the most un-

usual book of its kind ever written, a literary treatment of the New Testament. Papini has bent all his great powers of scholar, poet and critic to the writing of this biography. Aside from the nobility of its subject the book is worth reading as an example of charming narrative and perfect literary workmanship.

In the current International Book Review there is an interesting discussion of "Plagiarism as a Profession" by the Spanish novelist, Vicente Blasco Ibanez. Plagiarism, he says, or at least accusation of it, is as old as literature itself. Plato accused Euripides, but Plato himself was regarded as a flagrant offender by his fellow writers. The Romans plagiarized the Greeks, Virgil taking bodily whatever pleased him from Homer. Dante made use of many Irish legends, Rabelais and Milton foraged far and near for their ideas and every one knows that Shakespeare took entire plots from Italian novelists. *Le Cid* is an adoption of the earlier and little known "The Youthful Exploits of *Le Cid*." Moliere was known as the prince of plagiarists and Balzac wrote so much and so rapidly that he used everything that came handy.

Ibanez wisely stops before he reaches the present generation, but with these multiplied instances shall we come to the conclusion that all writers are plagiarists, to use a gentle term? Ibanez' friend, George Maurevert, has just put out "The Book of Plagiarisms" in which he says that the ant in earning his living carries away the whole grain, thus becoming a definite robber, but the bee merely sips a taste of honey from every flower he visits, not in any way injuring the flower and converting what little of the flower's store of sweet which he carries away into more delectable sweetness. So if the writer but be a bee, merely sipping, he is within the law.

Anatole France frankly justifies plagiarism if it is done with taste and judgment. As a matter of fact we are all plagiarists to a degree, unconsciously, if not deliberately so. There is nothing so true as that there is nothing new under the sun. The expression of it is the only possibility of originality. In the great Spaniard's own words:

"One is thus compelled not only to say, but also to believe, that all the great writers, absolutely all, are plagiarists, and that the best of each does not belong to him, because he has taken it from others. A writer, during his life, gives out hundreds of images and reproduces in new form hundreds of thoughts. A part of this product recalls more or less vaguely the product of his predecessors, or may at times become identical with it; but this does not prevent the said author from adding to the intellectual treasure of mankind another and original portion that is his own. Eighty per cent of his work may thus be old silver, skillfully handled; but what does it matter, if the author adds a handful of completely new coins minted by himself?

"Beyond doubt, the new is not plentiful, and each author carries with him only bits of novelty in order to add them to other novelties encountered ages before. Most plagiarisms are committed unconsciously. They are old things that were read and forgotten, and that come to life like witches and pass themselves off, with their false youth, for daughters of the moment. But at the beginning of this chain of writers, all heirs of each other, the reader will ask, were there not original geniuses, true creators who nourished themselves on their own substance? No. At the dawn of literature there is no individual ownership; the communism of primitive societies prevails, everything belongs to everybody, and all assist in production. Thus the masses of the people write the epics—a multitude of vigorous and nameless authors sincere and enthusiastic, who put forth their works, unsigned, with the disinterestedness of the architects and imaginative creators of cathedrals. It is an author with a thousand heads and a thousand mouths that produces the ballad-romances of chivalry and the heroic poems of the north. And much more distant, in the dawn of recorded history, are the wandering bards of Greece, the nameless rhapsodists who united, as cells join themselves together in a body to form one author, unreal yet venerable, called Homer, the "Father of Poetry."

ROGET'S THESAURUS

Crowell Company, Publishers.

Price—\$2.00.

Considering the steady output of compilations of synonyms, antonyms, idioms and idiocies it would seem that kind-hearted publishers realize the travail of writers and work earnestly to supply them with words, at least. If they could also think up some ideas—but out with such a lazy suggestion. To return to these desk aids, to-day's flock are all descendants of a renowned ancestor—*Roget's Thesaurus*. No writer of any pretension will admit that he lacks a copy on his shelf, whether he does or not. All the modern publications are good, even excellent, but the *Thesaurus* is like the Bible and the dictionary, to be in polite society you must know it.

It is worthy of note that this book, old as its first edition is, has firmly held its own with the discriminating and all creditable lists of a writer's equipment include it. Edited and brought up to date from time to time, it is always, as its name declares, a store-house of words in all their relations and modifications. P. M. Roget, himself, looks out quaintly from a frontispiece illustration, his high forehead, his mild expression, his contemplative eyes calmly serene in the knowledge that they have helped make a lasting book. He wears a high stock and his hand is in the bosom of his coat, the perfect pose of his day and generation. The pose has passed, but not so his work.

The *Amera Cosha*, Vocabulary of the Sanscrit Language, the first known literary handbook, was compiled a thousand years ago and now behold its great company of descendants, *Roget's Thesaurus* being the most complete and comprehensive of them all. There are half a dozen general classifications, each divided and sub-divided into divisions of the last analysis. Surely no word has escaped this indefatigable hunter. Into his store-house Roget has gathered them all and arranged them upon convenient shelves where the writer may easily see and help himself according to his needs.

"NORTH OF 36"

By Emerson Hough

D. Appleton & Co., Publishers.

Price—\$2.00

Emerson Hough, pioneer of the old West and one of its outstanding authors, gave most fittingly his last message to America through the columns of a western magazine. His article, "Are Americans People?" which he wrote for the *STORY WORLD* shortly before his death, was the last work from his pen and has been widely copied, not only for the reason that it was his dying message but also because of his intense belief in and his love for the American people. He calls America "The Holy Grail of the Centuries" and in doing so carries out the crusading note of many of his novels. His pioneers are all crusaders seeking a grail, undaunted by bitter hardship and heart-breaking toil. "The Sagebrusher," "The Covered Wagon" and his last story, "North of 36" all exemplify this favorite theme, and are written in his characteristic vivid, picturesque and forceful style. Before he wrote "The Covered Wagon" he had in mind picture as well as story possibilities. He came to Hollywood to learn something of pictorial unities and values and when he went back home he was able to write a story which became famous both in the written word and on the screen. "North of 36" is done in the same style, has been a success as a story, bought for the screen and no doubt will be as successful in that medium as "The Covered Wagon."

"North of 36" deals with old Texas just after the Civil War. Anastasie Lockhart, daughter of a famous cattleman, Colonel Lockhart, is orphan owner of the great ranch, Laguna Del Sol. She had just come home from a New Orleans convent when her father was murdered by a notorious outlaw in a cattle quarrel and left her land and cattle poor. Thousands of Texas acres, thousands of heads of cattle, a trunk full of worthless scrip and titles to a vast domain which in this war-ridden time is worthless, is her inheritance. Del Sol grows poorer every day, thieves steal its cattle and what stock

there is left is of no value in a cattle-poor state. When Taisie is no longer able to pay her men she tries to get them to leave her, but they all idolize her and stick by her to a man. She is young, beautiful and with a mass of curling red hair. She dresses like a boy and is referred to as Boss of the ranch, but Jim Nabors, foreman of Del Sol for twenty years, is her right hand man.

At the time of her greatest despair, Dan McMasters, sheriff of the next county rides over to Del Sol. He and Taisie are strangers but their fathers were old friends, both killed by the same outlaw. McMasters loves her at first sight, but Taisie is proud and difficult. He suggests that Nabors drive the Del Sol herd up into the new country, north of latitude 36. A few pioneers have pushed into it, called the country Kansas, are laying the rails of the Kansas Pacific, have named a trading point Abilene and are now eager to buy cattle to ship East and supply the army posts. When Nabors tells him of Del Sol's poverty McMasters helps outfit the expedition, unknown to Taisie. Taisie accompanies the cavalcade against all persuasion, taking her women with her and leaving Del Sol solitary. Nabors, an old-time cattle man, has been faintly distrustful of McMasters' scheme, though he can see that this is the last hope for Del Sol's fortunes. When the trunk which contains script and title to the Del Sol grant is lost and discovered in McMasters' cart, Nabors accuses him of intrigue and Taisie thinks he is a thief. McMasters quits them but keeps close enough to come forward and help them in crises. At the same time he is playing with Slim Rudubaugh, who is the slayer of his father and also of Colonel Lockhart, and who is now stalking Taisie hoping to get hold of the precious trunk and put her herd to rout.

All the thousand miles to Abilene and through the several months' journey, every misfortune that can come to pioneers befalls the Del Sol remuda. The cattle stampede, are forced to swim a raging river, are terrified by buffalo herds, flounder in treacherous bogs. Rains descend in fury, Indians harry, Rudubaugh's men attack. McMasters appears at every critical moment, saves

Taisie's life and the fate of the whole party, time and time again, but he is proud, can not forget that Taisie believed him a thief when he was protecting her possessions from Slim Rudubaugh, so he stays away from her. After countless hardships, they reach Abilene, make a fortune off the cattle, Slim Rudubaugh is taken captive and the slow return to Texas is made. Despite their misunderstandings, the two lovers are drawn together as steel to magnet, the old ranch is restored to prosperity, and all ends happily.

Farewell, Emerson Hough, to you and your clean, virile pen, and many thanks for the old West which you have immortalized in print and picture.

"FAINT PERFUME"

By Zona Gale

D. Appleton & Co.

Price—\$1.75

It is a most interesting study to watch the growth of a writer's style. Some writers shoot forth like a comet, a brilliant dash—and oblivion. Others grow slowly, steadily, naturally like a tree, from sapling promise to full maturity. Still others take their art in hand, molding it with meticulous care, chiseling here, rounding out there, polishing each sentence with the painstaking of a gem-cutter, fashioning each paragraph with the exactness of a builder. A brilliant example of this latter method is Zona Gale. Her "Friendship" stories gave promise of careful work to come, "Miss Lulu Bett" strengthened it, and "Faint Perfume" confirms it.

In "Faint Perfume" Miss Gale takes common clay and transmutes it into, if not precious stone, at least finely tempered metal. Her method is interesting and is worthy of any writer's study. The most difficult task which faces a writer is to extract from his material all its hidden essence. Take any given character. In the writer's mind, if the character be fully conceived, he lives, he moves and has his being. But what words will the writer choose to make his character so react in the mind of the reader, and having found the words how is he going to employ them? Some writers choose elaboration,

some concentration. In "Faint Perfume" Miss Gale chooses concentration. Her style is more staccato than that of "Miss Lulu Bett," and each sentence is stark with understatement. The utmost economy of words is employed and yet the story is neither bald from lack of elaboration nor disjointed from terse, tense, handling.

Leda Perrin, a writer, is broken in health and by a chain of circumstances is forced to make her home with relatives, the Crumbs. The Crumbs are kind-hearted, crude and vociferous and rasp upon Leda's sensibilities like a file. Each Crumb is drawn life-size with amazingly few strokes and Leda and Barnaby, Richmiel's divorced husband, and Oliver, Richmiel's sensitive child, are distinctly lined against this nonunderstanding background. Many writers wallow so deeply in the emotions of their characters that the reader closes the book feeling that he had better provide himself with a screen next time. Miss Gale takes a group of primal emotions like these: an elderly mother, bewildered by the maze through

which her grown-up family leads her, constantly harking back to the memory of her dead husband for support; an old man, Grandfather Crumb, in the way, neglected, blindness approaching, suicide; an amorous girl who runs away to meet a lover who fails her; a young wife longing for a child; a young husband, a loud-mouthed, soft-hearted traveling salesman; Richmiel, a beautiful woman, frankly of the flesh, and tired of her cold, intellectual husband warmed by Leda's kindred soul; a sensitive child used by the beautiful mother as a checkmate against her divorced husband's love for Leda; the two lovers struggling between an exalted love and a lowering compromise.

You will see that in this group of situations and characters there is every opportunity for many words, fine writing and elaboration to the nth degree. Miss Gale has accomplished her end with almost a paucity of words. It is a perfect study in concentration and repression. Critics generally agree that it is a brilliant piece of work and marks an interesting development in the author's craftsmanship.

YOUR MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER

WHAT do you know regarding the men and women who read and pass upon the scenarios you submit to the various motion picture producers? How many scenario editors can you call by name? Do you know their experience, their likes and dislikes—in fact, have you that knowledge every writer should have of the persons whom you expect to buy your literary wares? "The Story World" will tell you, in a fascinating series of personality sketches, entitled, "Intimate Views of Noted Scenario Editors," beginning in the October issue. No photoplaywright can afford to miss this series.

The same issue will contain Montague Glass' own account of his early literary struggles. You all know Montague Glass, creator of those famous fiction characters, Potash and Perlmutter, and author of hundreds of humorous sketches and stories.

The usual inspirational, instructive departments and articles will, of course, appear in the coming number. Don't fail to make sure of receiving your copy!



BY ÁGNES O'MALLEY

A PROMINENT New York motion picture producer recently arrived in Hollywood, and after a careful survey of production activities here asserted that Hollywood is about a year and a half ahead of New York in every conceivable phase of motion picture production. In comparing the two centers, he cites the cases of miniatures, glass-painting, trick photography and other technical features which have been originated, experimented upon and perfected in the Western Studios, and which are just beginning to be discussed in the East. Novelties of lighting and setting are almost all originated in the West, and when they have been proven successes they are copied in the East.

The Goldwyn Studio

King Vidor is in the middle of production on "Wild Oranges," the Hergesheimer novel. The cast so far includes James Kirkwood, Ford Sterling and Buddy Post.

Johnathan Swift's classic, "Gulliver's Travels," is to be filmed by Vidor upon the completion of "Wild Oranges."

Elinor Glyn arrived in Hollywood just in time to witness the final shots of her story, "Six Days," in which Charles G. Brabin is directing, Frank Mayo, Corinne Griffith, Myrtle Stedman, Claude King, Maud George, Charles Clary, Evelyn Walsh Hall, Spottiswoode Aitken and Robert de Vilbiss. Madame Glyn is here for the purpose of supervising Carey Wilson's version of her popular novel, "Three Weeks."

Conrad Nagel has been selected to take the place of Joseph Schildekraut in Hall Caine's, "The Master of Man." Other recent additions to the cast are Hobart Bosworth, Evelyn Selbie, Aileen Pringle and Mark Fenton. This is Victor Seastrom's first American-made picture.

Emmett King and Tyrone Power have been added to the cast of "The Day of Faith," the story by Arthur Somers Roche which Tod Browning is making.

Rupert Hughes' new production will be "Law Against Law." Helene Chadwick will play the leading feminine role.

"In the Palace of the King" is in the last stages of production, under Emmet Flynn's direction. It is a story of Sixteenth Century Spain, in the Court of Phillip II. The complete cast includes Edmund Lowe, Blanche Sweet, Hobart Bosworth, Pauline Starke, Sam de Grasse Lucien Littlefield, William V. Mong, Aileen Pringle, Charles Clary and Harvey Clark.

Paramount Studio

William de Mille is in the midst of his current production, "Spring Magic," Clara Beranger's adaptation of the successful stage play "The Faun" by Edward Knoblock. Bertram Johns, Leo White and "Pal," the dog, have been added to the cast, which now includes Agnes Ayres, Jack Holt, Robert Agnew, Charles de Roche and Mary Astor.

Nita Naldi has come West to assume

an important role in Cecil de Mille's original story "The Ten Commandments." The Biblical prologue of the picture being completed, work has started on the modern part of the story. To date the cast includes Theodore Roberts, Leatrice Joy, Rod la Rocque, Julia Faye, Robert Edeson, Edyth Chapman and James Neill.

William S. Hart has written the story which will be his first production for Paramount after his long absence from the screen. It is named "Wild Bill Hickock," and deals with the old West in the period 1866-72. Albert Shelby LeVino prepared the continuity.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. will be seen in a Richard Harding Davis story as his first screen work. It is called "The Grand Cross of the Crescent" and Elfred Bingham wrote the continuity. Joseph Henaberry will direct the young star, and his support so far includes Theodore Roberts and Noah Berry.

Production is about to begin on "The Call of the Canyon," a Zane Grey story for which Doris Schroeder wrote the continuity. Victor Fleming will direct. The cast has not yet been announced.

Kalla Pasha, Lillian Leighton and Milt Brown have been added to the cast of "Ruggles of Red Gap," Harry Leon Wilson's famous story which James Cruze is making for Paramount. The adaptation is the work of Anthony Coldaway.

Jack Cunningham of the Paramount scenario department arrived at the West Coast Studio after several months on the staff of the Long Island Studio. His last work while in the East was "The Heart Raider" in which Agnes Ayres was featured.

George Melford is well into production on "The Light That Failed," Kipling's well known novel, with a cast including Jacqueline Logan, Percy Marmont, Sigrid Holmquist, David Torrence, Luke Cosgrove, Mabel Van Buren, Peggy Schaffer, Winston Miller and Mary Jane Irving. F. McGrew Willis prepared the script.

Pola Negri is nearing the finish in "The Spanish Dancer."

Principal Pictures Studio

Bennie Zeidman has made arrangements to produce a new Peck's Bad Boy picture,

to be called "Peck's Bad Boy and His Pa," for Principal Pictures Corporation. The boy lead has not yet been cast, but Forrest Robinson has been selected as the Pa. Harry Carr, John Grey and Walter Anthony prepared the continuity, and Edward F. Cline will direct.

"When a Man's a Man," the Harold Bell Wright story, featuring John Bowers and Marguerite de la Motte, has been completed. Preparations for the filming of a second Wright novel are under way, and it will very likely be "The Winning of Barbara Worth."

Harry Langdon has completed his first two-reel comedy for Principal Pictures. It is a story of an aerial mail carrier, and is called "The Skyscraper." The comedian is supported by Hazel Keener, Frederick Peters and Stanley Tolley. Alf Goulding directed. The scenario department is at work on Langdon's second comedy, which will go into production within two weeks.

The United Studios

Willard Mack, dramatist and actor, is playing an important role in Constance Talmadge's current vehicle, "The Dangerous Maid," by Elizabeth Ellis. It is a tale of England during the reign of James II. Kate Price and Kenneth Gibson have also been added to the cast.

Cynthia Stockley's story of South African life, "Ponjola," is nearing completion. Sam E. Rork is producing this for First National release, with James Kirkwood featured. Recent additions to the cast include Bernard Randall, Edwin Sturgiss, Ruth Clifford, Claire Du Brey, Anna Q. Nilsson, Tully Marshall and Claire McDowell.

Colleen Moore, Milton Sills, Elliott Dexter, Sylvia Breamer and Myrtle Stedman are featured in "Flaming Youth." First National's picturization of Warner Fabian's story of the same name. John F. Dillon is directing.

"Against the Grain," Arthur H. Jacobs' production for First National, has been re-titled to "The Age of Desire." It is a film version of "Dust in the Doorway" by Dixie Willson, which is a story of New York City life.

Warner's Studio

Ernest Lubitsch, the great German director, has started his first picture for Warner Brothers, which is an original by Paul Bern. The title has not yet been announced, but Florence Vidor and Creighton Hale have featured roles.

Work has begun on "George Washington, Jr.," the adaptation of George M. Cohan's successful stage play. Wesley Barry is starred, with Mal St. Clair directing. In the cast so far selected are Otis Harlan, Eddie Phillips and William Courtwright.

"Lucretia Lombard," Kathleen Norris' well known novel, is in production at Warners. The cast so far includes Claude Gillingwater, May McAvoy, Irene Rich and Marc McDermott.

Pickford-Fairbanks Studio

Douglas Fairbanks' original story "The Thief of Bagdad" promises to mark a big stride forward in motion picture making. Those that have seen the sets declare this will in reality be a story told with pictures.

Mary Pickford is busy just now with her brother Jack, assisting and supervising his new picture "Valley of the Wolf." This is an original story by Jack Pickford, Mary Pickford and Marion Jackson, and is laid in the Kentucky mountains. The cast so far includes Frank Leigh, Ralph Yearsley, Mammy Peters, Lucille Rickson and Margaret Shotwell. George Hill is directing.

Sennett Studio

"The Extra Girl" starring Mabel Normand is finished. Richard Jones directed, and the star was supported by Ralph Graves, George Nichols, Anna Hernandez, Vernon Dent and Ramsey Wallace. Preparations are being made for Miss Normand's next feature, which will be an original titled "Mary Ann."

Ben Turpin's new comedy is called "Sidetracked," in which he will be seen as an all 'round combination passenger and freight agent, ticket agent, soda clerk and train announcer. Madeleine Hurlock plays opposite the star, with Kewpie Morgan, Cameo and Billy Armstrong in support. Roy Del Ruth is directing.



We Pay \$1,000 Cash and Five-Year Royalties

to men and women of imagination, anywhere, who can learn to write original screen plays suitable for Palmer Photoplay Productions.

The production, release and exhibition of this first of a series of Palmerplays blazes a new trail in motion picture progress.

It is the first visual expression of an ideal for which this picture producing organization has waged a five-year campaign in and out of the industry—an ideal to which the industry first definitely committed itself at the International Congress of Motion Picture Arts in New York, last June.

What is that ideal?

Just this: That picture drama deserves, and if it ever becomes a serious art must have, its own distinctive literature; and that its authors must write directly for the screen, and in the screen technique.

An easily attainable and logical ideal! And a practical demonstration of it will be given in the nation's theatres this fall.

Writer Shares the Profits

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation has for five years been urging the policy approved by the Motion Picture Congress; and while the delegates representing both producer and author were agreeing upon this policy, the finishing touches were being given the Palmerplay, "Judgment of the Storm," a photoplay built on that principle.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation goes further: We pay royalties for five years to the author—advancing \$1,000 cash before the picture has even begun to earn its way.

But we do not claim to be alone in encouraging the author:

And producers and directors everywhere continue to call for screen drama, created by men and women who have imagination and who understand screen technique.

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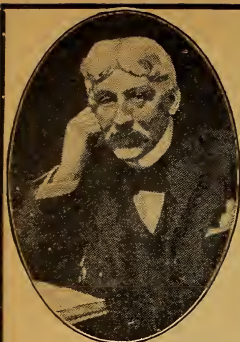
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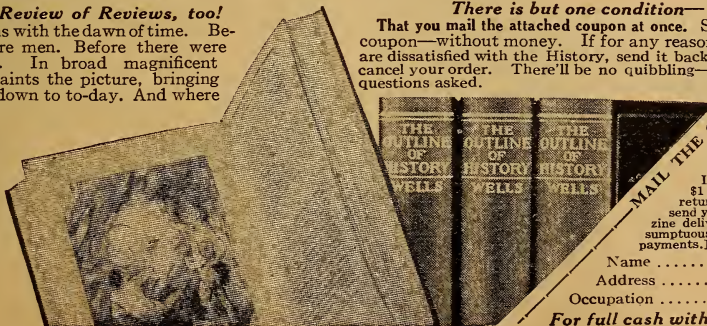
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OCTOBER

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Men who "know it all" are not invited to read this page

THIS page is not for the wise young man who is perfectly satisfied with himself and his business equipment, who believes that the only reason he is not paid twice as much is that he has never been "given a chance."

Nor is it addressed to presidents and business heads—tho 27,000 are on the rolls of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, and tho the Institute welcomes inquiries from such men.

Nor is this particular page addressed to vice-presidents, secretaries and treasurers, tho 31,000 such officials are enrolled in the Institute.

This page is a personal message to the man who has responsibilities, who feels secretly that he ought to be earning several thousand dollars more a year, but who simply lacks the confidence necessary to *lay hold on one of the bigger places in business*. We would like to put into the hands of every such man a copy of a little book that contains the seeds of self-confidence. It is called "Forging Ahead in Business" and it is sent without obligation.

We have in mind, for example, a certain man who is now auditor of a great corporation in the Middle West. Until he was thirty-one years

of age he was a bookkeeper. His employers had made up their minds that he would always be a bookkeeper. His wife was beginning secretly to wonder. Worst of all, he himself was beginning to lose faith.

He sent for "Forging Ahead in Business"; without any great hope in its results, he enrolled in the Modern Business Course and Service. The first few months of his association with the Alexander Hamilton Institute were a revelation to him. He found himself being initiated into departments of business that had hitherto been a mystery to him. He was learning the fundamentals of purchasing, of merchandising, of advertising, of office and factory management, and corporation finance.

He began quietly to make suggestions to the officials—suggestions that surprised them, because they had ceased to expect anything from him. They revised their estimate of his capacities; when the position of auditor became vacant, he was given his chance. And recently on an important financial problem he argued against the position of the company's own attorneys—basing his argument on principles which

the Institute had taught—and by proving his point succeeded in saving the company \$60,000.

The self-confidence that the Institute gave him has transformed that man. He will be a vice-president of that great corporation; and at 31 he was condemned to be a bookkeeper for life.

For the man who is perfectly content with himself and his job the Alexander Hamilton Institute can do nothing. But there are thousands of men who could *double their incomes* in one year if they believed in themselves and had the solid business knowledge to *back up their beliefs*.

To such men the Institute offers "Forging Ahead in Business"—a book with power in every page, and which also describes clearly and interestingly what the Alexander Hamilton Institute can do for you. Thousands of successful men regard it as one of the most valuable little books they ever sent for. May we send it to you? The coupon is for your convenience.

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“Stills” from
“The Courtship of Miles Standish”

CHARLES RAY'S LATEST PHOTOPLAY

In this, one of the season's most significant motion picture productions, Charles Ray has,—as he did in “The Girl I Loved,”—pioneered into an hitherto practically unexplored realm of the Eighth Art. This picture possesses unusually good educational qualities, as well as presenting exceptional entertainment values—especially to those (and who has not?) who have read and enjoyed the Longfellow classic upon which it was based. Although it is realistic—an amazing amount of research having been done upon it—nevertheless, it is a “censorproof” production. You may safely take your wife, your daughter or your sister to see this picture. It is reviewed at length on page 57 of this issue.



“Why don't you speak for yourself, John?”



Charles Ray as John Alden



Enid Bennett as Priscilla



Signing of the Mayflower Compact



*Miles urges John to make his proposal to Priscilla
Charles Ray as John Alden
E. Alyn Warren as Miles Standish*

The STORY WORLD

AND PHOTODRAMATIST

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THROUGH CREATIVE WRITING

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A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE

BY BASIL KING

WE shall never, I think, see the capacity of the motion picture until we detach it altogether from its brothers and sisters of the same family, the written book and the acted play. There has been a tendency to see the screen version of a book or play merely as an illustration. In reality the function of the screen is to do what the book or play cannot do. The novel has its own function, and the stage play has its function; but the motion picture has a function which was never occupied until light was harnessed to the task.

The existing motion picture industry, as compared with what it is destined to become, seems to me at about the stage of a plant just breaking above the soil, as compared with the tree in its full growth.

For the present, however, the screen play has its greatest place in bringing imaginative stimulus to the millions and millions of people who had hitherto been obliged to go

without the prime essential of life. It must never be forgotten that the imagination is that power in the human mind which enables it to live life fully and abundantly.

There is such a thing as living life in a low degree, and also such a thing as living it in a high degree. The imaginative faculty may be said to be that which determines the quantity of life which individually we possess. Those who have rich imaginations live largely! Those who have starved imaginations live poorly, feebly, in hampered conditions, with little outlook, and with almost no margin of life except in the direction of the sensual or the criminal.

Those of us whose imaginations have, all our lives, been fed by travel, reading, the theatre, or some other form of art or recreation, have no conception of the impoverished state of the immense majority, not only of the poor people of the world, but of many of our home-born

Americans. Happily the film story has changed all this.

What they had from books in general, from art and the theatre has always been meagre, never enough to satisfy the cravings of the average healthy nature. Now comes to them this easily accessible avenue, opening up the whole road of human emotions to the world at large. Is it any wonder that they have turned to it, not only in our big cities, or out in poorly nourished country districts, but all over Europe, in Mexico, in South America, in China, in India, in the very heart of Africa.

The tremendous ovations given to some leading screen artists abroad, are no more than tremendous, spontaneous outbursts of gratitude on the part of the mentally starved of the whole human race to the profession and to the industry which has rescued them from a veritable spiritual darkness and bondage.

It is too soon as yet to be able to judge of the effect of this newly awakened imagination in world affairs at large, but I am wholly convinced that the next generation will show a tremendous advance in the way of popular mental grasp of all things.

A great deal of criticism is leveled at Democracy because of the unthinking qualities of the mob. How could the mob have been anything but unthinking after the countless centuries in which its highest faculty, the imagination, has been

stifled and choked down within them?

The motion picture is releasing that, taking off the gag, as it were. It is letting the mind of the race out into the world atmosphere, with the result unfailingly to come that the vast masses of people will get the desire and the capacity to think more clearly and live more spiritually.

As the screen will not be able to depend forever on the written novel and stage play as it has done greatly in the past, there will, of the very nature and necessity of things, be developed a new group of writers. It is always hard to transpose the word pictures of novels and the dialogue of plays to the screen. In fact, it is not often done successfully. The new group of writers, using the screen as a medium, will be more able to best serve that medium by giving of themselves to it spiritually and mentally, just as the great writers in the past in other mediums have done.

But this group of writers who are already making their appearance should always endeavor to retain that spark of something that raises every life above the tawdry—the spiritual quality. The greatest picture will be made greater by a proper blending of that something for which the soul of man has grasped through the centuries, the indefinable something we call spiritual. It is the hope of the world and its ultimate salvation.



HOW I WRITE A SCREEN STORY

BY JEANNIE MACPHERSON

*Scenario Writer for Cecil B. DeMille; Author of "The Ten Commandments"
and Other Paramount Pictures.*

THE TROUBLE with ninety-nine out of one hundred amateur stories is that they lack the cement of perspective.

A group of very pretty, well-made bricks of situation and character portrayal are made and are set on top of each other. But they tumble in a heap when pushed with the prod of dramatic analysis because there is nothing to hold them together. And even if there is a slight joining medium running through the story structure, oft-times the brick of particular characters is so much larger or smaller than the situations to which it is attached as to create an equally dangerous weakness.

I can speak with feeling, because for years I was a serious sufferer from "perspectivitis."

I would become carried away with the particular series of scenes I was writing. I would build them and build them and build them. And then, at the end, I would find them utterly out of proportion to other elements, equally important dramatically, but not nearly as interesting to develop.

And I would find that a small minor character would so intrigue me that I would load upon the lady or gentleman a great deal of very important business which would give them a flash in the limelight for a few scenes and then die out without having advanced the story in any way.

The whole trouble was that I wasn't seeing the story as a whole.

A story is a unit and not a conglomeration, but this is a fact that few who desire to write ever learn.

I learned it from a ride in an airplane.

I left the Lasky Studio late one afternoon in 1917, sick and disgusted because a certain story I was writing just wouldn't

advance. My situations and characters were in a hopeless jam.

Stepping into a "ship," in a few minutes I was five thousand feet above Southern California. I saw a hundred square miles spread out before me. I saw where rivers joined the ocean, where hills piled into mountains—and in a moment I had the cure for "perspectivitis."

Returning to the studio, I threw my story in the waste basket and started to draw a map. The rivers, mountains, hills, and ocean I saw from the ship were to be my theme, situations, major and minor characters. And on my map they were to be joined just as logically as the real geographical divisions appeared to me from the airplane.

My map precedes all my stories. It furnishes a guide to clear, cold logic that keeps me from over-emphasis when I later get into the fever of creation. It eliminates in advance the "deadwood" which always clutters the stories of those writers who still suffer from lack of perspective.

In my map a large circle is my theme.

Around the large circle I draw a series of smaller circles. These are my situations.

Then, outside the situations, my main characters are indicated with x's, and the minor players with dashes.

I take each situation separately. If it fits with the theme, a black line is drawn to the central circle. If not, it is erased and I buckle down until another situation is evolved that can take the joining line.

Now, with the main characters, two tests must be made. First, they must fit the theme. If they do, a red line is drawn to the theme circle. If not, they either must be eliminated or re-vamped. And then, with a blue pencil, I try to

link characters to situations. *Both* the red and the blue lines must extend from every character or it must be changed. A character fails of its purpose and becomes a loose end in the story if it does not fit both situation and theme.

And now come the dashes—the minor characters. We are not concerned with their connection with either situation or theme. Their sole business is to build up the main characters and to act as channels to carry off debris and waste from their dramatic path.

When you start to analyze minor characters in this wise, a great many fall by the wayside. Excess butlers, maids and friends of the family clutter about ninety-nine out of every hundred amateur stories and render their sale impossible.

Amateur writers too often get panic-stricken when minor characters get out of hand. The tendency then is to throw too much of the plot to them and, as a result, the story develops a jarring flat wheel.

My map prevents this. When a minor character seems to be gobbling too much, I transfer its business to a major character and thus move towards a smooth, direct plot.

But sometimes this action is real torture. In "Don't Change Your Husband," I had a wife's friend who was simply lovely. She was a piquant, delightful little piece. I had all sorts of fun playing with her. But one day I woke up and found she was nothing but a nice, big, log right square in the path of my leading lady. I wept about twenty-four hours—and then carefully amputated my pet, transferring all of her important action to the feminine principal.

I would say, "Keep your minor characters down to the limit." But you must have some. Those that pass the acid test are very vital to your story in their capacity as scavengers, removers of waste material in the way of the plot's progress.

Take Lois Wilson's baby boy and her mother in "Manslaughter." You see the boy but two or three times—and yet he provides the motivation for all of the tense drama which surrounds Miss Wilson's part and does it with very little waste of "footage."

The boy's grandmother you see but once, but that one time saves us half a dozen titles and keeps the audience from worrying about the child for three reels, by showing us that the boy is being kept well and happy while his mother is in prison. The grandmother is an excellent example of the manner in which a minor character may keep debris from cluttering a plot.

Another well-placed minor character is the Chinese maid to Miss Nita Naldi in Mr. De Mille's present production of my story, "The Ten Commandments." She slips in and out of the room at appropriate times—and regulates the tempo of very strong and important dramatic scenes between Miss Naldi and Mr. La Rocque, as well as providing very necessary atmosphere.

The map done, the first step is a detailed synopsis of 6000 words. Here is where the imagination flowers, where you can let your thoughts rip, whether logical or not. Later, after your garden is grown, you have to get down with the trowel of Sober Thought and the Hoe of Research and eliminate your weeds—but your first onrush should be definitely imaginative.

William C. DeMille, eminent director and dramatist, once expressed this to me as follows: "While the mind is flowering, never attempt to analyze. Go ahead; plant and grow your flowers. Then, when your pretty violets and blushing roses are ready to pick—weed! But *never* mix creation and analysis."

This is a concise description of practical authorship, which all who write may well heed.

Cecil B. DeMille has me read this first synopsis to him. But he does not allow me to relate the story as I have written it. He forces me to condense the flower of my imaginative writing into plain, unadorned description of the dramatic action. His reason for this is that he does not wish to have his dramatic sense clouded by the imaginative fervor of my first rush into the story.

It might be asked here, "Why then don't you write just a blunt action synopsis in the first place?"

For the reason that if I did I would lose the value of a flowering imagination, the fruits of which come in very, very handy as soon as I start the building of the actual business of the story.

After this preliminary synopsis is hammered and clawed and beaten and pummeled for several weeks, slowly it begins to evolve as a dramatic entity.

Then comes the "one-line continuity" on yellow paper. This is a complete continuity. Each scene is written in one or two lines. It is the "clearing house" of the story, for here we are concerned with straightening out the structure and the motivation. Everything is eliminated that is not essential to the building of these fundamentals.

A great many directors shoot pictures from scenarios in just this form.

But my particular work has just begun when the "yellow" is finished.

Then I start my second continuity, which is on white paper. In this continuity I am through with the problems of building structure and drama. My sole concern is now with the precision and accuracy with which my characters move, the determining of whether it would be better for a certain player to die in the sitting room or bedroom, etc. It is here that we make full use of Mr. DeMille's early dramatic rule, "Say it with props." The "business" of the scenes is built up and, with logical props, we are able to say on the screen things which would otherwise require explanatory titles. And correct props, furthermore, being a di-

rect part of the action of the scene, put over their meaning much more quickly than the words of a title, for the mind absorbs action more rapidly than writing.

The value of two separate continuities, started along separate lines, is obvious to those who have had experience in the writing world. It is my contention that no picture story can ever have perfect structure and finished business at the same time.

"And now her work is done."

I can just hear you say it.

How I wish it were!

For a scene that sounds great on paper may fail to hit when the camera cranks upon it. And back it comes to me for revision and it is change, change, change, until even the minutest detail holds water.

Finally the picture is finished.

Surely the poor writer can rest then!

Not a chance. Titles have to be gone over with a fine-tooth comb. Useless words are pruned, meanings are changed to fit the variance of the plot under actual screen conditions.

Then the picture is finished.

It is shown in a theatre.

Even now no rest for the wicked.

For when you see it, with the value of audience reactions, you can see a dozen places where it ought to be changed.

And you go to your next story, vowing to profit by the mistakes of the last.

A new plot comes to you. You draw another map. And you're off again on that endless treadmill of writing, writing—change, change, change—which is modern motion picture authorship.



THIS MONTH'S PICTURE STORY

"That Boy of Old Madame Brocade's"

BY EDWARD CHAMPE CARTER

"Il est doux! Est-il bon?"

IT is the gymnasium of Tulane University, at night, during a basketball game. The game is almost ended, both Quints fighting hard; Anatole, playing center for the visiting Quint, (composed of men taken from among the younger, and more husky of the "vicars choral" of Christ Church Cathedral) is fighting like the splendid, big, young bulldog that he is, not to let Tulane score again before the whistle sounds "time." The crowd, men and women, are packing the gymnasium, and going quite wild. The Bishop and his daughter, Lois, are there, and the girl, Anatole's sweetheart, is especially vehement as a "rooter," partly because of her intense love of the game, partly because of her honest love for Anatole who looks as beautiful as a boy god, she thinks, in his very short, wide "gym" pants, bare legs, and sleeveless, low cut, gauze athletic shirt; and partly, too, because her recently rejected suitor, who had been much in her good books until Anatole took over the organ bench at the Cathedral, is also on the side lines, and, being a Tulane Senior, is, of course, backing his college for all he is worth. This young man is Tom Annisby, oldest son of the richest banker in New Orleans.

The whistle sounds to "take out time." A player has hurt his knee rather badly. In the minute or so that the game stops, Anatole, almost played out, hunches his splendid, young body against a convenient horizontal bar, sweat tumbling over his big, satiny shoulders and arms.

Lois, standing on her toes, waves to him, and, for a second, all the tiredness drops from him as he flashes an adoring smile at her, and squares his big, damp shoulders doggedly, the complete adoration in his heart shining out now, quite honestly, from his eyes. Lois is really touched to

see her young lover with this look on his face, and even the Bishop, having caught that look, too, smiles down at his daughter. Lois wonders if Tom Annisby would have ever loved her like that. Did Tom see the look on Tolly's face? Where is Tom, anyway? Odd that he does not come to speak to her, for he has been fairly near her during the entire game. She turns to comment on this to the Bishop, but then sees Tom, who flushes uncomfortably, for his reason for keeping away from her this evening is all too plain. It is on his arm, that reason; in the shape of a regally beautiful woman, some years his senior, no doubt; dressed exquisitely, if a bit too noticeably for a college basketball game. She is notorious from one end of New Orleans to the other—*La Frivole*. Possessed of considerable wealth, she is another "Josepha," or "La Dame aux Camillia;" too wealthy to be any man's mistress these days, but given to "following her heart" as she tells the youngsters from the American Quarter. She is herself partly a Creole, (Spanish-French) and, it is whispered just a slight touch of "la negresse." That she ruined old Sylvestre du Guenic, and his second fortune, (inherited through an uncle, at la Havre), everyone knows, and, had she been born when the old simpleton was a young man, and had his first big fortune, she might have gotten that, too, and saved old Monsieur Brocade the trouble of getting it. She must be forty-two; she looks twenty-five. She has been a dancer at the opera, this Frivole!—and she has been many other things, too! She drives a pair of white, Spanish mules to her landau. Now she eyes Lois calmly through her lorgnette, and the girl shrinks back, close to the Bishop.

The game has recommenced, and as the whistle sounds, Anatole jumps into action

gleefully, on his toes, his bare arms flash high above his rumpled, brown head, his wet athletic shirt clinging to his big body like the damp skin under it. La Frivole eyes the boyishly beautiful, young husky, and then, turning to Tom Annisby, says lazily, but very distinctly:

"Il est doux! Est-il bon?"

"Sure he's good," Tom flings back sulkily. "Tolly Brocade hasn't enough money to be bad, Madame."

Then he eyes La Frivole queerly, ashamed of himself, but full of a great, new idea. By all means let La Frivole "follow her heart" where a handsome boy from the American Quarter is concerned—money means nothing to this great lady—for Tom knows that his own wildness has made the Bishop and Lois, too, begin to draw away from him even before Anatole's clean innocence appeared, (*ignorance* he has never pretended), the sturdy sort of cleanness onto which he holds with a dogged tenacity that is the finest part of him.

Later, coming out of the gymnasium, the Bishop, Lois and Tolly together, they draw rather pointedly aside to allow Tom and his lady to pass. At the same moment Bobo, shabby and possessed of a ragged, goat-like beard, hurries past, sees Tolly, lifts his peaked, black felt hat with much elegance, and Tolly returns his salutation with a friendly grin, as he, too, lifts his cap, and then, Bobo, (before his fall Sylvestre du Guenic) sees the gorgeous, little landau of his one-time mistress, starts back, and then, with gravity, trots forward, and hands the lady in.

The lady, rather to the dirty, little man's surprise, is quite gracious if Tom Annisby is not. She taps Bobo with her fan, gayly and also slips a gold coin into his fingers.

"Who would have thought of seeing you, Old Owl!" she dimples lazily. "I am rejoiced! *Vraiment!* Thou knowest the big boy there with Monseigneur, the Anglican Bishop? A choir-master, eh? Then how comes he among thy friends, little man? Oo, la, la! Plays at La Cochon d'Or, eh? *Chut!* That is droll! Come with us, Sylvestre! Make room, *Tom-miel!* *Bien!*" and off they go, Bobo grandly affable now,

seated back in the mauve colored landau; Madame quite gay; Tom furious, sullen and a little frightened; and Anatole, from the sidewalk, grinning cheerfully at the joy that is so clearly in poor, old Bobo's heart, and a bit amused, too, that Tom Annisby is to drive away in such scarecrow company. Of La Frivole's conversation with Bobo, ('cellist at La Cochon d'Or) the youngster knows nothing, of course.

It is about a week later, and the place is old Madame Brocade's house—a big, rambling, frame affair, built one story, but on high "stilts," Louisiana plantation fashion, with wide verandas. The whole horribly tumbled down, though still holding a bit of rather wistful, old world dignity, and a suggestion of the supernatural, too. At night, of all places in New Orleans, the bats love this old house best. A broken, weather-stained picket fence, mostly unpainted, but gloriously lovely on account of the massing riot of the tumbling Cherokee roses over it. The yard full of dank grass, unkempt palmettos, umbrella trees, untrimmed rose and cape jasmine bushes, and one old live oak, huge and gloomy with its beards of grayish-green Spanish moss.

Only one section of the yard is well kept, a small section just in view of two long, French windows in the big drawing room, and this patch of carefully cut lawn, and the beautifully trimmed rose arbor, and an old sun dial, make the rest seem more dismally decayed than ever.

It is the cool of twilight and already a great, Louisiana bat is circling, and darting among the low, lichen crusted eaves, and seeming to indulge in a gruesome, occult sort of dance with old Sis' Babette, who, lean, and tiny and hideous, trips nimbly about the garden, chuckling, cackling, and dropping little curtsies, (one hand on hip, the other waving in circles above her bandana covered head), to the great bat, just as if it was her dance partner. The woman's movements in spite of her age, are not without grace, though her whirlings become more and more fantastic, negroid, barbaric.

From around the corner of Webster Street shambles Bobo, shabby and greasy, but more or less automatically assuming

"the grand manner" as he nears the house of his old mistress. He is very old, this little Bobo, with his ragged, pointed beard, like an elderly goat's, and there is now a dingy sort of swagger about him that is at once disagreeable, and tragic. Old Madame Brocade he had really loved; La Frivole had simply been to him a bad old man's mistress.

Sis' Babette, seeing him, lets out an especially shrill cackle, which she changes into a deep, servile curtsy, half mocking, half ingratiating, while Bobo leans over the picket fence, and whispers to her.

"No, Marse Sylvestre," the old negress mumbles from her almost toothless mouth, "Marse Anatole, he ain't 'round heah, suh! An' I'se pow'ful glad he ain't, an' so's you. Sis' C'leste, she got you' vittles, honey. Jes' you wait twill I gits 'em!" and she hurries toward the rear of the house, to the detached kitchen, leaving Bobo to gaze after her wistfully.

He was, some sixty-three years before, the "cavalier servante" of old Madame Brocade; the beau of New Orleans; its particularly beloved "sad dog." Old Monsieur Brocade, many years his girl wife's senior, had his suspicions, though he was actually sure of nothing. So, in a business way, he proceeded to ruin Sylvestre du Guenic, who would probably have ruined himself in any case, and so the boy, (he was then between nineteen and twenty), passed out of the gay life of the tiny Madame Brocade's salon forever, and became, after a while, Gustav de Courcesy de Tagnie Bobo, 'cello' player at the old French Opera on the Rue Royale, to be dismissed and taken back many times, but finally dismissed for all time by an exasperated concert master, because of the little man's pugnacious vanity, and his complete adoration of absinthe drops. Then Bobo began his final journey downward—this was after his short affair with La Frivole—until he seemed to find his level as 'cellist in the tiny orchestra of the cabaret of the Cafe du Cochon d'Or, run by old Madame and Monsieur LeCompte, where for the last year the grandson of his former mistress, young Anatole Brocade, had been pianist and conductor of the orchestra, at a salary of a hundred dollars per month, just double what he

got as assistant choirmaster and organist at the Episcopal Cathedral of Christ Church, on St. Charles Avenue, in the American Quarter. The boy knew nothing of Bobo's past affair with his grandmother—Anatole loved the old lady whole heartedly—but as Bohemians they were good enough friends. When Bobo was in funds, Tschapatoulas Street saw him not; but when he was broke, he knew he could always depend on the two old waiting women of his one-time mistress the Voodoo, and Sis' C'leste, too, feeling that Bobo—to them always "Marse Sylvestre"—was the one link between the grandeur of the house in the past, and its present dull shabbiness, though they, like Bobo himself, knew it would kill old Madame if she ever saw him, and recognized in him the young lover that still now and then filled her worldly, old dreams.

While Bobo is eating the food which Sis' Babette has brought him on a broken Sevres plate, Tolly, to the horror of both, appears, returning from a long choir practice at Christ Church Cathedral. He is a bit surprised to see this member of his down-at-the-heel orchestra from Le Cochon d'Or being fed at his own gate, but then, after all, nothing the little Bobo does is quite respectable, and Tolly has always liked him, if a bit shyly, for that very reason, it is all so utterly different from the youngster's own practical, sturdy cleanness. So the two men shake hands, and Anatole starts in, then hesitates, and then stops:

"Say, *mon petit Grognard!*" he says, trying to laugh, though he is blushing up to his ears, "is it true that the good Monsieur Fidonc, on the Street of the Little Picpus, will buy 'most anything from a fellow?" I—I mean, like—like paintings—real paintings, you know; Corots, Detailles, Bouchers—good stuff like that—or—or say, some—some silver spoons, say or candelabra?"

Bobo grins. Then he eyes the big, solemn faced, young fellow shrewdly.

"But yes!" he chuckles, "that old Fidonc, he will buy all things, Tollie! He would buy a soul, if he could get it cheaply enough. *Vraiment!* My soul, unfortunately, I sold long ago, along with my heart, or, *Damn!* I'd see that old Fidonc

myself. But that you wish to make the acquaintance of that aged Anaconda of the Petit Picpus, Tolly, is a grief to me. That is not well, my Cabbage, so let me state at once, I am sorry!"

"So am I!" a bit gruffly, from Tolly, and then, trying to smile, as he slaps the little 'cellist on the back, his young face quite hang-dogged in its sullen shame as he attempts a most clumsy bravado: "Look here, old man! Won't you sort of—that is—won't *you* sell some old stuff for me? You—you know a young fellow like me always needs heaps of extra money for new clothes—and—and girls—and all that sort of thing. Oh, *you* know, *mon mechant!*" and, shaking a finger with attempted waggishness, "there'd be a commission in it, of course."

Bobo, placing one hand over his little heart, bows low.

"But I am flattered, cher Tol-lie!" he grins. "Bring forth thy to-be-solds! *Vite-ment!* only—why not hear me once more in the sweet cause of La Frivole? Then this selling would be of the past. *Pauvre, doux Pierrot!*"

Anatole, half amused, and half mad, shakes his head vehemently, and Bobo shrugs, but as the boy goes into the house after his "to-be-solds," a queer, monkey-like grin shows below the little man's pointed beard. When Anatole returns, coming slowly, his brown head rather bowed, he hands over to Bobo a basket, containing an unframed Detaille, nine solid silver tablespoons, a silver soup ladle, and a handsome, old pair of silver candle snuffers.

"*Tres chic, n'est ce pas, mon brave?*" he says, with a shaky grin, his clear skinned face burning.

"But *ravishing*, my Turnip!" with some grimness, from the little man, who has recognized the silver snuffers as a pair he had brought Anastasie Brocade from Paris some sixty-four years before. Then, with something like a sigh, he pulls himself together, lifts his battered, black felt hat with much niceness, an exact inch and a quarter from his white head, waves one dirty hand with the utmost elegance, and, shouldering the bundle, trudges away, while the boy, his head bowed, slowly enters his grandmother's house.

Old Madame's drawing room. This, and her bedroom, which joins it, are the only two rooms in the great, silent house that Madame now ever visits; her age, and her physician's advice, most earnestly seconded by young Anatole, keeping her out of the rest of the dwelling. Her gay extravagance keeps her grandson almost desperate in his efforts to supply money for her fancied wants, and the entire house, these two rooms excepted, is being gradually dismantled; all the chattels in it belong to Tolly, through his dead father, Madame's son. If clever, selfish, vivacious, little Madame ever suspected that all the rare, old, beautiful things of the house were being sold—vulgarily *sold!*—it would kill her. In her mind Anatole makes quite a fortune as Assistant Organist and Choir-master at Christ Church Cathedral, and the youngster lets her think so. His more or less usual shabbiness she attributes, with a knowing, little shrug, and a gay, little laugh, to the cost of the boy's "second establishment," his *petits appartements*, on the Rue d'Iberville, in the French Quarter, where, with some blushing, and a bravely dogged purpose behind the shame his healthy, boyish normality feels at the ugly silliness of it all, he suggests, shyly, dwells the Little Florine. "A fellow *has* to be a fellow, you know! a *raff!* eh, Gran'mere?" to which the old lady, shaking a delighted finger at the big boy, cries out:

"But what a wretch! How deliciously wicked you become, cher Anatole! Oh, fie! a real Brocade! *Un Mechant, vrai-ment! Un garcon mauvais! Tiens! Un Grand Seigneur!* But this wicked, little Florine! How she costs you, eh? Ah, ha, ha!"

Then the old lady will laugh, and will let the big, young fellow kiss her tiny hand, quite in the grand manner.

They are now in the drawing room, where a small table is very beautifully set out for dinner. Anatole, in his most elaborately French manner, quite a Balzac type of young man, "hands in" his vivacious, little Grandmother, brave in her stiff, old fashioned, black silk, with a tiny, French cap of real lace on her head. The little, elegant, old lady's tiny hand resting on one of his big, tough arms, the boy leads her to the table, bending toward her as gal-

lantly as he knows how, (*though he is always rather cubbish about it; a normal, American youngster, of the college boy athlete type, trying hard to live up to the suave elegance of the young Parisian dandy of fifty years ago, as his grandmother wishes him to be, and feels so sure that he must be*), and pulls out her high-backed chair for her.

From the flowers on the table the old lady takes one, and puts it in the youngster's buttonhole, telling him she is "madly jealous of those pretty, young girls of St. Charles Avenue, and," most knowingly, "on the Rue d'Iberville—a *cocotte*, or two, besides thy little Florine, eh?" and then, pinching his healthily smooth, pink and brown cheek, "You men of the world are so delightfully wicked, Anatole!"

As dinner progresses, with old Sis' C'leste serving skillfully, Madame, with suave jocosity, laughingly asks for a loan of fifty dollars, so that she may coax "that dear, good, ugly, old Babette" to get her a new lace cap, or two, that she may appear "les grotesque" the next time Anatole's little fiancée, the Bishop's daughter, takes tea with her. (Tolly knows that she already has about twenty such caps on hand). Smiling, however, if a bit shakily, he says he will get the money for her at once, and steps out to his own room, gets it, (it is nearly all he has), and, on the way back, is stopped by Sis' Babette, who, with one of her most servile, somewhat mocking curtsies, tells him that the Modiste who made Madame's newest gown is outside, and wants either her money or the dress. Tolly, white to his eyebrows, bolts into the big dining room, now badly dismantled, grabs a pair of heavy silver candelabra, takes them to the waiting Modiste who, smiling grimly into the flushed, apologetic, young face above her, gives Tolly a receipt, after which, pulling himself together, he strolls nonchalantly back to his grandmother, tosses the bills with a grandly careless manner into her lap, and, when she asks him why he was gone so long, laughs mischievously down at her from his big, sturdy, young height, and whispers:

"*Mais, chut, p'tite Gran'mere! A little Modiste!*" and the old lady, with a shrill scream of rapture, cries out, as she first

pinches and then kisses the youngster's cheek:

"Followed thee? To the door? But this is droll, eh? What *would* Monseigneur, the Bishop says? *Hein?*" and Tolly grins, but as he turns away, his face is not pleasant to see, the eyes big, and hunted, and hurt; and the wide, boyish mouth is working a little, though the youngster holds his lips as tightly shut as he can.

"Where to, Anatole?" the old lady asks, as, bowing over her hand, he is about to leave the room. "To see thy ravissante, little daughter of Monsigneur, the Bishop on St. Charles Avenue? or is it to be the Rue d'Iberville, and thy voluptuously fair Florine tonight, *mon mechant?*" or maybe it will be the Rue Royale, and the Opera?"

"It's—it's music this time, Gran'mere," the young fellow smiles, and then, kissing her hand, and bowing as he feels a nice French boy should, he strolls out.

Once on Canal Street, Anatole makes good use of his muscular legs again, the music roll tucked under one arm, and sets out at a trot for old Chartres Street, somewhere near Toulouse Street, and finally arrives at the little, iron table filled banquette in front of the Cafe du Cochon d'Or, where he is joined by the disreputable Bobo, with whom he links arms, and together they enter the cafe. This rather shady job, with its cabaret, is what keeps Gran'mere in lace caps, and with two servants; this, and the help of the dining room appendages. Anatole hopes that the Bishop will not make a row when he finds out about this side of his life, but row or not, the youngster's work here is necessary.

After the closing of the cafe for the night, Tolly, arm in arm with the first violinist, is coming out of the entrance on Chartres Street, when he suddenly draws back into the shadow, scowling sullenly, for, drawn up at the curb is a small, very elegant landau, lined in mauve, and pulled by two white, Spanish mules, coachman and footman sitting stiffly on their box.

"Where the devil did *that* come from, Pierrot?" he blurts out sulkily.

"That?" with a laugh, from Pierre. "Why man, that belongs to a regular stunner, I can tell you!—*La Frivole!* And it's been here every night for a week!"

The moon is shining through the warm night as Tolly, coming home by choice on a St. Charles Avenue car, leaves it at the Cathedral, and strolls up the great thoroughfare toward the Episcopal residence, for Lois is giving a dance, though, of course, Anatole could not attend earlier on account of his work. Now, after midnight, he is ready to attend. At the palm bordered entrance to the grounds of the Bishop's palace, he meets his grandmother's physician, old Dr. Conde, just leaving. The jolly, old fellow stops him a moment.

"News for you, Tolly!"

"Yes, sir?" from the boy.

"That Shrimp Canning Factory says they must have the Brocade property on Tschapatoulas Street, to put up their new works. And they'll pay well—fifty thousand, I should say. And then," with a kindly old smile, "the poor, handsome Prentice lad can marry his Moon Princess, and all live happy ever after!"

But the smooth, young jaw squares.

"Gran'mere'd die, just *die*, if she had to leave Tschapatoulas Street, sir."

"Y—yes," with a sigh, from Dr. Conde, "I believe she would. But boy, boy, you give up so much for her!"

"She gave up everything for me, when I was little, sir," the youngster blurts out loyally.

"Maybe!" with a little shrug, is all the doctor answers. Then: "She's failing, Tolly. Any shock would kill her—mitral insufficiency, you know."

"Like selling the Brocade place, sir?"

"Yes—or like losing her faith in *you*. Can you keep up the game, *mon pauvre*?"

"I've got to, sir! and yes, I can."

And they separate.

At the dance now, Lois corners Anatole, and asks why he is so late, and the boy rather worried, but sturdily honest, tells her, stumblingly, of the extra work he is doing at Le Cochon d'Or. To his delight, Lois kisses him.

"Why, you beloved goosey gander," she dimples, "there's nothing to be ashamed of. Daddy and I know you couldn't live on what the Cathedral pays you. It's awful! There's no reason for you to hide your connection with Le Cochon d'Or, Tolly. You're respectable, if it isn't."

Tom Annisby, who has been following Lois, deep longing in his young eyes, easily overhears this conversation, and he slips away from the dance into the Bishop's study, and, his face working rather tragically, (he really loves Lois) he writes this note, and gives it to a footman to give the girl:

"Lois Dear:

You're wrong. Tolly has every reason to be ashamed of his connection with Le Cochon d'Or. He meets his mistress there—*La Frivole*. If the Bishop will go with me day after tomorrow night, (it is not a fit place for you, dear) he can see for himself.

From a fellow who loves you so much,
Lois.

"Tom."

Lois, shaken with indignation, takes the note to her father. His Grace reads it, lifts his eyebrows slightly, and then squares his clean shaven jaw.

"Leave this to me, my dear," he says evenly. "Of course I shall go, simply to prove young Annisby the liar I know he is. Tolly wouldn't touch that woman with his little finger, thank God! Certainly not be her paramour."

The next day Madame Brocade asks Anatole for a hundred dollars, and for the first time, the boy has to refuse, since he is almost entirely out of funds. He blames his lack of money on his "little Florine," and old Madame laughs, quite good naturedly, but, once he has left the house, she sends Sis' Babette around to the Episcopal residence with a note, asking Lois to come to her at once, and Lois, who likes the old lady, though she is afraid of her, comes immediately. But the meeting is a catastrophe. Madame, very knowing indeed, says that she begs Lois to hasten her marriage with Anatole. That he is ruining himself on a cocotte, "like all young men of spirit." But that it is now time the sowing of his wild oats should end. He is twenty-two. Lois indignantly says she does not believe a word of it, that her own father has said that Tolly is the cleanest boy he knows. Madame laughs.

"*Chut, ma petite!* all boys are clean—to their Bishop, eh? But we—we women, we know otherwise. And you have too much

spirit to wish to marry a cold man, a man of straw, eh? And you *must* marry him, child! He's ruining himself. Why, he couldn't so much as let me have one little hundred dollars—it has all gone to that naughty little one on Iberville Street. He told me so himself, with many blushes. He needs you, my dear. I tell you, he's in the French Quarter every night."

"Yes!" sharply from Lois, "working in a cafe. In Le Cochon d'Or!"

"In the arms of his mistress, you little simpleton!" old Madame shrills, but a sudden, cold fear has seized on her. She pulls the old fashioned bell cord violently, and Sis' Babette appears.

"Ou est Monsieur Anatole, Babette?" the old lady cries, but before the negress can answer, Tolly swings in, radiant at the sight of his sweetheart.

Madame looks old, old, and shrunken, too, crumpled back in her big armchair. Tolly runs to her, badly scared. Lois does not move. There is something very awful, a bit witch-like in the old lady as, quite suddenly she pulls herself to her feet, though she leans heavily on her gold-headed ebony stick.

"Anatole!" the old voice quavering piteously. "Don't be ashamed. We know all, we two women. Tell us, truly, where were you last night?"

"At—at Lois' dance, Gran'mere."

"*Bien!* But before that?"

The boy shivers. His eyes are dry, his face is chalky. He looks piteously at his sweetheart, and then at the tragic, sickly white of the old lady. He knows what to do. He answers, his voice husky:

.. "*With Florine, Gran'mere.*"

"*Ta cocotte?*"

"But yes, Gran'mere!" and then, "*Lois!*" imploringly, but the girl has fled, and is being driven rapidly away in a trap—Tom Annisby's, while old Madame sinks limply back in her chair, with a shrill, high laugh.

"A true Brocade!" she exalts, though her voice shakes with fatigue. "In verity, my faith! a true Brocade! Not an ounce of his impossible, American mother shows at all!"

The Bishop, the following night, goes with Tom to Le Cochon d'Or, and is some-

what shaken to see the mauve lined landau, drawn by two white, Spanish mules, that all New Orleans knows belongs to *La Frivole*. The scene begins just before the place for Angelique's *danse*, but instead of her, fat, jolly, old Madame LeCompte waddles out on the stage and waves joyously to the crowd, crying: "A treat, my children! Prepare yourself for one great rapture, my little ones!" and then hands down to Anatole, in the orchestra pit, a bundle of music, which the boy passes among the rest of the orchestra. He is a little surprised to see it is the score of the *Habanera*, from "*Carmen*." As the music starts, instead of La Belle Angelique, there dances out on the tiny stage La Frivole, and Tolly, red to the tips of his ears, knows she is dancing at him, singing at him. He is mad, and ashamed, too. Bobo, from behind his cello, chuckles. It is droll, this; but the boy will be so happy; and so will *chere Madame*—for a night or so.

After the cabaret proper, though many tables are at once quitted, a good number of people still remain. The Bishop sits at his table, with Tom, his head on his hands. As Anatole, (who does not know His Grace is present) is about to leave the orchestra pit, old Sis' C'leste comes panting in, and up to him.

"Marse An'tole," she cries, in something between a sob and a moan, "et's my Ole Miss. She moughty sick, M'sieu! She—she went an' writ er letter ter Miss Lois 'bout two hours ergo, an' tol' her she was er—sendin' 'er a peace off'ring, an' et were to be a ole pyar ob silber candle snuffers she sot a lot o' sto' by. An' she mus' ob gone inter de dinin' room ter git 'em, honey, an'—an' me an Sis' Babette, we foun' 'er flat on de flo', moanin'! An' we got M'sieu le Docteur, an' he say she dyin' fas', suh. An' she done slip 'way back yonder to w'en she were sebenteen, an' me an' Sis' Babette, we nussed 'er th'ough de yaller feber, an' all de young gemmens ob N'Orleans—all de sho' 'nough Quality, I means—was 'quirin' fo' her, an' er—sendin' flow'rs stiddy. An'—an' Marse An'tole!" with a sob, "my Ole Miss sho' want dem flow'rs right now. An' dyar ain't nary er one, 'cept dose 'round de ole place, an' w'at she want am de Quality

kin', wid dat real lacy, frilly paper, like de bouquets young ladies uster git w'en she, an' Sis Babette, and me was young folks. An' she's dyin', Marse An'tole! So—so I'se been tellin' her dat de young gemmens was er—axin' for her stiddy—piles on 'em—but,' sez my Ole Miss, 'C'leste, whar de flow'rs, chile? Whar all de 'tentions I'se been er-gettin' all de time, C'leste?' An' she er-callin' all de time, suh, callin', callin' fo' young M'sieu Sylvestre du Guenic, same as Sis' Babette an' me knowed she would."

The boy, utterly unmanned for the once, turned a white, tragic face to C'leste, and spoke bitterly:

"But I've no money for flowers, Aunt! I've no money for anything!"

La Frivole lays her white hand on his arm. Her face, under its handsome hardness, is utterly kind, and a little sad, too.

"Take this money for thy Gran'mere's flowers, *mon pauvre*," she says quietly. And the boy, looking up, meets the new look in the woman's eyes, a look of pity and quiet, understanding friendship, and with a broken sob: "Merci, mon ami!" he takes the money, quite simply, and kisses her hand.

From his table the Bishop sees this, and is horrified.

"Take my carriage, Monsieur," the courtesan says quickly, "and take the old woman with you, too. *Tiens!* she calls for Sylvestre you say, C'leste? Sylvestre de Guenic? That is thy little Bobo, mon Bayard; thou didst not know. 'Twas better. I will bring Sylvestre. He has already left here, but we will pick him up at the *Moulin Rouge*," and she leads the way, and the Bishop, watching, sees Anatole help her into her landau, and then follow her himself, and they drive off, and the Bishop, heartbroken for his daughter, and for the boy, too, goes soberly home.

To get flowers after midnight would be impossible for most people, but at just a word from La Frivole, sleepy eyed florists hurry through their greenhouses, making up any number of the stiff, lace paper kind of bouquets that suggests the first half of the 19th century.

Sis' Babette, meanwhile, has conferred very horribly with a fat toad, a great pet

of hers, and the moment that she sees the landau coming around the corner of Henry Clay Avenue into Tschapatoulas Street, she calls another negress, much younger than herself, whispers directions to her to go at once to the Bishop's palace, and tell him that he is needed at the death bed of old Madame Brocade, and that if he can get some white woman to come with him, he should, as only two old negro women are in the house. The messenger gone, Sis Babette gazes with a queer, little smile up into the moonlit eaves of the house, where the big bat hangs, looking drooping, and ill.

Joining the others in the drawing room, she firmly puts down her foot on the idea of Bobo being permitted to see Madame. He is too changed from the vision that the old lady now holds so clearly of her boy lover. With something between a chuckle and a whimper, she produces a very splendid suit of old Monsieur Brocade, (Madame's dead husband) and Bobo smiles a bit wryly as he sees it, because he remembers that the old gentleman had it made in copy of a very elegant suit of the young man's, because the girl wife had said Sylvestre looked so charmingly well dressed, so *vogue!* This suit, Sis' Babette explains, is large enough for Anatole, and she, and La Frivole, too, agree he must take the part of the boy Bobo used to be—Sylvestre du Guenic, for which purpose Bobo, very much moved, goes through all the little, suavely elegant mannerisms of a dandy of his young days, and Anatole, if a little clumsily, puts on the gorgeous raiment, and copies him the best he knows how.

"She allays liked you de bes', Marse Sylvestre," Sis' C'leste sobs. "She still got dat book you gib 'er, M'sieu, an' et's righ plumb nex' her bed, under dat shrine ob our Lady ob Lourdes, wot ole Marse Brocade done fotched f'om France. Marse An'tole, he kin tell you wot sto' she sot by date book, dat missal, or woteber et am, suh."

A very queer look, pathetic and yet amused, comes across the little, old man's face, as Anatole answers.

"Yes, of course I know the book, C'leste! I always thought it was a copy

of the Vulgate, though, but maybe you're right, it's a missal. She would never let anyone touch it, Bobo."

A voice, tragically old in its hungrily shrill attempt at the youthful gayety of sixty-three years before, cried out in harsh pettishness for Sis' Babette:

"Ou est mon bouquet, Cheri?" the voice tinkled on, its bell-like tone now so cracked, so ghostly an echo of its one time clarity.

While, in the drawing room, Anatole is perfecting himself under the instruction of Bobo and La Frivole into becoming as much of *de Bastignac*, or a *Lucine de Rubempre* as he can. And the messenger from Sis' Babette has arrived at the Bishop's Palace, and has forced her way to the Bishop's study, where he was talking earnestly, and tenderly to Lois. The message received, he at once got to his feet:

"I must go at once, my dear!"

"And so must I, Daddy. You can get no other woman this time of night, and, oh! Daddy! to think of old Madame there, dying, and—Anatole somewhere in the French Quarter, with that woman!"

So they hurry to the old house on Tschapatoulas Street.

At last the old Doctor comes. He talks a minute with Anatole, and the others, smiling very tenderly at this rather cubbish American youngster, trying so hard to be a *raff*, a "sad dog" type of young Parisian dandy of a by-gone day,

A very bower of a room, very "French," very gay, very bright, very dainty. The great, canopied bed, and all the other furnishings of gilt, and salmon brocade, and a few bits of old lacquer, quite in the manner of a *de Pompadour*.

"But it is not Sylvestre, Babette?" moans the cracked, old voice from the bed.

"Il est M'sieu le docteur, ma p'tite," the hideous, old Voodoo whimpers.

"But Sylvestre comes, eh?" eagerly from the bed. "Thou toldst him, Babette, that Monsieur Brocade is gone for a long time to Baton Rouge?"

"Mais, oui, Anastasie!" the old physician smiled, rather drily, "only—eh, well! He is outside, thy Sylvestre. May he then enter, Cheri?"

"But dear God, *no!*" in a screaming sort of gayety, from old Madame. "Babette!

Quick! A bit of rouge! A mere dash! 'Tis sufficient! And the robe! the salmon brocade! and the little cap of *point d' Alencon*—no, not that! not that, Babette! The mantilla from Toledo! Voila! On the head, and so lightly crossed over the breast. Now the pillows behind me—so. Tres chic, n'est ce pas, petite Babette? Tres foulatre! And now his book—Sylvestre's dear book—there! below the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes! And now—I am ready, good Monsieur le Docteur."

The physician had stood about all he could; it was so grisly, so worldly, so clear that Madame Brocade was leaving the world at eighty, or so, quite faithful to her ideals, be they right, or be they wrong. He stepped to the door, bowed, and Sis' Celeste trotted in, gayety and fear struggling together, her plump, old arms full of the stiff, little bouquets.

"V' la, Cheri!" she beamed, tears, in spite of herself, tumbling down her kindly, black face. "See de flow'rs, ma Pauvre?" and, presenting bouquet after bouquet, a courtesy with each presentation: "F'om M'sieu de Coursey. F'om M'sieu de Carabot. F'om M'sieu Taum Talbot, de gemmen f'om Virginiah wot you met at ole Madame de Resquerolles las' week." So she named bouquet after bouquet, placing them one by one on the gorgeous lace coverlet of the bed, and then, unable to control herself longer, she slipped behind the brocaded canopy of the gilt bed, to sob bitterly, for, selfish, worldly, still this shriveled, little, old creature in its coquettish mantilla, was her 'Ole Miss,' and to Celeste the years had dropped away to the lovely, artificial, little girl, quite a la Marquise, who had used this same bed with its cupids in gilded wood.

Through the door came Anatole. He stumbled a little, he was a little clumsy with the polished Malacca cane, and violet gloves, and bell-shaped "beaver" hat, but he was very handsome, in his husky, big way, and he was trying faithfully to copy all the gay elegance of that other boy of sixty-three years ago, secure in the knowledge that "Monsieur Brocade is gone for a long time to Baton Rouge." In one hand was quite an enormous bouquet, even stiffer than the others, and about

four times as large in its frilly lace paper.

She, this poor, dying, old Madame Brocade, rallied him for not kissing her hand, and for his lack of ardor, and so, dropping on his knees, and swallowing a sob, the young fellow took one tiny, yellow hand and kissed it, and Madame rattled on while the boy still knelt, holding the hand, and the bouquet, until she thanked him for the charming book, "so naughty, so—so absolutely *delicious*, Sylvestre!" If Monsieur Brocade should but return from Baton Rouge, and find it, but one leaf of it, she trembled to think of the Fate of her *Cavalier Servante!* and Sis' Babette, with a grin and a courtesy, handed over the book from its sacred, purple velvet rest below the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes, the book kept so sacredly that Tolly had always thought it was the Vulgate. The boy took it, for old Madame says she is tired, tired, tired, and commands Sylvestre to read, and then, suddenly, huddles back on her pillow with a queer, ugly, little, cackling laugh, just as Anatole opens the book, the sacred book before the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. It is Balzac's *Splendeurs et Miseres des Courtisanes*. She is dead, dying true to herself, at least, and true to no faith but her own gospel of a gay good time, without priest, or clergy, her one legacy to her grandson her beloved Balzac.

Anatole gazes down at the wax-like, old face, his own face working, then, realizing that his tiny grandmother is dead, he breaks down completely, and almost tears off the fine coat of his grandfather and its soft linen. Flinging his bare arms wide for a second, big tears tumbling frankly down his face, he sinks to his knees, holding one icy, little hand of old Madame in both his own hot, big ones.

At the door, leading from the drawing room, the Bishop and Lois have been standing for some time, and now, at the sight of that husky, crumpled up, young body by the bedside, the girl starts forward, but La Frivole, and the little Bobo, step quietly between, and they, along with

the Bishop, go silently out into the drawing room, now damp and chilly with the misty dampness just before a New Orleans dawn.

Bobo explains evenly how much money La Frivole had given him to bring her and Tolly together at Le Cochon d'Or, and how the boy had sturdily refused any sign of intimacy. How Tom Annisby had showered gifts upon him, too. Even then, though he certainly felt Lois had given him up, he had kept himself true to her, in the face of La Frivole and her *Habenera*.

And now the boy and the old Doctor, come in slowly, the boy's face gray, and wretched, though a little, wistful smile lights it up as he sees his sweetheart.

"And—and you'll let me have him?" Lois asks, for she is fearfully afraid of the mature charms of the courtesan. "For always?" and she goes stumblingly up to Tolly, till her small hands rest on his muscular, bare shoulders, her face lifted to his.

"Let you have him?" with a quick laugh, from La Frivole. "But yes! I would become wan in the company of such a cold child. Take him, then, my little one. Take thy boy of snow!" and with another laugh, and a look of contempt at the young fellow, she sweeps out, but, with the door between her and the others shut, she opens one hand, and looks down at what she has had crushed in it, a twisted, little smile on her beautiful mouth, her great eyes rather moist.

Back in the drawing room, the Bishop and the old Doctor stand somewhat apart from the two young people.

"And behold, Monseigneur!" Dr. Conde smiles, "what I said only two nights ago to Tolly is about to come true, eh? The place will be sold, and the handsome, young 'Prentice Lad may marry his Moon Princess!" and the Bishop smiles a slight smile of assent.

Outside, in the dawn, in the dank grass, old Sis' Babette is crouched close to the house, in her lap the big, Louisiana bat—quite dead.



THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM AT THE BOTTOM

BY LOUIS WEADOCK

AT A PUBLIC dinner in Hollywood the other night, a more or less gifted orator, having warmed our hearts with the story of the two Irishmen, proceeded to appeal to our intellects by letting us into the secret that in the motion picture business there is plenty of room at the top. He gave us his word that in Rome there was only one Julius Caesar, in France only one Napoleon Bonaparte, and in Hollywood only one Mr. Smith, only one Mr. Jones and only one Mr. Robinson. With a glare in his eye, he defied anybody to question his statistics, and when nobody did, he shook his fist at the ceiling and demanded that all those present go out and scale the heights.

That is what he said:

"Go out and scale the heights."

Then he sat down and some of us went out. I am doing the easy-running orator an injustice, comparatively few heights were scaled. A motion picture producer with whom I walked home told me why.

"All generalities," said he, "I'd have liked it better if he'd told us less about the top and more about the bottom. Sometime, I'm going to make a speech. I'm going to preach on the text: 'There's plenty of room at the bottom.' I'm going to——"

And so on and so forth for more than half an hour. At the end of which time he had made to an audience of one the most sensible speech about the writing end of the motion picture business that his audience of one has ever heard.

I don't pretend to be able to quote him verbatim, but I can pass on to writers the substance of his talk to which I have taken the liberty to add ideas and suggestions drawn from my own experience of five years in Hollywood. Writers who will be satisfied with nothing less than starting in at the top of the motion picture business will waste their time by reading farther.

But all the good pasturage is not at the top. For, to say nothing of the really big prizes which hard work, chance or acquaintance puts within the reach of almost everybody who has enough ability to get any kind of a foothold in the motion picture business, there exists a large field filled with sheaves waiting to be gathered by writers who are not above working in the ranks before becoming major-generals. One reason that these sheaves have been overlooked is that the average writer who turns to pictures fixes his ambition upon one of two things. He desires to be either a writer for the screen or a director.

Nor is either of these ambitions unreasonable, for the fact is that, almost without exception, writers for the screen are writers who have been trained in writing, and that recently some of the best directing that has been done has been the work of men and women who began their careers as writers. Writing and directing are two shining targets at which nobody can be blamed for shooting.

Yet, as my friend, the producer, says, they are not the only targets.

How about the publicity departments of the studios? How about the cutting rooms? How about the readers? How about the sales and exploitation departments?

In Hollywood today there is not a writer or a director who would not be a better writer or a better director if he knew more about these other branches of the business in which he is. Through those branches many writers and many directors have come to the jobs they have. It was in them that they learned the rudiments of the business, in them that they were paid, and paid well, while they were learning.

Some men whose abilities compare very favorably with those of the men who

earn their livings writing pictures or directing them have stopped at those half-way stations not from necessity but from choice. They have found work which they like to do. Inasmuch as the chances are that for doing it they are being paid better than they would have been paid in any other line of work for which they are qualified, they are satisfied. They know, for instance, that if they can write business-pulling press-books, concoct press stories that the newspapers and the magazines will print, plan advertising campaigns that will sell pictures, they will be paid not only more than they could get outside of the picture business but that their salaries, even as compared to those received by scenarists and directors, will be nothing of which to be ashamed.

And they have one advantage over their colleagues whose weekly pay checks are larger. For they work fifty-two weeks in the year. Free lance writers and free lance directors put their salaries high because they have to figure in that in each year there will be so many weeks of idleness. The man or the woman who is sure of a pay check every week of the fifty-two can afford to have that check smaller.

But few of these checks are as small as they would be if the recipients of them were engaged in any business other than motion pictures. Motion picture producers are liberal paymasters. No price is too high for them to pay if they feel that they can get it and a profit back at the box office. Nor is the willingness to work for nothing or for next to nothing any argument in their minds in favor of giving anybody a job. A cheap man hurts a picture more than he helps it. For, if he does nothing else than waste the time of high-priced men, he is not only excess baggage but a positive detriment.

Men and women who are willing to get into pictures through any door which happens to be open at the moment may find that the job which they at first looked upon as part of the bottom of the busi-

ness is susceptible of being developed into a little top of its own. For example, there are in Hollywood a large number of cutters who are perfectly content in the cutting room, a large number of laboratory people who realize that they have stumbled into the work for which they are best fitted. A motion picture is not a solo, it is a symphony. The wind instruments may not make as much noise as the brasses but the orchestra can't function without them.

"Of course, I have no experience but I'm willing to start."

That speech never got anybody anywhere. The wide, wide world is filled with people who have had no experience but who are willing to do anything to start. The supply is far in excess of the demand.

Yet there is another sort of candidate of whom the demand is greater than the supply. This is the man or woman who can truthfully say:

"I am in dead earnest about getting into pictures. I am so much in earnest that I have taken the trouble to learn something about pictures. I have, invested my time and my money in studying them. I have tried to learn from people who are qualified to teach. I have more to sell you than a hope."

This sort of candidate gets in. Because, even though all the motion picture producers are not the super-geniuses that some people tell them they are, they would not be producing pictures if they did not have enough sense to know that an applicant for work who has not had enough confidence in himself to back that confidence with his time and his money is unlikely to turn out to be a tower of strength to any employer. There is plenty of competition among the weak sisters, but there isn't so much among those who come well prepared.

Even if there were much more than there is, what's the difference? The man who knows his business has very little leisure in which to worry about competitors.

WRITERS I HAVE KNOWN

BY JIM TULLY

Author of "Emmett Lawlor"

ONE of the most interesting phases of writing is the many different types of writers one meets. I have always held that both writers and editors are the most human people imaginable. In fact, I have never met either writer or editor who was uncivil or unkind. It seems to me that there are many young writers who forget that after all, one must do the real writing—in blood and sweat—alone.

I mean by this—that all the writers in the world, and the editors also, for that matter, cannot help a writer if he does not labor long and hard to find that indefinable something that makes words come with ease. Every writer whom I have met left me something. It permeated my subconscious mind—and made the struggle easier. Their own struggles told me by themselves gave me confidence that what one man has done, another can do—and that is the only feeling that a writer should have. When much younger than I am, I aimed at writing a book—that was the ambition of my life. I succeeded—and now my ambition is to write a better book. The critics, who after all, are my real friends, so long as they are sincere, have taught me many things about that book. So I hope to improve.

Another ambition of mine was to write "something that would hit the Smart Set." I did it. Eugene Manlove Rhodes, the kindly, might say, "That's a h— of an ambition." The magazine was recently criticized by a writer in *THE STORY WORLD*. It would be well for him to remember that art knows no morals—art being a genuine something—while morals differ in all lands.

Some of the writers whom I have known,

and many from whom I have received encouragement and help are Rupert Hughes, Gouverneur Morris, Jack London, Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Clayton Hamilton, Robert E. Hewes, Magda Leigh, June Mathis, Paul Bern, Jack Hawks, Carey Wilson, Ralph Block, Basil King, Frank H. Spearman, Frank Condon, whom I consider a brilliant short story writer, Charles Kenyon, author of "Kindling," one of the finest plays ever presented on an American stage, Madeleine Ruthven, author of Neilan's "The Rendezvous," Sherwood Anderson, Ben Hecht, Carl Sandburg, Harry Hansen, the *Chicago Daily News* critic and writer, Christopher Morley, Francis Perry Elliott, author of "The Haunted Pajamas," and "Pals First," Ted Robinson, B. L. T. of the *Chicago Tribune*, Upton Sinclair, Douglas Doty, and many others.

I first met Jack London after having been given a feature story in an Ohio paper. He was one of the most gifted and human men these states have produced. The iron of his literary struggle had entered his soul. It had made him somewhat cynical, but it had also given him a kindly tolerance for struggling writers. He has encouraged a great many, and he was never too busy to write or wire a young author when he had read something of his that appealed to him in one of the magazines.

There was always room for another writer on his three thousand acre ranch in *The Valley of the Moon*.

Rupert Hughes, the versatile, is perhaps the kindest writer alive. He, at least, speeded up my arrival by at least two or three years, for I could never have waded through a wilderness of one hundred thousand words without his kindly and keen criticism. And even then, just when I was looking toward my corner hoping some kind gentleman would throw

in the sponge, along would come another cheering letter from Rupert Hughes.

I have never received such kindness from any human being as from Major Hughes, and of course, there are many other young writers who can say the same thing. Sinclair Lewis, the now successful author of "Main Street" and "Babbit," and James Oppenheim have each in turn been encouraged by him.

A short time back, Rupert Hughes was engaged in a literary controversy with a well known editor. The editor became rather bitter after Hughes had stung him with words. Then along came a letter to the editor from James Oppenheim which said that he owed his start in life to Rupert Hughes. A letter from me followed, and the editor felt more kindly toward the witty and gentle Hughes.

Eugene Manlove Rhodes is greater than anything he ever created. And he is more human than any of his fiction cowboys. He is a stern critic, not only with himself, but with all writing. He has been known to wire the editor of *THE STORY WORLD* to change a punctuation mark in one of his articles.

It was my good fortune to come under the tutelage of Eugene Rhodes for one year before I "went over." Looking back upon it now, I find it one of my most pleasant relationships. I once took a fight story to him that I had spent six weeks in writing, having rewritten it at least a dozen times. The gentle Rhodes read it and said: "Tut, tut, Jimmy, this'll never do. Your fighters talk like college professors looking for their corsets." 'Gene, told me later that after I had gone, he said to himself, "Lord, I hate to break that boy's heart. I wonder how much more criticism he can stand."

But I stood it, and I sold that darn story to Karl Harriman of *The Blue Book* for one hundred and fifty iron men. That is, I did not sell the one I had shown Mr. Rhodes. I burned that up. But I sold the finished product from that raw story—two years later. It was my first short story sale, and it was called "Battle Galore."

The great novel of the west has not yet been written. I nominate Eugene Manlove Rhodes for the job. He is equal to it.

Basil King is the finest gentleman in modern literature. This phrase is not original with me. It has been said before by friends of Mr. King. He was formerly an Episcopalian minister, and during my first meeting with him at the Ambassador, wishing for him to know that I was sailing under no false colors, I blurted out, "Mr. King, you'll excuse me if I eat with my knife. I was a tramp for six years."

"That's nothing, Jim," he laughed, "I was an Episcopalian minister longer than that." We became great friends. He told me a lot about the ministry, and I told him a lot about tramps.

I have been the guest of Clayton Hamilton, whom I greatly admire. His book, "The Materials and Methods of Fiction," is in my opinion, the best thing of its kind ever written. And I have read many books on the art of writing. I keep it constantly with me, and I have read it over and over. Clayton Hamilton, inheritor of New England culture, once helped me build up a prize-fight story in an amazing manner. The tale was really his after he had finished, but he allowed me to keep the check, which, of course, was important—to me.

And the scenario writers whom I have known were also very kindly. J. G. Hawks used to talk to me at great length about the manifold ways in which a plot could be improved. He had a future as a short story writer but turned to the more lucrative field of the scenario in which he has been highly successful.

Paul Bern, scenario writer for Victor Seastrom's "Masters of Men," was an actor for some years, and then an assistant, and later a director. He is one of the most polished men now writing for the screen.

Douglas Doty is a man who has been equally successful as editor, fiction writer and scenario writer. He was formerly editor of *The Century Magazine*, and is one of the keenest critics of writing now living in Hollywood. A man of the world, he has an unlimited background of culture and experience and an insight into life that should carry him far as a writer, as he is still a young man. For many years, Doty was one of the most prolific writers of the scenario. Later he accepted a staff

position with the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

I cannot close this article without some words from Gouverneur Morris in regard to writers helping one another. He said, after I had thanked him for some suggestions: "When I was a young man, and learning to write, there was a highly successful writer who helped me a great deal. I thanked him profusely one time, and in reply he put his arm about me and said, 'Morris, all I ask you to do is this. . . . If I have helped you—you pass it on!'" The man's name was Richard Harding Davis.

"And so," Morris finished, "I am merely passing it on, Jim."

Magda Leigh, formerly associate editor of *The Editor*, is one of the very few successful women writers of sea tales. She has worked in different capacities on ship-board in order to get the background which she weaves into her stories. Her father is W. J. Henderson, the well known New York musical critic.

Madeleine Ruthven is a young writer who had a long struggle in selling her

stories. It lasted over a period of years until at last she was rewarded with a really worth while sale. She had written a story of Russia that had a tremendous "kick" at the end. It went the rounds of the studios for some time until it at last fell into the hands of Marshall Neilan. The young woman was rewarded with a fine check that made the clouds all silver-lined again.

Robert Hewes is one of the youngest short story writers in America. *The Metropolitan Magazine* has printed three of his short stories. He is but twenty-four years old. He has been studying the technique of the short story for five years, having developed by slow and painful progress. Hewes was a sailor for some time, and several of his sea tales are reminiscent of Conrad.

The strange part about it all is, that no two of the writers mentioned work alike or conceive the ideas for their stories in the same way, and yet they are all agreed on one thing—and that is—that inspiration may have written the Bible, but hard work is a surer post to lean on than inspiration.



THE THIEF OF BAGDAD

AT THE DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS STUDIO

*M*OSQUES silver white, gold trellised parapets,
Look down on Bagdad's camel-crowded alleys
Sun-gilded domes, thin spires, and minarets
Transform the city lanes to winding valleys.

Viziers, effendis, emirs, Nubians, sheiks,
Move through the noisy noons of grand bazaars.
Vast elephants swing by. The peacocks screech.
Wild dervishes outdance the sun and stars.

This is old Bagdad of the forty thieves,
Where moslems pray and poets paint with words,
Where necromancers draw from silken sleeves
Rabbits or butterflies or purple birds.

High overhead an aviator hums
Film cameras crank—now Ali Baba comes!
—Lesley Bates.

TRICKS OF THE CAMERA

BY DAL CLAWSON

Well-known Cameraman

WE waited until the last day on location to get a picture of sunrise.

And then daylight came but not the sun. That morning fog rolled in as thick as a battleship's smoke screen.

Everything else necessary to completion of the picture had been photographed. We were all packed and ready to go. To stay and wait for a clear dawn meant money. And, although producers are never eager to spend money in sitting around, they were less so then. For that was in the early days of the game, when money was scarce as brains.

Nevertheless, the beautiful heroine had to be shown sitting beside the sea, where she had spent the night alone with her melancholic thoughts, when the sun came up.

Yet how show sunrise, when the fog persisted in getting in the way? Back-action photography. That was the answer. It was new stuff with us cameramen, but I decided to try it.

That night I shot the sunset. Thrown into reverse it made a gorgeous sunrise over a crystalline sea with not a trace of fog obscuring the scene.

It passed all the censors in the studio, too. But—

When it got into the releases, some eagle eye spotted the flaw. The ocean waves rolled backward instead of for'ard on the sands.

And right there you have the key to our troubles with back-action photography. That old picture made by Lois Weber with Mildred Harris as the heroine (and it is so old, as time goes in the movies, that I have forgotten the title) well, that old picture with its ocean in reverse taught me a lesson I never forgot.

That was, to watch every detail, no matter how infinitesimal, when employing back-action photography, in order that the

processes of nature would not be pictured in reverse.

Thus, for instance, when picturing a train wreck by means of back-action photography, I always see to it that the engine doesn't belch a heavy cloud of smoke. If it did, what would you see from your seat in the darkened theatre? Why, you'd see the smoke going *down* the chimney, instead of puffing out of it.

Perhaps, you have wondered how those pictures of train wrecks were obtained? They were so realistic, with engines crashing, cars splintering, flame springing up amidst the wreckage, that you were taken in, you believed it was impossible for the whole thing not to be real.

Back-action photography again. When the crash comes, the colliding engines are at a standstill. Then the camera is posted on a coach or another engine or any point of vantage, while the train backs off into the distance. When that film is reversed for picturization it shows the two trains approaching and crashing together. As for the scenes of wreckage, those are drawn from the film library. The rescues and other scenes in which the actors of the company appear are taken in the studio, where the inside of a wrecked car is built. All these placed together, make the realistic whole.

But, as I say, the cameraman must exercise care to see that the smoke doesn't draw down the chimney. Of course, there is this to remember: that when the action is fast and interest of the audience aroused to a high pitch, the likelihood is that nobody would notice such a flaw, anyhow. Attention is centered elsewhere. However, there has to be a little smoke, and the next time you see a picture of a train wreck, try to pin your attention on the stack of the locomotive.

Another aid to the cameraman taking

back-action photography is the use of slow motion. The picture is taken at one-eighth the regular speed employed in projection. Thus when it flashes on the screen, you get the impression of a tremendous crash.

Similarly, in a blow to the jaw or a punch on the nose. You have seen those terrific wallops landed on some luckless wight by the hero, and you have pitied the luckless wight. Forget it. He hasn't been roughed up at all. The hero's fist was planted against the luckless wight's jaw. Then the slow motion camera came into action. The luckless wight withdrew his jaw and laid down on the floor. The hero withdrew his fist. Back-action photography showed that process in reverse, just eight times as fast as taken. Result: One terrible punch.

A good many fans are familiar nowadays with the fact that scenes of sinking ships, railroad wrecks, naval battles, etc., are taken in miniature. But to know merely that a thing is done is considerably different from knowing *how* it is done.

Such scenes also lean heavily on back-action photography. Why? Well, take the railroad crash for an instance. Suppose the trains really were sent at each other head-on. The result would be a general smashing up of the set. Then, if the picture were to be retaken, a new set would be necessary because the old one would be out on the junk heap. That is only one reason, but a sufficient one, for employing back-action photography.

Another thing to be guarded against in photographing in miniature is the exaggeration to the grotesque point of all processes when the miniature is enlarged to life size, so to speak. A miniature tree two feet high waves in the breeze created by a wind machine. Enlarged, the tree will seem to whip the ground in such exaggerated fashion that the illusion of reality would be destroyed.

So miniature stuff is taken on the high speed camera, or at five times regular speed. When cut to regular speed in projection it becomes normal in pace.

Use of back-action photography makes possible with all the illusion of reality the portrayal of the most convincing deeds which otherwise could not be pictured. The script of "The Marriage Chance" called for

a kitten to wander in and drink out of a glass seemingly filled with water but in reality containing deadly poison which the villain had prepared for his proposed victim, and then to betray the presence of poison by staggering away and rolling over dead. To actually kill the kitten would have been inhuman, and also would have brought the censors down upon us. So we taught a kitten to "play dead." Then she got up and walked over to a glass of water and drank. Back-action photography made the scene in projection convincing. Again, the script of a picture I photographed recently in Siam, with native players, called for one of the actors to stamp brutally on a woman's foot. In the taking, the man placed his foot on the woman's gently and then rapidly pulled it away. Thrown into reverse in projection, it looked as if he attempted to drive her foot into the ground.

All destructive stuff which must show driving force in projection, in fact, is taken backwards with the slow crank. Thus, when reversed and speeded to normal, the picture is all one can desire.

One more instance out of a recent picture: When you see the dog leap at the man's throat in Jack London's "Call of the Wild," and see the man claw ineffectually to keep the animal away, you shudder. What actually happened was that the man lifted the dog toward his throat and then pushed him away. It was all done easily and slowly and without injury to the dog or danger to the man, but when thrown into reverse and speeded to normal—well, it pepped up the old red blood.

You see, when the reformers and the censors stand up on their hind legs now and then and roar about brutality or cruelty to animals, etc., why, they guessed wrong, that's all.

There are tricks in every trade, and the cameraman has a bag of 'em. Although I was to write mainly about back-action stuff, yet a lot of other things come to mind, and, perhaps, the editor of THE STORY WORLD will let me ramble a bit farther. Take that time, for instance, when we were shooting scenes with Dustin Farnum in the filming of "Corsican Brothers." It was out in Glendale, Cal., and

the script called for Dustin to charge on horseback over a cliff and down a perpendicular slope, horse and man rolling together. There wasn't any perpendicular slope. The best we could find (and time was short) was a gradual descent. So I turned the camera slant-wise. And, man, oh man, what a thrill in projection when the film was righted!

One of the biggest thrills in any current picture is that of the horseman dashing along a tottering bridge over a chasm and leaping a wide gap as a portion of the structure tumbles into the gorge, in the \$10,000 prize scenario "Broken Chains." I don't know for certain how Fred Jackman shot it, but I believe I know. I did something similar once myself in the filming of "In Old Kentucky."

You photograph your horse in the studio against a black velvet background, making his jump. You time him from take-off to landing, and measure the length of his leap. That's the upper half of your frame. Then you picture your tottering bridge and tumbling gap. That's the lower half. Brought together, with the gap matching the horse's jump, and you have your picture. Of course, you must remember that the natural background is going to replace the black velvet against which the horse was photographed, and you must take precautions to prevent it from appearing that the horse passed through trees and rocks as if he were transparent. That is done by building, against the velvet, trees and rocks of similar size and location to the natural set—but all black. The horse passes behind or around them, as he is supposed to pass behind or around the natural objects they represent. When the films are matched, you get your thrill.

Just how intense is the illusion of reality created by these tricks can be instanced in relation of a happening of years ago. Some writer for *The Saturday Evening Post* collaborated with me in preparation of several articles describing hazards of the cameraman. We had a lot of fun pre-

paring them, and I couldn't resist the temptation to "make it good." So, for illustration I prepared a number of tricked pictures. About the time of publication I was seeking to take out insurance. When the stories and pictures appeared, I was notified I would be considered an "ordinary risk" instead of a "preferred risk," as had been the case with cameramen theretofore. This meant my payments would be doubled. I protested, but the insurance people believed the pictures, and make it stick. Dating from that day, cameramen became "ordinary risks," paying double. You see, the pictures I had tricked were so convincing that the insurance people believed them, for all I could protest to the contrary.

Another evidence of how people, and that includes hard-headed business men, believe all they see in the paper, occurred years ago. It was in the infancy of the motion picture game. I was photographing "Just In Time," an old "mellerdrammer." The script called for a bridge explosion. I took various scenes of the jackknife drawbridge at Long Beach—open, closed, with actors on it, and one with a bomb exploding in the gap. Then (remember, this was a long time ago before double-exposure, etc.) I jockeyed them all together, one over the other, in various ways, until I evolved a master film which showed the bridge being blown up.

Officials of the railroad saw the film and believed we had blown up their bridge, and the order went out to bar all motion picture concerns from making any use of the railroad. Of course, the matter was cleared up, and the order rescinded. But the bits of drawbridge which I had cut out with a penknife, under a magnifying glass, and pasted over the film showing the explosion, had been so convincing that those hard-headed railroad men believed for a time that we had destroyed their property.

As I say, some people believe all they read in the papers. And some believe all they see in the pictures. But it isn't always so.



INTIMATE VIEWS OF NOTED SCENARIO EDITORS

No. 1: *John B. Ritchie*

BY LEAH FINK

SOME people are born with the proper background for their undertakings; others have to acquire it.

John B. Ritchie, who sits behind the Scenario Editor's desk at the Thos. H. Ince Studios, in Culver City, California, is one of those few who was born with the proper background. His personal life has been as romantic and colorful as any of the stories he selects for production on the screen.

He was born in Bombay, India, of an old English family, which on his father's side had been identified with shipping for many generations. At the time of his birth his father was stationed in India as the managing director of the largest steamship company in the world, but a few years later the family moved to England, and it was here that John B. Ritchie received his education as a boy and young man.

In his early teens he made a flying trip to America with the avowed purpose of staying but one week. With the exception of a brief visit to England at twenty, he has lived in this country ever since.

At the time of Mr. Ritchie's arrival in the United States, Major J. B. Palmer, Sir Henry M. Stanley and Sir Edwin Arnold, a group of English celebrities were touring the country as lecturers, and the young man joined them as a press representative. From these men he learned much that proved helpful to him in his later literary career.

Shortly after this, the beloved American author, Mark Twain, decided to make a lecture tour, and Ritchie became his "right-hand" man. He still speaks of this experience as one of the richest and most delightful in his life, and if you get him in the right mood, he will give you some unusually interesting sidelights on the private life of this noted character that are known to very few people.

Newspaper work next attracted his attention and he became a free-lance writer for newspapers all over the country as well as for such magazines as *Scribner's* and the *Century*. Most of his writings concerned explorers and exploring.

Ever since he could remember, Mr. Ritchie had been interested in the theatre, and so when there came a sudden dearth of celebrities, he financed a stock company in Canada and became a producer. By a strange coincidence it was here that he first met Thomas H. Ince. The prominent motion picture producer, was then playing boy parts in the Canadian company, and this meeting was the first link in the friendship which still exists between Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Ince.

Several years as a producer and manager of various theatrical enterprises followed, and then in 1914, Mr. Ritchie, as a publicity writer, came to California, where he joined Thos. H. Ince, who had already made a name for himself.

I found Mr. Ritchie, on the morning set aside for our interview, engaged in sorting over a stack of manuscripts which were piled so high on his desk that I could scarcely see the top of his head over them.

"Just going over the morning's mail," he said as I came into the room.

"Do you mean to tell me," I gasped, "that each mail brings you such a heap of manuscripts?"

"More or less," was the quiet reply.

"But why?" I asked.

"Simply because nearly every man, woman and child in this madly-whirling world of ours thinks himself a potential screen writer," he answered.

And then as I waited. "You know, one doesn't object to reading manuscripts, but the deplorable part of it is that nearly one hundred percent of the manuscripts, such as I have on my desk here, come from

people who have never written a line in their lives before, who have had absolutely no literary training of any kind, and what is more important, who know nothing of screen technique whatever.

"I sometimes wish that I might talk to some of these ambitious people and tell them what a waste of time it is to continue as they are doing. The fact of the matter is, nearly everyone of us has had some experience in life that would make excellent material for a magazine story or a scenario, but there are very few of us who know just how that material should be put together to make it interesting and appealing to an outsider.

"In looking over the manuscripts that come to me, I can tell at a glance whether or not the writer has had any kind of literary experience. I give a great deal of time to work that is indicative of the slightest trace of training, because I feel that it deserves this. On the other hand, I feel that I am wasting my own and the studio's time by wading through work that shows instantly, that the writer is totally unfamiliar with the medium he has chosen for expression.

"The matter of finding proper stories for the screen is a serious one. Its demands are growing day by day. It must have its craftsmen who will understand and appreciate it and who will know best how to develop its tremendous possibilities.

"Although it appears to be very difficult for the outside writer to realize this, the fact remains that screen writing is essentially a technical thing. The screen story differs vastly from any other form of literary expression. For example, take the novel. Just one dramatic situation may serve as a basis for the development of a five hundred or thousand page book. Chapter after chapter may be devoted to the description of characters; the psychological effect of certain events; the author's own outlook upon life, of course, seen through the eyes of the characters. The plot may develop through a period of one year, or it may even trace its characters through three or four generations."

"And the screen story?"

"First of all, the plot must be so condensed that the entire life's history of its

characters may be unfolded in not more than an hour and a half or two hours' time. This means, that it is seldom possible to write a successful screen story whose action extends over a period of but a brief span of years. Instead of having just one dramatic situation, it must have one dramatic situation after another. It must continually go from surprise to suspense, from suspense to surprise. In but the brief flash of a few seconds, its characters must be established just as convincingly, clearly and entertainingly as they are established in several chapters in the novel. And above all else, everything in it must be a *photographic possibility*.

"Here's another point. The producer cannot afford to take a chance on mediocre work. A magazine editor will very often buy an indifferent story to fill his pages, and he will feel that he has not done so badly because he hasn't had to pay very much for the story. The producer, however, has no such consolation. However poor the story may be, he realizes that its cost will not be one hundred or five hundred dollars, but one hundred thousand dollars, because that is what it costs to film the average story. I bring this up to show how vital it is for the producer to exercise the utmost care in the selection of stories."

"What type of stories are you personally interested in for your work here?" I asked Mr. Ritchie.

"Strong, virile dramas, preferably American, of every-day life that will interest every-day people. The story must have a big theme; it must be based upon some vital problem that is interesting and carries a universal appeal. It is my contention that life in the average American town offers just as many possibilities in a dramatic way as the romances of history.

There were other questions that I wanted to ask Mr. Ritchie, but the sight of the mail man staggering in with another heap of manuscripts, brought me to the realization that I had already taken up a great deal of valuable time, and after an exchange of cordial handshakes I left him once more to the perusal of the works of those who desired fame.

THE LILY OF LOS HORNITOS

BY MAY HENDERSON TAYLOR

A PHOTOPLAY

LOS HORNITOS, or Little Ovens, so named for its summer heat and possibly for its moral resemblance to Lucifer's dominions, was easily the most wicked of all the Californian settlements. The utter disregard for the Ten Commandments which was displayed by its denizens had resulted in daily intrigues and affrays of such magnitude as easily to enable the town to bear away the palm for lawlessness. No sheriff's posse ever ventured within its confines, no vigilantes rode its way. At the first intimation of outside interference, Australian convicts, gamblers, dive-keepers, receivers of stolen goods, Spanish desperadoes, and various outlaws drew together in the common cause and the venturesome lawbringers almost to a man "bit the dust." Thus the ill-fame of Los Hornitos spread abroad in the pleasant land and while many clamored for vengeance, none would head the expedition to obliterate the plague spot.

The settlement lay at the foot of the Sierra Nevada mountains and on the outskirts of a spacious valley. A willow-fringed mountain stream wound through the town which architecturally was a not unpleasing blend of the Spanish style and the usual camps of the forty-niners. Adobe houses with gaily painted wooden fronts and verandahs were the order of the day. All these dwellings boasted costly, gaudy furnishings. The women were carelessly yet richly attired. Velvet slippers and bright silks adorned Lola, Inez, Luz, they of the reckless sisterhood who, in the sycamore and cottonwood shaded plaza, danced the hours away to the furious plucking of guitars.

Spurlock's Place was the favorite and most elaborate of the resorts. The thoroughly villainous Joe Spurlock maintained

a semblance of order about his place. The credit for this was due to his wife, whose influence while slight yet manifested itself in his cultivation for her of a beautiful garden behind the white plastered wall and line of pepper trees. The front half of the rambling building was given over to the bar-rooms and the remainder which was a long wing extending into the garden that sloped to the creek, was Spurlock's home. An invisible line stretched across the dusty court and no man ever crossed it save at the owner's invitation.

Mrs. Spurlock had formerly been Mrs. Philip Salisbury. With her husband she had crossed the plains some years ago and with their three year old child, Lily, had gone into the hills where Salisbury had taken up a claim. Tenderfeet in every sense they were. One sundown Philip fell over the cabin threshold in a violent fit of hemorrhage which ended his life. Claspings her baby, his bewildered wife ran for help to a nearby cabin. Several hard-handed, tender-hearted wives of the miners helped her through the burial. Joe Spurlock, then up from Los Hornitos with his young partner, Clay Winston, was doing some necessary work on his holdings. He saw the young widow and proceeded to offer her a home. He was of a rather prepossessing appearance. His evil qualities were completely submerged beneath a specious amiability even as a reef crouches beneath smiling waters. So the penniless young creature with many secret misgivings accepted this honorable way out of her dilemma. None dared tell her of his actual character and standing. Unwarned and trustfully she walked into the trap. They were married at the Mission San Joaquin. Their faces and names were unknown to the gentle old priest.

It must be recorded to Spurlock's credit that he was never actively unkind to her. He yielded to her in many things save one and that was her effort to change his calling to a more honorable one. When she realized that she would spend years if not her entire life in the iniquitous Little Ovens, she made one unchangeable resolve which was that her baby girl should be reared elsewhere. A fierce quarrel ensued in which the timid little woman vowed to do away with herself and the child if she had not her way in the matter. So little Lily was sent to the Convent at San Jose under Clay Winston's protection and bearing the name of Lily Spurlock, and her mother, bereft of her treasure, mourned inwardly at Los Hornitos. She never stepped over the invisible line of the court or passed the garden wall. She shut her eyes and ears to ribald sights and sounds, kept her house immaculate and strove to live peaceably with her husband and thereby repay him for his maintenance of the child.

Lily was seventeen when a visitor to see her came to the Convent Lodge. It was Winston who had been absent from Los Hornitos for years. How his time had been passed was known to himself and sundry bandits who infested the hill country back of the coast towns. Now at the age of thirty-two he was leaving those haunts where he was becoming too well known and returning to Los Hornitos.

He was allowed to see Lily on strong representations that he would take word of her to her parents. Under the stern eye of Sister Rafina he conversed a moment with her and went away deeply enamoured of the friendly and pretty young girl who questioned so earnestly with regard to her mysterious parents.

In Los Hornitos, Clay became the hero of the town. Fresh from exploits in the South, with an adoring young Spanish girl, Manuela, at his side, he set up his unhallowed household across the road from Spurlock's. And now it became apparent that Spurlock feared him. Some secret hold he had that held even in that lawless place. Winston had a plan. He subdued Spurlock to his will one night in the deserted bar-room. Spurlock wrote the letter and Winston sent it on its way.

It called Lily home to her mother who needed her at last.

Lily took the letter from Sister Rafina's hand. Concern filled her eyes with tears and sent her scurrying to her packing. Adela Estudillo was returning by stage-coach to the rancho of her father Don Diego Estudillo. The rancho was miles in extent and extremely profitable. One reached it just a few miles before Los Hornitos. No, Adela had never heard of Los Hornitos save as a name, nor of the Spurlock family, but Lily was her dear friend so it was all well with them. Between the Estudillo rancho and the settlement stood the Mission of San Joaquin where the Estudillos were christened, married and were laid in state. To the estimable old priest Father Antonio, his older sister was travelling with the object of keeping his home for him. So it was settled that Tia Elena should be duenna to the convent girls on their journey home. It was an interesting trip, for the girls were bubbling over with life and the older woman, who was quite like a comic valentine in appearance, spent her time in suppressing their gay spirits. Awaiting Adela at the cross-roads with her pony and an ox-cart for her luggage, were Don Diego and her brother Rafael. Rafael's first glimpse of Lily came as she peered from the window of the coach, and the little God of Love sped a swift sure arrow home. Adela introduced her little friend and told where she lived. At the mention of her name and destination such a look of surprise and consternation was apparent on the faces of both father and son as to startle both of the young girls. Abruptly the Don turned away with the pouting Adela, but Rafael lingered till a peremptory summons from the Don caused his regretful departure. Such misgivings were now Lily's as the coach rattled onward. Sadly she parted with Tia Elena at the Mission. Farther on the road to Los Hornitos was reached and she reluctantly descended. The stage-driver looked compassionately after her for a moment then drove away. She picked up her hand-bag and toiled along the dusty road a mile or more before she entered the town. She was directed to Spurlock's and hastened there with

puzzled glances about her. Several American women attempted speech with her but she avoided them. All eyes were upon her as she stepped upon the verandah at Spurlock's and stood in the bar-room entrance.

Spurlock was momentarily awed by that vision of fresh young beauty on his threshold. He led her to her mother whose pride in her daughter was swallowed up by her wrath and grief at the despicable trick which had placed Lily in such an unfortunate situation. The guilty husband slipped away and mother and daughter held a loving conversation albeit one full of revelations. The horrified girl was for leaving immediately but curbed herself promising herself freedom for both ere the passing of many days. Love and deep pity for her mother filled the girl's affectionate heart.

Before twenty-four hours had passed Clay Winston had crossed the courtyard with Spurlock. The mother divined his attentions and turned sick at heart. She knew what his visit indicated. Like a sunflower to the sun Lily turned to what seemed to be the only friendly face beside her mother's. The next morning Mrs. Spurlock, from a secluded spot in the garden, showed her the Winston menage across the way. She saw the flaunting Manuela and then followed a black hour. She sobbed, "O, Mother, what shall I do! I could never endure the sister's having knowledge of our dreadful situation. And as for Adela—" She knew now why Rafael's face had altered at mention of Los Hornitos. A chasm deep and apparently bridgeless yawned between them. "My little daughter, that you might be gently, religiously reared and kept from harm, I have endured a lifelong sculscion, a complete effacement from the outer world." The bitterness was washed away in tears, and the two bent lovingly over the willow cage of the pair of lovebirds under the fig-tree. Rafael and Adela at the rancho played duets, sang, and talked over everything of importance in their lives. Incidentally they discussed Lily. Said Adela, "Do go and see if she really lives there and what she is doing." And so Rafael came to Los Hornitos and boldly made his way through

those who accosted him, past several desperadoes who would have stayed him and courteously begged of Spurlock permission to see his wife and daughter. Under the sheltered grape arbor Lily and her mother told their tale. The mother left them alone and Rafael declared his undying affection and begged her to come away with him. But Lily would not consider leaving without her mother. Mrs. Spurlock however announced her willingness to stay if Lily might be saved from the place, told him Lily's correct name and was planning a future escape when called by Spurlock from the house. Under the figtree by the swinging birdcage they embraced and parted. The perturbed Spurlock escorted him through the bar-room where the suspicious Winston glared a challenge. Rafael returned the look with interest, went out, swung on his saddle with all a Spaniard's grace and rode indifferently away. Winston took the dive-keeper roundly to task for admitting such a rival.

Don Diego was enraged at Rafael's temerity. A wordy tilt occurred. But Rafael refused to be swerved from his object which was of course to marry Lily Salisbury. Father Antonio was sent for to talk him out of the notion, but brother and sister secretly won him over to Lily's cause. As old Tia Elena spoke well of her also, Father Antonio tightened his ample waist-band, adjusted his sun hat, and bestriding his old mule ambled solemnly down into Los Hornitos. The saintly old man was appalled at the evident viciousness of the place and cast his eyes down in prayer a moment before Spurlock's. A strange sight it surely was to see a priest of the Lord entering that notorious bar-room. Audience with the two women was sought and obtained. Ungraciously enough Spurlock escorted him to the wing. The old father soon won their hearts and their confidence, and told the mother of Rafael's interest at which she cheered perceptibly. She told him of Winston's designs. Invoking a blessing he withdrew. Permission to remove Lily to the Mission was surlily refused by her stepfather. As the priest took his bridle rein his attention was drawn across the way to the laughing

Manuela as she lounged in her verandah, be-ribboned guitar in her lap. He studied her, recognition dawned and he crossed the road and mounted the steps to where she sat. "Manuela Perez! Thou to whom I once administered the sacraments, what of thy soul?" In a mixture of confusion, shame, and insolence she looked away and made no reply. He ordered her sternly to leave the sin behind her and to return to her old mother. "No," she replied angrily and turned her back. Father Antonio took out his black and silver crucifix and held it toward her. "My child," he began but she struck it so violently from his hand that the chain of the beads was snapped and the rosary fell broken to the floor. As Winston appeared in the doorway she rose and fled to her paramour, while the dismayed father sorrowfully gathered up his scattered beads and crucifix and then departed.

From her window Manuela saw him go. Winston spoke sneeringly and for some queer reason she burst out crying. The man turned and left the room. He crossed to Spurlock's and talked about the possibility of bringing Lily to see things the way they wished her to. Spurlock doubtfully shook his head. "You can't bring it about, Clay."

In an interview with Lily he proposed their marriage and removal to a respectable community. Her emphatic refusal given with all the force her usually gentle nature could summon lit the fires of his anger and baffled desire. She was appalled at the tempest she had brought about her head and ran from his presence. So completely could Winston bend Spurlock to his will that the latter made a furious domestic scene in the midst of which his wife collapsed in a fainting fit and he had the grace to withdraw. Mother and daughter retired together and slept as peacefully with the moon silvering their pillows as though evil were far away. That night Rafael ran the gauntlet and serenaded his sweetheart beneath her window. They renewed their promises, she told him fearfully of Winston's aggression and they planned for escape. Finally she coaxed him to go as she was fearful of detection.

She turned away from the window to meet with a fearful shock. Her mother was dead. No wonder the whispers and soft music had not aroused her. After the first agony of grief Lily pondered what to do. Torn between her desire to stay by the body and her thoughts of personal safety, filial love triumphed. She called the old Mexican woman who had served the two women and they made her mother ready for burial. Then only did she summon her hated stepfather. He came reeling from an all night debauch and scarcely comprehending the facts, hiccuped out several expressions of maudlin grief and returned to his cronies. The good old servant helped Lily to escape by way of the creek and after a toilsome journey through the willows she came to the mission as dawn appeared. The priest and Tia Elena welcomed her tenderly and Father Antonio set out immediately to bring the body to the mission for burial. How he did it was his own secret but it is a fact that he not only brought her mother away but a sober, snivelling Spurlock who faced Lily across the grave. At the mission door he regained a little of his old bluster and ordered the defiant Lily to return with him to Los Hornitos, for was she not his daughter? To her refusal and bitter repudiation of his name he did not reply and walked sullenly away. He shook his fist viciously at Father Antonio's unconscious back. Tia Elena saw the act, and the look with which she favored him startled even that old reprobate.

So Lily became part of the household at the Mission San Joaquin. At Mass she was conscious of Rafael's gaze and Adela's affectionate glances. Don Diego met her courteously, but coldly. All the Mission flock loved the fair American for her sweet ways. Gradually the elder Estudillo grew to like the girl and when Adela celebrated her feast day with an elaborate festival to which came all the Spanish gentlefolk, Lily was among the guests.

She met Winston one day in the roadway and would have hurried past had he not barred the way with his pony and compelled her to listen. He tried pleasant tactics first but these failing he told

her he was tired for all time of her whims and since fair means had failed, foul might succeed. He grew so threatening that she darted past at the first chance and running headlong gained the Mission garden. The padre, who was busy pruning, was perturbed and forbade her straying alone in the future. So a dull time set in for the girl. She and Rafael were deeply in love with each other by now but the Don disapproved and that was enough for her. She would hear of no elopement. Honorably, not otherwise, would she enter the Estudillo family.

Don Diego was worried. He rose in the night to investigate an unusual sound and found the door of his office open, candle grease spilled on the polished floors, desks broken open and ransacked. An open window showed the path of the intruder's flight. His precious titles and the famous Estudillo jewels were concealed on the premises, together with considerable gold coin. Clearly it was someone on the rancho. So he and Father Antonio found a safer place, so they thought, at the Mission, and father and son rode there with weighty saddle-bags.

Now a certain vaquero was infatuated with Manuela Perez and through her Clay Winston obtained exact information regarding the Estudillo treasures. He had promised Manuela that the treasure once in their hands they would flee together and the deluded woman, who feared that he would abandon her for Lily, had thus shamelessly tricked Luigo and caused him to betray his master. Thus Clay knew of the removal of the boxes containing the treasures to the Mission, for Luigo had followed, hid in a confessional and watched the stowing away of the boxes beneath the Virgin's altar, and thus set at naught all the Don's innocent secrecy. He let no grass grow under his heels in taking the news to Manuela.

The Don was in excellent humor as he rode home that night for Father Antonio had regaled him with excellent things to eat and drink while the sweethearts strolled in the Mission garden where the moon silvered the pomegranates and the rustling olive boughs.

As Lily knelt by her open window that night she fancied she saw a figure lurk-

ing along the Mission walls. But seeing it not again deemed it either some belated Indian quietly slipping back to the Indian Quarters or else her fancy. It was Winston finding a means of entrance to the Mission. But he was fated not to succeed that time and rejoined Manuela who was waiting down the road with the horses.

He went to Spurlock and succeeded in getting him to go to demand Lily's return to "her home in Los Hornitos." And the monkey proceeded to try and draw Winston's chestnuts from the fire. Fired to a false courage by copious drafts of liquor, Spurlock entered the Mission garden one evening as the priest and the two women were walking in the orchard. A scene resulted during which Tia Elena fled to the house, but Lily held her ground. Spurlock suddenly seized her and presenting his pistol at the brave, old priest, backed toward the Mission steps and his horse. Father Antonio followed in spite of the weapon. The Mission had not been locked for the night and suddenly twisting out of his hold, Lily dashed up the steps and flashed into the church doors, barring the doors behind her.

Her captor, too unsteady to catch her, tipsily threatened the Father who was overjoyed at the turn things had taken. He steadily eyed the drunken man and finally the latter turned and went away, mounted his horse and disappeared. Father Antonio turned to the church door.

As Lily shot the bolts home she turned and faced Clay Winston. A scream of terror was smothered by his hand over her mouth. In silence they listened a moment to the altercation outside, then he hurried her up the aisle, through the railing and past the despoiled hiding place beneath the Virgin's altar. Into the sacristy he went, and here the several boxes lay near an open window, whose burst bars told the story of his entrance. He gagged the girl and bound her arms with various vestments, stepped to the window, handed out the boxes to the waiting Manuela who obediently bore them to the tethered horses and placed them in the saddlebags. The loud knocking of Father Antonio, who deemed Lily to have fainted, brought an expression of furious

hatred to the bandit's face as he lifted the girl up and climbed through the window with her. Manuela uttered a cry of surprise, then as he threatened her to silence in pantomime she asked him if he meant to take Lily with them. He replied that he was and tried to urge her to her horse. But she saw it all clearly enough now and began to reproach him volubly. Seeing his will remained unshaken she drew her tiny dagger and dashed upon him. He attempted to throw her from him and in the struggle his drawn pistol went off. She fell mortally hurt. With a curse he leaped for his horse with Lily in his grip, pulled her up with him, and as the dying girl struggled to her knees gasping a plea for pity, dashed away.

Father Antonio, drawn to the spot by the noise, ran to Manuela who lay on the ground in a widening pool of blood. She told him brokenly of Winston's robbery and flight. Then rapidly he absolved the poor creature. She fumbled in her clothing and weakly pressed into his hand several rosary beads and a medal fallen on her porch that day in Los Hornitos, put her lips to his kindly hand and died.

Clay Winston took the foot-path to Los Hornitos and fled back to the infamous place as rapidly as his horse could bear its double burden, for Manuela's horse had run away as the pistol exploded. A few comments were all that greeted him as he rode to Spurlock's where Lily was welcomed by her disgruntled stepfather who had arrived but a few moments earlier and who saw her to her quarters where she was placed under the surveillance of one of the American women of the place. She would not escape easily this time she was warned grimly. She was to be forced into marriage with Winston by any means, starvation or any grim weapon they could best employ.

And now the unexpected came to pass. Upon receipt of the news of the robbery and abduction from Father Antonio, Rafael declared he loved and would rescue and marry the young woman no matter what his father decreed. To his intense surprise, his father acquiesced in his wishes, and together they got together the strong posse of vaqueros and of Span-

ish ranchers and American settlers that was to storm Los Hornitos. Among the vaqueros rode the grieving, conscience-stricken Luigo, eager to avenge poor Manuela.

Possibly the fact that without Rafael's and his friends' assistance he was helpless to attempt the recovery of his treasures had something to do with the Don's agreeing to let Rafael have his own way regarding the girl.

Before dawn the party was well on its way. Rafael inwardly cursed himself for a most negligent lover to have let his beloved run such risks. Poor Luigo rode with his chin on his chest. Don Diego discussed the plans of attack with several of the men and thus they came to Los Hornitos.

Pale dawn was breaking as they rode up to Spurlock's. They wondered how they had entered the town so easily but had they seen the carousals of a few hours before they would have comprehended. They knocked resoundingly on Winston's door. At no reply, it was burst open, several entered the room and pronounced it empty. So they turned to Spurlock's.

To their knocking he gave heed from a barred window, and demanded their intentions. They required of him the delivering up of the persons of one Clay Winston and one Lily Salisbury, sometimes known as Lily Spurlock. His mocking reply, dictated by the unseen Clay behind the shutter, was met by the posse with the statement of their determination to raze the place unless the girl was delivered to them along with her captor and his spoils. Armed men were holding the streets free from any of the inhabitants who could rally from their heavy slumbers to investigate the invasion.

Spurlock defied them, so logs were fetched to batter in the big doors of the bar-room where a dozen or so sturdy half-drunken rascals were ranged with gleaming rifles pointing over a barricade of chairs and tables towards the assaulting party. From an upper window Lily anxiously watched the posse below. Beside her stood the watchful Winston, gun in hand. He had come up to aid the woman in binding and stowing her pris-

oner away. She dared not reveal her presence to the crowd below for the threat in his eye was genuine. Winston was in a tight place, he had never imagined they would come to Los Hornitos. Suddenly she saw his eye light up with an unholy gleam as Rafael stepped out from the others directly in line with the window. The gun flashed into position. She screamed then as she flung herself forward and dragged down the menacing arm, Rafael looked up, saw her and then—a sick sensation assailed everyone as the ground heaved slowly, a series of shudders ran through appalled Los Hornitos, the buildings swayed, strained and groaned, people were thrown from their footing, and with a final twist for good measure, Old Mother Earth laid Los Hornitos flat.

Like card dwellings erected by children, the houses lay collapsed. In the serene beauty of the dawn, Spurlock's lay, a heap of rubbishy boards, tumbled chimneys, and shattered adobe. When the dust had finally settled the men who had fled to the

shelter of the garden trees returned to the rescue. One room, an upper one, remained intact or partly so. Through a gaping hole in the roof they swung down into the room and found Lily by the window, unhurt but pinned down by a heavy piece of furniture. Her attendant was shaken up but not injured. Some bricks from the chimney had come through the roof and Clay Winston lay dead beneath the missiles. The posse were robbed of their prey. They took the girl out through the aperture, the treasure with her and made their way to the grape arbor. Here Don Diego welcomed her very creditably, then fell to exploring his beloved boxes while the men returned to the ruins in a vain effort to rescue the unfortunates entombed there.

Rafael and Lily walked apart from the others. Under the fig-tree the lovebirds responded to the loving words of their mistress and plumed their feathers, ruffled with fright, while their human counterparts visioned their happiness to be at Casa Estudillo.



THE picture of the future will be the picture which says something worth saying in a beautiful way..

—William C. De Mille.

THE VALUE OF BREVITY

BY GERALD BRECKENRIDGE

IF he had had more time, wrote Montaigne in a letter to a friend, the letter would have been shorter.

Charles H. Dana regarded the observation so highly that he repeated it in a letter to one of his friends.

Both knew that brevity of expression requires concentrated thinking.

You will hear some writers argue with a lift of the brow expressing superciliousness, that brevity is a thing for business men, but not for writers who have their own personality to project and who must therefore employ that style of language (method of circumlocution?) best adapted to express them.

But isn't that a clinging to old ideals and fashions? And an ignoring of new styles?

No book used to be considered worthwhile unless it ran to three volumes and weighed five pounds.

No oratory used to be considered worth listening to unless it was turgid.

Today the book staying within one set of covers and weighing not more than three-quarters of a pound is the favorite. And turgidity hasn't a home except in the *Congressional Record*.

We have come to the point in written or spoken expression of using a sieve and of extracting the essence.

Love of language *per se* is the first stage through which writers must pass, the Purgatory on the road to Heaven. The young reporter has it, and the City Editor, who knows better finally, tells him to "write the lead and then throw it away and give me the story." The young De Maupassant has it, and the wise Flaubert keeps him twelve years at the boiling kettle of rewriting until he is able to extract the essence of life from the flowers of language.

Kipling, on the other hand, is born with a clear understanding and as his first work gives us "Plain Tales From the Hills," some of which attain immortality in less than a thousand words. Then he dies in a way of speaking and becomes the "late Mr. Kipling." And becomes, too, more involved than Henry James.

For the scenarist there is need of brevity properly applied. Brevity must be of words, which does not mean paucity of ideas. When all is said, the purpose of the scenario is to give stage directions to directors, not to paint a word picture for readers. The fewer words properly assembled the clearer the impression intended to be conveyed.

Make it snappy,

MY EARLY LITERARY STRUGGLES

BY MONTAGUE GLASS

MY early literary struggles are so far behind me that I have nearly forgotten them.

I have been writing short stories and articles since 1895, and you will readily see that it has been a long time ago since I received my first rejection slip. Children born when I was using the postage stamps of a lawyer called Fransioli, 146 Broadway, New York, "enclosed stamped envelope," are now vice-presidents of railroads and fathers of small, expensive families.

The custom of perforating postage stamps with the initials of the firms who owned them was not in vogue in those days, much to my great joy. So as far as the editors of *Scribner's*, *McClure's*, *Munsey's* and *Harper's* magazines were concerned, it was all the same who supplied the stamped envelope. They were religiously returned just the same. They probably thought that I had purchased these stamps with my own money. Mr. Fransioli probably thought so too.

At last I saw that the marketing, or attempting to market stories by mail was getting rather expensive for Mr. Fransioli, so I evolved the plan of saying that I was going to the Court House to examine a judgment roll, and I would then make the rounds of the various magazine offices with a roll of manuscripts under my arm.

During these trips I made the acquaintance of many magazine writers who were personally canvassing their wares—including Porter Emerson Brown. Porter, or Bull Brown as he is now called, was a slight, short youth. I was a long, slender one. We landed Bob Davis regularly with stories for the string of trained magazines that Mr. Munsey owned. These included the *Railroad Men's Magazine*, the *Argosy Magazine*, and several others whose names I have forgotten.

The current rate of pay was from one-half to one cent per word. But we were young and strong and our wrists never seemed to get tired. In those days I was as much a directory of magazines as that comprehensive list in the back pages of the *Authors' League Bulletin*.

If a magazine started in Rochester, New York, and was for sale on the news-stand of the elevated railroads I looked it over while the news-stand keeper was selling a paper to a customer, and the next day I would send a manuscript to Rochester, New York.

These manuscripts included short stories, articles and verse.

When Theodore Dreiser edited *Broadway Magazine*, at 203 Broadway, in 1900, I sold him quite a lot of verse—and they were pretty darned good verses, if I do say it myself.

Articles, I turned out by the dozen.

I would get up a list of cases from the New York Supplementary Reports and the New York Court of Appeals and the New York Supreme Court Reports in which it had been held that certain words spoken by a man to a woman constituted a promise of marriage, and I would combine them into an article called, "This is so sudden!"

I would also collate decisions where, for example, a man bites a white bone button worth ten cents a hundred in a piece of pie selling for five cents and sues the Lunch Room Trust or Corporation for five thousand dollars.

Then I would bring all these articles into one and call them "Expensive Trifles" and collect on them from my friend, Bob Davis.

I also wrote musical articles: e. g., "The Music of the Streets," "The Orchestra of the Highways," "Realism in Music"—a man falling down a flight of stairs to the music of La Boheme, first act, with musical notations to illustrate it. "Walkur-eritt," etc.

The mere writing of a short story or an article is just the beginning.

The sensible writer tears up much more than he writes. Then when the job is finished to his satisfaction—or, to be personal, when in my early days turned out what I thought was a decent story or article, I had to market it.

That was difficult enough; but twenty years ago there were many magazines such as the one owned by the late Colonel Mann, and others, who accepted articles and stories

and printed them and then said to the author, "What are you going to do about it?"

It is unfortunately true that even today there are many magazines that go on the theory that an author is in no hurry for his money. Well—twenty years ago it was much worse.

I have sat outside of Colonel Mann's office so that I could get a check—or nail him with a summons.

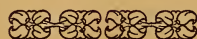
I had a profession and I worked at it. My writing was an aid to the slender income of that profession. It was a staff, not a crutch.

It seems to me now that *I wrote because I could not help writing*. There were the stories and the articles and I had to let them out. I never said to myself: "Kipling is writing and Stevenson is writing—so why can't I?" I never felt that I was a born writer. I never thought anything about it. I just wrote the stuff and after I had written it, the very natural thing to do was to sell it or to try quite hard at selling it.

It seems to me that there are too many writers nowadays who say to themselves, "Damn it all, if a fellow like Glass can write, why hell and damnation—so can I."

Well, well, we must all make a living somehow, and it is better to make a living by writing than to commit suicide as one of Barrie's characters did when he found out he would have to go to work.

But then, of course—writing is *work*—yet it is *work* one loves. And that makes all the difference in the world.



THE TEN GREATEST NAMES IN MOTION PICTURES

THE THIRD OF A SERIES

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In the two previous articles of this concise history of the Motion Picture Industry, which is being written by a noted pioneer of the eighth great art, the names of C. Francis Jenkins and David Wark Griffith were listed as two great names which will go down to posterity. In the third article, the writer mentions another individual who has been largely responsible for the progress of this industry, and, who, in his opinion, is entitled to be listed among the ten greatest names in the motion picture world.]

THE power of publicity is tremendous. The motion picture industry has demonstrated this beyond all reasonable doubt. From the birth of our nation, to the present day, every individual owes whatever success it has attained to the publicity it has received. Men and women may become great only through informing the world of their greatness. However, they must not depend on that publicity to sustain their greatness. They must back up that publicity with big endeavor. The world will not beat a track to anyone's door unless the individual tells the world where he lives. And, when the world decides to call, it must find that its journey has not been in vain. All the publicity it is possible to shower on anyone is of little use if there is nothing to warrant it.

We have newspapers, billboards and electric signs constantly informing us of the high standard of quality of a certain article. Powerful words, forming striking sentences, proclaim the merits of tooth-paste, face powders or suspenders. They are composed with the sole idea of attracting attention, arousing interest and creating desire. But, unless the article backs up that advertising with a high standard of quality, all that is said of it has been said in vain.

There was a perfectly good reason for putting the likeness of George Washington on a postage stamp, and for that same reason men for ages, have chiselled statues in order that posterity might constantly be reminded of the achievements of those who have contributed something of great value to the world. However, it

is true that many who have deserved statues didn't get them; probably because they were too modest and timid to tell people what they'd done. There are a lot of people in the motion picture industry like that.

The public may be inclined to doubt a large percentage of the truth of that statement. Nevertheless, it is true. It is a fact that the public knows but little of those who have played really big and important parts in this industry. The public is familiar with the names of many of the stars, directors and featured players, because the American people are hero worshippers. Actors have always been fascinating to us because they portray fictional characters; people who move and live in our imaginary world. That world is very interesting to us. We are entranced by the adventure, the romance and the beauty of it.

We forget that the actor is merely giving an interpretation of those characters; that he is not any different from ourselves and has all our virtues and vices. Our failure to realize this makes us idolize him. So, we are interested in all that he does. We want to know what he has for breakfast; whether he puts vaseline on his hair or has it marcelled; his hobbies, his pastimes and his habits. We want to know because he is our hero. He represents our highest conception of an individual.

Think of the heroes the motion picture industry has introduced to the public! Think of the ones it will introduce in the future. Think of the names illuminated in front of theatres, that never would have

been featured by a playhouse. The screen has taken actors and actresses, whose names would have remained obscure on the legitimate stage, and made them internationally famous; names that today are household words. This is written in all due respect to these same actors. They might have been able to portray excellent roles on the stage, but they lacked strength of voice. The voice means nothing to the silent art. The acting is the all-essential qualification in this industry. On the other hand, stage players have failed miserably when they sought success on the screen. The motion picture is practically a new art and therefore it has introduced almost an entirely new kind of acting. It had to have a start. Anything new has to have a beginning. So, the producers had to spend millions of dollars in introducing new stars to the public. At first, the public wasn't very much interested in the stars. In the beginning, the name of each company, and the different brands of pictures they made, interested the public more than the names of the actors. The moving picture patrons soon became familiar with Vitagraph, Lubin, Essanay, Selig, Powers, Pathe, Eclair, Edison, Thanhouser, Mutual, and many others, and they formed their likes or dislikes for the various trade names the pictures carried. After this, the public began to manifest an interest in the names of the men who made these pictures. Then came a period when the name of the producer occupied their attention. Such names as J. Stuart Blackton, George K. Spoor, William F. Rock, L. Lubin, W. N. Selig, George Kleine, Thomas A. Edison, Adolph Zukor, Jesse L. Lasky, G. M. Anderson, George Melies, Herbert Blache, Hobart Bosworth, Mack Sennett, Thomas H. Ince, Gaumont, Pathe Freres, George Urban, Thanhouser and Hepworth became familiar to the public.

J. Stewart Blackton and William F. Rock, with Albert E. Smith had founded the Vitagraph Company; L. Lubin was at the head of the Lubin Company, which at that time was making pictures in Philadelphia; W. N. Selig was President of the Selig Polyscope Company, of Chicago; George Kleine, of Chicago, was creating a great deal of attention as an importer

of films, and brought to this country such productions as "Cabiria" and "Quo Vadis;" the former being the first colossal spectacle seen on the screens of America. The public will not soon forget the remarkable performance of that giant actor, Maciste, in "Cabiria." George K. Spoor and G. M. Anderson had formed the S. & A. Company, which later became Essanay, and were making almost entirely "westerns," with Anderson playing the role of "Broncho Billy," and which made him internationally famous and gathered in millions for them both. Gaumont and Pathe Freres, both French firms, were exporting their films to this country and their films were seen in almost every theatre of any importance.

At that time, the studio of Pathe Freres, in Paris, was the largest in the world. George Urban and Hepworth, both English companies, with studios in London, found their films were meeting with great popularity in the United States. Edwin Thanhouser, who had made a fortune producing plays with a German stock company in Milwaukee, had sold out his interests in that city and had gone to New Rochelle, N. Y., to open the Thanhouser studios and his brand of pictures were in constant demand. Mack Sennett was producing those Keystone comedies on Long Island; Adolph Zukor and Jesse L. Lasky were making Famous Players Lasky pictures in an old stable on West Fifty-seventh Street, in New York, and Thomas H. Ince was busy creating the famous Ince standard of quality at Santa Monica, California. All of these men deserve great credit for the pioneering they did. They made good productions and, sometimes we wonder if the quality of productions has improved since then as much as it should.

Blackton, Rock and Smith deserve unlimited praise for the fine pictures turned out by the Vitagraph Company in those early days. The public will recall with pleasure those sterling comedy dramas in which John Bunny, Flora Finch and Wally Van appeared. It will also remember the good dramas which featured Earle Williams, Anita Stewart, Clara Kimball Young, Florence Turner, Ralph Ince and Maurice Costello. The officials of the Vitagraph Company are responsible for two

important steps in the progress of motion pictures. First, they made a distinct departure from the old order of exploitation when they started presenting their stars and featured them above the productions, and it was not long before the other companies stepped into line and followed them. Second, the Vitagraph Company was the first to crash right into the zone of the legitimate theatres, when it leased the Criterion Theatre, at the corner of Forty-fourth Street and Broadway, New York, and, after a thorough renovation, began showing its big feature pictures in this house.

The Criterion Theatre was one of the most famous playhouses in New York, previous to this, and many of the most notable stage stars had appeared there in plays that have made theatrical history. New Yorkers gasped when they heard it was to be converted into a "movie" house. It was not changed into a "movie" house; it became a moving picture theatre, and, the night it opened, the highest grade of motor cars rolled up to its entrance and gorgeously gowned and be-jeweled women, escorted by men in evening dress, alighted. They represented the aristocracy of the greatest city in the world, and their presence proved beyond all reasonable doubt that the moving picture had come to stay and was the popular amusement of the masses. It was a gala night. The feature picture was "My Official Wife" and Earle Williams and Clara Kimball Young appeared in the leading roles. The screen was the largest one in existence and the projection, about ninety feet, was the longest in America. The program was high class and the picture presented with dignity. A mammoth pipe-organ had been installed and the audience was charmed and thrilled by the tones which swept through the big auditorium. That organ alone cost more than the average picture theatre had cost in the past. It was a night that will long be remembered by those who were fortunate enough to be present. It was a tremendous step in the progress of the screen.

Therefore, the critics were firm in their belief that this form of amusement could never be elevated; that it was created for the dingy little houses in the

back streets and was the poor man's relaxation. But, the Vitagraph Company believed that if the standard of presentation was raised, and the settings enhanced in the theatre, the screen would prove just as enticing to Fifth Avenue as it did to Main Street. So, it started in to prove it. It did prove it, and, from that day to the present, there has been a strenuous conflict going on to see who can build the finest theatres, and, men, women and children, in all walks of life are today patronizing these theatres. J. Stewart Blackton, William F. Rock and Albert E. Smith deserve great praise for bringing the motion picture from Main Street to Broadway, and their names should be permanently inscribed in your note book, for they were the first to realize that it could be done, and they spent a huge fortune to prove it.

It is true they didn't amass a great fortune from the Criterion, but they proved their theory, and today it remains a motion picture theatre, although under the Paramount management, and is a monument to their foresightedness.

But, let us go back a little way. A good many years previous to the aforementioned events, a young chap, with fifty dollars in his pocket, and a lot of ambition and enthusiasm, came over from Germany to see if the Statue of Liberty told the truth. He had read, or heard somewhere, that some great man had said something once about young men going west to grow up with the country. So, he remained in New York only long enough to purchase a ticket for Chicago, and, about the time the World's Fair was in progress we find him wrapping bundles in one of the big stores. Now, we must admit that there is romance in business, and this youth was romantic. However, he saw nothing romantic in wrapping paper and twine, and so, he was not content to stay in this lowly vocation, with the result that a little later we find him a clerk in a music store. But, being ever on the alert for better opportunities, he soon left this position and was lured to Oshkosh, Wisconsin. You may ask, "Did anything really worth while ever come out of Oshkosh?" Well, read on: this youth is going to answer that question. In that much maligned town, this boy from Ger-

many entered the employ of a clothing firm, where, in a space of several years he rose from clerkship to manager.

In 1909, feeling that he had exhausted the possibilities of his Oshkosh job, and with an idea born of what he had read, that the then infant motion picture field offered unlimited opportunity, he gave up his managership, packed his belongings, and moved his family and a few thousand dollars to Chicago, where he rented a vacant store and opened a five cent theatre, using what crude films were available at that time.

In renting and buying films for his own little theatre, he found that he could co-operate with other small theatre owners by making longer leases, or more extensive purchases and pro-rating the expense. This led to the establishment of a film exchange. Its success was immediate, and he went to New York and branched out into the exchange business in earnest. At this time, the General Film Company was known as "The Trust," and the young man found that to remain in business, as matters stood, was to take dictation from the bigger concern. He had broad visions.

He saw ahead, and visualized a great industry, an ample field for artistic development of pictures, and also a great field for the producer able to serve the needs of the thousands of small exhibitors beginning to spring up everywhere. He decided to produce his own pictures, and proceeded to organize the Independent Moving Picture Company, later known as the Imp, for this purpose. In doing this, he started something! The Trust declared war. It was willing he should stay in the exchange business—but he musn't produce, the bigger firm decided. His answer was to put out his first Imp pictures. The clamps were put on, but he stood firm. Picture after picture issued from the Imp studios as the trust withheld its own pictures from his exhibitors. He laid his cards on the table to the theatre owners using his films. He explained every detail of his fight—and the theatre owners backed him up.

Even in those days, the idea of the big picture was in his mind. He sent King Baggott and a company to England to film Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe" on the original setting. This revolutionized the

picture business in England and established the film exchange there. The Trust finally capitulated, and his exchanges handled both Trust and Imp pictures from then on. Always an organizer, this young David of the industry established new exchanges, often in virgin territory, until today he controls more exchanges than any other organization in the world. His exchanges fairly dot Europe as well as America.

"We'll break you!" he was informed by The Trust. But he smiled, and putting on his armor, went into battle. He proved that right always overcomes might. It takes money to form a trust; it takes brains to smash one.

In 1909, an ugly cobra, in the form of the Motion Picture Patents Company, a subsidiary of The Trust, was stretched out along the trail of the independent producers, filling their hearts with fear and scorn. This cobra was collecting two dollars a week for each licensed projection machine used by the exhibitors, in addition to paying a license on each film shown and a license for running his theatre. Our friend from Oshkosh said this was outrageous and should be fought. The other independents agreed with him, but few of them had the courage to go into battle. So, he gathered some more ammunition and led the fight. For years that battle waged, going from one court to another; for it must be remembered that The Trust had money and each time a decision was rendered it was appealed and taken to a higher court. Finally it reached the Supreme Court and that august body rendered its final verdict in favor of the plaintiffs. The giant had been slain and The Trust smashed ignominiously, and beaten by a man who doesn't stand five feet with his shoes off. But, every inch of his stature is composed of courage, determination and grit; a man who kicked the word defeat out of his life before he left his cradle. He has never known the meaning of the word fear. To illustrate: in the very thickest of the Patents War he delivered a strategic blow to the adversary; a blow which left it gasping.

And, in the same move he altered the course of the industry and made the actor forever indebted to him. At that time,

Florence Lawrence, known to the picture patrons as "The Biograph Girl," was working for a member of The Trust. Suddenly, she vanished from the Biograph studios. A little later, the St. Louis newspapers printed a big story that she had been mysteriously slain. A short time afterwards the announcement was made that she had left the Biograph studios and joined the Imp Company. It was a master stroke, and meant that The Trust had lost its greatest box-office attraction. In addition to this, it marked the beginning of the star system. It also meant that henceforth the actor would receive the biggest salary he had ever received in the history of his profession. For, when Florence Lawrence signed that contract, it stipulated that she was to receive one thousand dollars a week! Such a salary, for an actress, was beyond the wildest imaginings of a distorted mind. For years Florence Lawrence was the "Queen of the Screen," and her name was a household word, and she was idolized by every patron of the picture theatre. She amassed a fortune and purchased a beautiful estate at Westwood, N. Y., where many of us have spent enjoyable week-ends.

A few years ago she moved to San Francisco, where she now resides. During one of my visits to that city recently I called to see her. She hasn't changed a great deal, and it does seem a pity that she has stepped out of the picture. As I listened to her, I realized that she is really the Bernhardt of the screen. She has the poise, the grace and dignity of one who has been at the top of a profession; and she has a beautiful sadness in the tone of her voice that tells us she has been hurt. She has been, too. She has been terribly hurt, and the tears came to her eyes and rolled down her cheeks as she described some of her recent experiences. From a treasured chest she brought forth hundreds of "stills," showing her in various roles when she was at the height of her career. Again, as she described each one, she lived over again those roles and her countenance lighted up with inspiration. She seemed to step back, into the past, and she appeared to me, as I had seen her so often in days gone by. In some of those "stills," Mary Pickford was playing "bits," and

many others who have since become famous were hardly more than "extras."

Those pictures will be worth a lot of money some day. It was a sad hour. And, as I left her and walked toward Market Street, one thought was in my mind, and that thought was: an oyster, when it is injured, makes a pearl. Florence Lawrence today is grander than ever. She has gone through a refining process and emerged with a beautiful soul. I have paused here to pay respect to her, a respect to which she is justly entitled, for no record of this great industry is complete that does not include her name. She was the first star in the motion picture firmament and though she has lost some of her brilliancy in the years that have elapsed, she will never be completely lost to our view.

But, to return to our man from Oshkosh. In 1912 he amalgamated the leading independent companies including the Bison 101, Nestor, Powers, Imp and others, as the Universal Company, and two years later established the first Universal studio in Los Angeles, in an old brewery at the corner of Sunset Boulevard and Gower Street. But the small studio was entirely inadequate to his belief in the future of pictures.

The result was, in 1912, the purchase of 1200 acres in the San Fernando Valley, where the present Universal City was started. Today the largest studio in the world stands on this former ranch property—a city of sets and scenery, in which every part of the world may be found in mimic. It is a monument to the greatest fighter in filmdom—Carl Laemmle. He is undoubtedly the little giant of the motion picture industry, and has never lost a battle; because he always fights for the right. Some have said that he has been gifted with "Laemmle luck," but those who know this little man realize the absurdity of such a statement. Carl Laemmle always makes certain he is right and that his cause is just, before he goes into battle. Whatever he does is for the good of the industry, and he is never inspired by selfish motives. He fought The Trust almost single-handed and spent a fortune to do it. He is quiet, reserved and benevolent. He seldom raises his voice, and is one of the

most gracious men in America. He speaks freely and frankly, but not obtrusively. In fact, modesty is the first quality one observes in him. He is primarily an enthusiast—an idealist. His generosity is one of his noblest traits. He has given thousands of dollars to people he didn't even know. He is absolutely self-made. He has risen from obscurity to the title of "Napoleon of the Motion Picture Industry" by his own efforts.

He smashed The Trust; he defeated the Motion Picture Patents Company; he started the system of exchanges, he was the first producer to send a company abroad to make a picture in its actual settings; he brought the stage to the screen when he signed up in one day fifty Broadway stage stars to appear in five-reel pictures; he made the first sensational picture, entitled "Traffic in Souls," which cost less than twenty thousand dollars and made more than a million for his company; he presented Sarah Bernhardt in her last moving picture, called

"Jeanne Dore;" he made the first million dollar picture, "Foolish Wives;" he started the star system, when he introduced Florence Lawrence and paid her one thousand dollars a week, which should endear him to the heart of every screen actor; he has introduced more stars to the public than any other producer; he, alone, is responsible for the high salaries being paid to screen actors; he is the greatest friend of the original writer; he has done more for the industry than any other individual in it. In addition to all this, he built Universal City, the most complete studio in the world—and it will remain a lasting monument to his ability.

In view of these accomplishments, I believe he is rightfully entitled to be listed among the ten greatest names in the motion picture industry. His name will go down in film history. He cannot be eliminated; he has done too many big things, and the industry is proud of him. He came out of Oshkosh, too!

YOUR MAGAZINE FOR NOVEMBER

THE STORY WORLD for November will be a magazine that no creative writer can afford to ignore. JAMES CRUZE, who directed "The Covered Wagon," and who is one of the greatest directors of the day, will contribute an article entitled, "How I Interpret the Creative Mind."

JIM TULLY, author of "Emmett Lawlor," will introduce a series of articles concerning "Writers I Have Known." Mr. Tully is intimately associated with many of the leading writers of the day and his biographies of these writers will be of intense interest to all persons aspiring to literary success.

The usual departments, of course, will be contained in the coming STORY WORLD. This will include VAN LOAN'S "Own Corner" and "Today and Tomorrow" by FREDERICK PALMER. If you desire to achieve success—either in fiction or scenario writing, you should not miss the coming number of "THE STORY WORLD."

THE HISTORY OF TWO ORIGINAL STORIES

BY POLA NEGRI

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY STAR

MY first screen venture was an original story. I called it "Love and Passion." My pantomime work on the stage in such productions as "Sumurun" and "The Dumb Girl of Portici" had influenced my friends to tell me that I could do equally well on the screen.

So really, when the last word is said, I owe what success I have on the screen to the advice of those kind friends in faraway Europe who were interested in me. But then, of course, in attempting a motion picture on my own account I naturally found, as many, many others have, a world of trouble in store for me.

I was without money. To make matters worse, there was no one in the entire city of Warsaw, where I was then located, who knew the simplest rudiments of screen technique. And screen technique is all important, though it is quite often overlooked or forgotten.

The story was written in my spare time around the theatre where I was playing. Perhaps a brief outline of it might interest the readers of *STORY WORLD*. It was not much, but as I say,—a beginning.

It was in five parts, and told the story of a young girl who had left her home to go on the stage, and in time, became a great dancer. The youth she had loved in early days met her again and they were married.

Indeed it was trite and the technique was faulty. My friends of the theatre donated their services, as theatrical people are always donating their services to something. It is one of the finest things they do, and it in turn makes them the most human of people.

Despite its many faults it had quite a success in northern Europe, and its success won me to the screen.

Having been attracted to motion pic-

tures by an original screen story it is interesting to note that my second American appearance will be in another original screen story—"The Cheat."

This story of "The Cheat" is a real original, and its history has never been equalled by any other motion picture story.

It was written for the screen nearly a decade ago, and it is direct proof that an original screen story can be made a very great success.

Something happened that may more often happen to screen stories in the future. As there were no screen rights to buy, Mr. William A. Brady bought the stage rights to this original screen story after it had made a phenomenal success as a film. This fact is well worth noting. Mr. Brady certainly set a precedent in matters of this sort that is apt to be followed in the future.

Then more wonderful things happened to this original screen story. Camille Erlanger, the famous French composer, wrote an opera around it, and called it "Le Forfeiture!" It was produced in Paris.

Another thing happened in France. Andre De Lourdes, one of the authors with Camille Erlanger of the book of this opera, next wrote a novel under the same title, and told Hector Turnbull's story of "The Cheat" almost without variation from the original screen story.

It seems to me that in reading the history of "The Cheat" that writers of original stories for the screen can find a world of encouragement. I am quite certain that its very startling history would have been a great encouragement to me when I was writing my first story for the screen.

Needless to say that my own original story did not have such a remarkable history. But then, there is the germ of an idea in it, and some day, I may try to develop it, and build it into a real big story.

WHY DO THEY GO?

BY MAGDA LEIGH

IN A LETTER which I received from a very charming woman, a few weeks ago, the writer, in speaking of motion pictures, said: "I know what the public wants!"

Constantly, one comes across the expression. Publishers, producers, authors, continually talk about "what the public wants."

To begin with, what is the Public? It's you and I and our friends and relatives and their friends and relatives, ad infinitum. It's two people I met within an hour, last month.

"Go to see 'Java Head'! You'll love it!" exclaimed Mrs. A. "But don't go to see 'Adam's Rib.' It's bunk!"

"Don't go to see 'Java Head'! It'll make you sick!" exclaimed Mrs. B. "But don't miss 'Adam's Rib'! It's wonderful!"

Well, well! What does the public want, then? Looks like a deadlock!

I read a laudatory criticism of "The Shriek of Araby," in a local paper, a while back, and proceeded to doll up my small daughter and rush her off to town for a treat. I had promised to take her to the next "real funny comedy" that appeared.

We arrived in plenty of time and were comfortably anticipatory by the time the Shriek was announced.

About halfway through the Sennett masterpiece (sic), the Cherub turned to me and inquired, quite audibly: "Mother, when does the comedy begin?" And the biggest laugh I heard, all afternoon, was that produced by the Cherub's remark.

Yet, she and I are part of the Public. Mrs. A. is part of it, and so is Mrs. B. For each positive, there is a negative opinion. How, then, may one label something "What the public wants?"

Let me acknowledge that I rarely attend the "movies." I'm not an atrabilious critic. But I've lived too largely to be satisfied with hokum. I'm not sure that I know what I do want, cinematically speaking, but I'm everlastingly certain I don't want the average photoplay I've seen. Particularly I do not care to sit through the filmed changeling of any book or story I've read with enjoyment. I have seen one or two of these that have given me actual heartache. The original authors must have suffered the torments of the damned over their transmogrified brain children!

"Adapting to the screen" is the thing that does it! I do not mean to write unkindly of those hard-working souls in the studios, who make pictures. They mean well! But they are suffering from knowing what the public wants. They remind me of those deluded souls who used to pick the Cherub up from her perfectly placid basinette and jounce her in the air until she was sick to her tummy, because they knew "babies love to be jounced!" Then, in order to soothe her, after the child was safe in bed, again, they'd make faces and noises that almost threw the infant into convulsions. "Babies love funny faces, you know!"

I am inclined to think that a certain protracted service in the photoplay field warps the judgment of scenario editors, continuity writers, directors, et al. They get a "screen slant" on everything. Let me be thoroughly understood. I do not mean that technique is not needed for the making of photoplays. When I say "screen slant," I mean this eternal hokum we hear so much about. There are continually the same old devices brought into play, over and over again, to wring tears

of pity or smiles of joy from the public. The Studio Staff seem to feel that certain plans and specifications must be met, and everything that passes through their hands is shaped to meet requirements. They seem to think there is a certain definite "something" the public wants, and every book or story or scenario must adhere to the make-up of this something.

I've been told that when one knocks, one ought to suggest a remedy. I do. I suggest a more sympathetic attitude toward the writer or original scenarios.

Let me make myself plain on the use of the word "original." I mean the outside scenario, not written by someone in a studio. BUT I do not mean a scenario written by an untrained scenario-writer. In my last three years work as editor and critic-instructor of fiction, I have decided that there ought to be a painless death administered to untrained writers of any description. I do not refer to natural genius, which needs no training. I refer to those people who sit down to write fiction, poetry, scenarios, etc., without an idea of HOW. It is criminal. When I speak of original, therefore, I mean the writer of correctly written "originals." I believe there is actually a greater need to learn the technique of photoplay writing than there is of fiction writing. Lest someone start an argument, let me say that it is more or less easy to pick up a certain amount of fiction-technique through the mere reading of magazines. The photoplay passes too rapidly before the eye for anyone to pick up a great deal of technique in the watching.

More often than otherwise, the poor, locked-out original writer does not know the studio formula for concocting scenarios. This seems to be the reason he is disbarred, and ought to be the reason for letting him in! I mean when he has something a little different from the eternal sameness turned out by studio staffs.

Only recently, we read that certain producers would not even read originals. Think of it! Think what a chaotic condition would result in the fiction field, if magazines refused to consider stories by

any but arrived writers! Suppose editors returned, unread, the work of anyone who was not known! Where would Sherwood Anderson, F. Scott Fitzgerald, Konrad Bercovici, et al, be, today! We'd still be reading Laura Jean Libbey and Bertha M. Clay, who used to write "what the public wanted."

Editors have realized that writers go stale. Some of the "arrived" writers have gone so stale that their stories need disinfecting. We turn with relief to new names, fresh viewpoints, or old themes clothed with new personalities.

If writers of originals would bear this in mind, they would not so continually re-hash stuff they have seen on the screen; would not so assiduously ape what has already been done.

What the public probably wants is something that cannot be handled by a few chosen minds. It is something that cannot be roped and hog-tied by any certain set of intellects.

What the film industry needs is a little more open shop, a wider reading and consideration of "original" work, and less cut-and-dried formula of exploiting what is accepted.

Whenever anyone ups and knocks the "movies," someone says: "Here! Quit it! You're striking someone too young to fight back! The screen is in its infancy, yet!"

To be sure! To be sure! But I never knew an infant to grow if it was strangled. Nor can I imagine an entire generation over an entire country being brought up by just several mothers and fathers and nurses, along the same specified lines. We should quickly produce a race of mental, moral and physical cripples (of those we didn't kill right off), if this were tried.

There are many people writing scenarios. Of these, a certain per cent writes without any knowledge of the subject. I do not include them in my consideration of my subject. I daresay a whole lot of the others . . . those who have studied their business . . . have what the public wants. Isn't it time to give the "original" of the technically correct kind, a more serious consideration?

INCIDENTS

BY BRYAN IRVINE

NOT LONG ago a friend who had written a score or more originals that wouldn't sell, appealed to me for advice. His complaint was that his work seemed to attract rejection slips in the same unerring manner in which a magnet attracts needles. Also, after months of calm consideration, he had convinced himself that the producers had, some time or other, held a secret meeting the purpose of which was to decide ways and means of forever keeping his work off the screen. The meeting, according to my friend, had been a success.

In spite of all this cold-blooded plotting against the writer-chap one scenario editor, in rejecting one of his stories, wrote that they wanted nothing but five-reel subjects and that the rejected story contained not more than two reels of suspense-sustaining action. My friend seemed grateful for the short criticism, but insisted nevertheless that the editor was a liar, that the story in question was made up of between sixty and seventy incidents, being therefore ample material for five reels of film footage.

Merely to please him I went over the story with him and found that he was right—there were sixty-two incidents in it. But, on close analysis, I found that twenty-eight of the sixty-two were absolutely unnecessary to the plot.

"What do you mean—unnecessary?" asked the discouraged author.

It occurred to me during the explanation that followed that not less than seven out of every ten stories by aspiring screen writers contain from eight to twenty unnecessary incidents each. These are my own figures gleaned from the analysis of eighteen hundred twenty-four original scripts which I have read in the past eighteen months.

What, then, is an unnecessary incident? Or, when is an incident unnecessary?

We will say, for example, that the hero and the heroine, soon after the story opens, are walking downtown to be married. While they are passing a saloon an intoxicated man insults the heroine. Our hero lands on the drunk's jaw and knocks him out. The hero and the girl proceed on their way, leaving the bully to be given first aid by the patrons of the saloon.

Now we have an incident. The critic or studio staff reader naturally expects to see more of the intoxicated man later in the story.

Just before reaching the courthouse the hero sees an auto speeding down the street. Directly in its path is a poor little rich girl. At great risk to his own life the hero saves the little girl from almost certain death. The little girl's wealthy father has witnessed the rescue and hastens to thank the hero. He also introduces himself and tells the hero that if at any time he, the hero, wants a fine position, to call around at his office.

Here is another incident. As in the other instance, the studio reader or critic expects to meet again the rich man and his daughter, later in the story.

Both of these incidents have aided in characterizing the hero. We know now that he is brave. Other characteristics may have been brought out in the two incidents. Characterization is necessary, of course, and we must bring it out in what our characters *do*. Therefore the two incidents have aided in characterization. But, reading further, we find that the intoxicated man is forgotten. He never comes back into the story. The wealthy man and his little daughter have likewise disappeared never to return.

The experienced writer makes every incident in his story one hundred percent necessary. Analyzing the two incidents mathematically in their relation to the plot, we find that they are about forty

percent necessary—which means that they are really not necessary at all. But had the intoxicated man returned seeking revenge, and lined up with the antagonistic faction in making things hot for the hero—well, this incident would then be necessary; it would mean something; it would be an integral part of the story.

Now we will say that the antagonistic faction succeeds in “framing” the hero and getting him a stretch in prison. He is eventually discharged. He seeks work, but finds that wherever he goes he is “paged” as an ex-convict. It is said that nobody cares to employ an ex-convict, although I know dozens of ex-convicts who have excellent positions. But for study purposes we will say that our hero, being an “ex-con” cannot land a job. He is broke and hungry. Then he remembers the wealthy father of the little girl whose life he had saved. The wealthy man gives the hero the promised position, thereby making necessary the incident of the rescue.

Thus far we have made the second incident little more than necessary. It should be even more vital. The first incident, involving the drunk man, proved to be very necessary. Tracing back through all the incidents from the time the hero lands “in stir,” we would find that were that one incident eliminated from the story, the entire plot structure would suffer. It was partly because of that one incident that conflict developed. The intoxicated man became an important member of the antagonistic faction. Without him we might not have been able to “frame” the hero and send him to prison.

Every incident in the technically perfect story is so important, so necessary, so much an integral part of the plot structure that if just one incident be removed after the story is completed the entire structure will be weakened. I find, in stories by successful screen writers, that very few incidents are incorporated for characterization alone. This means, then, that characterization, though very necessary in present day screen stories,

is really of secondary importance. In discussing incidents some weeks ago with a famous writer of screen stories I learned from him that after writing a story he very carefully eliminates every incident that does not “link” logically the incident preceding it and the one following it; that in his opinion the incident that does not come as the inevitable result of the incident preceding it is an unnecessary incident—extraneous matter; that every incident should be a direct decisive step toward a situation; that every incident should carry the plot forward.

“But,” I argued, “how about characterization? Our characters must be drawn as human beings.”

“Surely,” was the tolerant reply. “But the writer who cannot inject characterization into an incident, after making sure that the incident is necessary in carrying forward the plot, is not a craftsman; he is, in most cases, a rejection slip collector.

It is a common fault among new screen writers to write “padding” in the guise of comedy relief. Comedy relief is only of value as screen material when the action surrounding each comedy incident is logically linked with the heavier or more dramatic action born of conflict.

For example, the villain in the western melodrama has the hero bound and gagged and is about to brand him before the eyes of the heroine, who is also bound and gagged and an unwilling spectator. The new writer would cut from this heavy scene to another scene a mile or two away in which the Mexican odd jobs man on the ranch is attempting to make love to the heavyweight Irish cook.

The experienced writer would bring in the comedy relief by somehow involving the comedy character—the Mexican odd jobs man—in the action surrounding the scene of the branding of the hero.

In my opinion one of the first and most important lessons to be learned by the novice is that of making every incident in his story as necessary as every cog in a wheel.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH

Previewed for THE STORY WORLD

BY DOUGLAS Z. DOTY

YESTERDAY as we sat in the small and stuffy projection room of the Charles Ray studio, Ray himself, slender and boyish as ever, stood in the open doorway through which we could glimpse the bow of the old Mayflower, motionless in the big tank built for it. There were eight of us. We were about to witness the preview of one of the most ambitious productions the screen has yet seen—"The Courtship of Miles Standish," in ten reels. Ray told us of the difficulties encountered. First, of the months of historical research; of the vast labor in reproducing the tremendous sets and necessary properties, true to the period to the last detail; of the building of the replica of the Mayflower, which alone cost \$65,000 and which is to be preserved as a monument to the Pilgrim Fathers and as a reminder to the West of the stock from which we have sprung, lest we forget in our ease of living to whom we owe all that we have today.

"What you are to see," said the young star, "is not a vehicle for Charles Ray; it is an historical narrative of our nation's beginning transferred to the screen, a picture in which Charles Ray merely plays a part."

Then with an embarrassed grin and nod (Ray is a shy man), he ducked out, the door was closed and the show began.

I was interested to see my own ancestor, Edward Dotey (as the name was then spelled), visualized on the screen, in doublet and hose and flowing locks. He appears to have been a meddlesome fellow. His name is mentioned but once in a title. It is when one of the other characters turns to him and says, "Dotey,

you're a fool!" I am very much afraid he was.

Except for my unfortunate ancestor, history has been most reverently handled in this epochal production.

It must be admitted that those who were thrilled by the poignant and very human drama in "The Girl I Loved" will be somewhat disappointed at the lack of it in this production of Ray's. As a page of history, it is amazingly vivid and stirring but it is all purely objective. When it comes to the personal drama of human life, it is no more moving than a beautiful painting. In the very nature of the case this must be so. The romance of John Alden and Priscilla is hardly more than an incident in the epic sweep of history as unfolded through the camera.

Though the picture is founded on the Longfellow poem, Ray has gone outside for much of his material, especially in the beginning. The first three reels are given over to the pictured chronicle of the voyage across the Atlantic. The story opens with the Mayflower sailing a tranquil sea. It is Sunday morning; the ruffian crew is forward looking down on the main deck where divine service is being held.

Captain Miles Standish is the military leader. After service he calls his little band of Puritans and soldiers of fortune and puts them through their drill.

John Alden, who was a cooper by trade, had shipped simply for the adventure, and he, like Standish, is not a member of the Puritan band. As we know, Bradford and Carver were the leading members of the Pilgrims. It is not commonly known that the crew was largely made up of pirates and cutthroats released from an English gaol to man the ship, the ship's captain as big a ruffian as any of them.

A big storm blows up in the course of the voyage, and the crew mutinies, planning

to seize the ship, kill the passengers, and return to England. The ringleader, a burly ruffian with but one eye, blasphemously denounces God and his followers on the ship, when he is suddenly seized with an apoplectic fit and falls dead. The superstitious crew seeing in this a judgment on him for blasphemy, are completely cowed.

At the height of the storm, a Puritan youth falls overboard, to be caught in a tangle of rigging along the ship's side. He is held there until John Alden comes and rescues him.

In the quieter moments of the voyage, we realize that John is quite taken with the fair Priscilla, and under the influence of this gentle maid he comes to regard with more tolerance both the Puritans and their religious fervor.

This little band had thought they were headed for the Virginias, but the skipper, plotting with his men, has ordained otherwise, and when they come near land, to their consternation they find themselves off the bleak and sandy shores of Cape Cod, their voyage ending finally in Plymouth Bay. It is not plain whether the ruffian skipper changed the course of the ship on his own initiative or at the instance of others. The main result was that the charter granted the Puritans was null and void when applied to the strange new land they had reached. So the famous Pilgrim Compact was signed in the cabin of the Mayflower, and thus was democracy introduced on the American continent.

The landing of the Pilgrims, the felling of the first tree, watched by the curious Indians peering through the snow-laden branches—all this is vividly and accurately portrayed.

One of the most dramatic episodes occurs when John Alden at night buries the father of Priscilla on what is known to this day as Burial Hill. It is made plain that the burials take place at night so that the Indians might not learn how depleted had become the ranks of the little colony.

Standish, eager to make Priscilla his wife, but too shy to propose, sends John Alden to speak for him, and then is spoken the familiar line that every school-boy knows—"Why don't you speak for

yourself, John?" Out of this grows the break in friendship between Standish and Alden, and leaving John behind Standish marches off in pursuit of the Indians and is later reported dead. John broods over the loss of his friend, and now that spring has come and the ice is broken up and the Mayflower is about to sail for England, Alden determines to go back with it. The ship's boat is waiting when Priscilla herself comes along. There is unconscious appeal in the little figure and in her eyes as she bids him goodbye. Since Standish is dead, Alden decides to remain and make Priscilla his wife, all of which comes to pass, and the quaint wedding is one of the most beautiful episodes of the picture.

The climax occurs with the sudden appearance of Standish as the young couple turn away from the altar. The captain's countenance is very badly scarred, but otherwise he is very much alive. His enmity forgotten, he leads the white ox on which the bride rides to the new home.

Taken all in all, this is one of the most impressive pictures ever filmed, and it should be seen by every child, every parent, every teacher, and every patriot. As long as the negative lasts, prints will be made of this picture, for generations and generations.

Ray has wisely subordinated himself to the bigness of the theme itself. He has been too faithful to history, too reverent in his handling of the material, to fabricate a plot or to step outside the known facts. "Robin Hood" was more legendary and, therefore, Fairbanks was privileged to exert a freer hand in molding his material to meet the demands of sheer entertainment. Ray's new production is a bit of vital history, relived. The photography is gorgeous, and the director, Richard Sullivan, has handled his material with consummate skill and with a realism and eye for detail which fairly takes your breath away as you watch. It is not good drama, it is not entertainment for the tired business man; it is, as Ray calls it, an historical narrative, and as such is inspiring. I only hope that every child in the United States has an opportunity to see it.

HAS YOUR STORY A PURPOSE?

BY EARL STRICKLAND

A PURPOSELESS story like an aimless life is dull, colorless and uninteresting. And like the individual, that story is most likely to command attention, and respect, whose goal, or purpose, is apparent while its life is young.

That story of yours, which you have been thinking about all summer. What is its purpose; its excuse for existing? Have you some great truth, or fundamental theme, which you wish to throw across the darkness into the minds and hearts of the spectators? Then give your characters some definite purpose, or adequate objective, to accomplish, or attain, during the action of the story. And to make sure that your characters will go through the story backed up by the spectators' keen interest, see to it that the objective is worthy the effort of attainment. It is not the goal of the story itself from which the drama springs, but the rewards at the end should be such as will make the "game worth the candle."

In "Robin Hood," the dramatic objective is the restoration of a King to his throne, yet it is not the goal, but the *struggle to attain* it, which holds the spectators spellbound as the interest climbs the ladder of action by means of a series of dramatic crises.

In "Tess of the Storm Country," conditions are reversed. The adequate objective is the desire, on the part of the antagonistic faction, represented by the "Hill Toppers," to evict the squatters who live at the foot of the hill. Here the interest lies, not in the objective, but in the

struggle to prevent its attainment. Yet if either story had not had an adequate objective there would have been no drama.

This brings us down to the oft asked question, "What part should the love element play in the attaining of the goal?" In "Robin Hood" the early part of the story concerns itself chiefly with the love element, which is cast in the form of a dramatic triad. In the last half of the play the love story runs subordinate to the main story thread, yet the triadic objective is so closely aligned with the dramatic objective that failure to attain the latter would automatically result in disaster to the former. If Robin Hood and his merry men had failed to restore Richard to his throne the "Fair Maid Marian" would automatically have gone to the antagonistic member of the triad, Sir Guy Gisbourne.

In any photoplay the winning of the dramatic objective concerns chiefly the leading character. For this reason it should be won through his efforts. He should be allowed to work out his own salvation. When you decide to write a story give your characters some adequate goal to attain. Give them some logical reason for desiring, or determining, to attain this objective and then the dramatic strength of the story will depend upon the opposition which they encounter.

You may never write a "Robin Hood" or a "Tess of the Storm Country." Likewise the mariner who sets his course by the north star never reaches the celestial luminary, but following the guideposts which have helped to make other plays successful, may bring you, ultimately, into the port of success.



WHY WRITERS WEEP

BY AUSTIN H. BECK

MY Scrapbook, which I have titled "Why Writers Weep" lies open at my side. Turning its pages I peruse scores of "rejection" slips from various studios. Some purport to be letters, yet it is fair to term them all "rejection" slips, for as I gaze at one after another I perceive, through the tears that almost blind my eyes, that the majority of them are undated, some bear no signature, others that of an office boy, and withal the intimate touch contained all but overcomes me.

I have traversed more than half this huge book, passing one page on which appears an envelope addressed to a studio, across which is written "REFUSED," before I come upon an earmarked page. It bears the title "When Writers Stop Weeping," and I find myself stimulated to further and greater effort as I cast my eye upon a letter of acceptance, bearing the magic word: Enclosure.

Those pages which caused me so much "grief" in their compiling, and now furnish me with many a happy moment, because of their "happy ending" tell a story and carry a message. I know of no calling which affords a greater scope for joy and sorrow than that of writing. When success does arrive, even though it be but a "beggar's portion," with it comes the realization that you have created something.

Sounds very strange, nevertheless it's true for ever since the "movies" have become so popular, almost everyone has developed a secret ambition to write for the screen. After months, in some cases years, of constant thinking about it, a bare plot is developed into a completed story. A fit of earnest exertion puts it on paper, and later it finds a market. Those

who have had just such an experience, that of selling one and only one story, should realize that often a story is purchased, not for the idea in toto, but rather for one single idea that it might contain.

Persons endeavoring to write for the screen should train themselves to attend the theatre both as spectator and student.

Within the last few months there have been three pictures released which offer excellent opportunity for study along three very different lines. Charlie Chaplin in "The Pilgrim" demonstrated with his "sermon" (David and Goliath) just what is possible in pantomime on the screen. It would be interesting to know the number of feet which pass before the eyes of the audience and afford so many laughs, without the aid of even one caption. Positively this portrayal of the story of David and Goliath was the most riotous ever screened. Chaplin as a comedian is in a class by himself. Critics everywhere noted this particular portion of that picture as one of the accomplishments of the screen.

Charles Ray, another great artist, demonstrated another angle in his picture, "The Girl I Loved." His remarkable acting along with the admirable work of the "cutting" and "printing" room, made this picture another milestone of the screen.

Still another picture, "Down to the Sea in Ships," offers another lesson, that of an interesting story and an interesting background.

The field will broaden as the producer gradually realizes that the public is rapidly becoming more sophisticated in the matter of motion pictures, and ere long the time will arrive when the writer of "originals" and the so-called amateur writer will receive the hearing they deserve.

THE SHAKESPEARE OF THE SCREEN

BY GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

*Motion Picture Editor,
The Boston Transcript.*

OF all the photoplays which I have seen, and they have been a great many, I can bring to memory but a beggarly few in which there has been an attempt at plot construction rivaling that of our best novels or our best plays. For the most part they have been slapdash, loose-ended, somewhat childish affairs, welded together by the genius of actor or director, or in the majority of cases not welded at all and as bad as the short stories in Godey's Lady's Book of revered memory. But Godey's Lady's Book has passed from the ken of all good men and true, and in a relatively short time the progress in the writing of the American short story has been immense. It is my belief, censors and the censorious of the screen notwithstanding, that there will be some such evolution of the motion picture manuscript. Nowadays not even our ablest authors, playwrights and what not seem to judge aright the scope of the screen.

For notable and deplorable instance, consider Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, as good a playwright perhaps as walks the present day English stage, and creator of psychic concoctions for the screen that Mr. Griffith would have pooh-bahed long ago. Nor have our other celeb-

rities done much for the screen story. "Tol'able David," I should consider an example of unintentional screen craftsmanship that would bear watching, but it is a mere accident. Surely Mr. Hergesheimer never suspected cinematic success when he wrote this roughshod tale of mountains and mountaineers, and surely too the shadowy hand of a great director had much to do with "David's" excellence.

But "Tol'able David" is not stuff of the screen pure and simple. It is not of and for the silversheet, as are the miscellaneous writings of C. Gardner Sullivan and Lorna Moon. It is but an "adaptation," and today for lack of sufficiently good original material, "adaptations" run riot on the screen. Of the entire output of 1923 up to the Summer months I defy you to find an original screen story that has as much merit as "Tol'able David," "Penrod," "Jane Eyre" or a long, long list of such and sundry "adaptations" from novels, plays and what not. Perhaps the most imposing was Virginia Tracy's free rendition of Solomon and Sheba for the Fox film. Unusual quirks crop up in Miss Tracy's doings; once upon a time she wrote short stories that were the admiration and detective novels that were the

despair of her contemporaries. Yet her Sheba scenario was a scandalously loose ended, unevenly knit piece of business. It lacked conviction and it lacked charm.

On the other hand the most spectacular failure of originality before the camera was Erich Von Stroheim's monumental piece of stupidity, "Foolish Wives." Given a good story, Von Stroheim would have been adequate. Given an exceedingly bad one of his own concoction, he plunged among infernal messes of poor craftsmanship and dished up an entertainment that was patchy enough before the board of censorship descended upon it. Personally, I gravely doubt that a director should write his own 'script. Mr. Griffith has attempted and failed; Mr. Ernst Lubitsch has likewise attempted and won in his historical portraiture. But Mr. Lubitsch is backed up, as he says, by the gay colored hangings of history: the threads of plot and romance are but incidental as a rule to his chief character, his du Barry, his Henry the Eighth. The frailty of the films is that they have produced no Oedipus, no Shakespeare, not even a Rostand!

There is, here and there, without a doubt, an excellent screen story, hawked hither and thither among money-mad producers, that might bid fair to be a classic. There are undoubtedly writers for the screen who have not only complete mastery of its intricate technical detail, but a vast fund of information about good workmanship as well. Yet where is the O'Neill of the

screen? Truth is, it lacks even a Tarkington to set sentimental comedy sparkling across its ways of light and shadow.

So then the time is ripe and the stage is set for the Shakespeare of the screen, a merely conjectural figure nowadays, who will write good literature of and for the films.

Undoubtedly some of us have talent for taking scene and situation from life and developing them into material for the shadow stage, but it is no mean accomplishment to do so. Few of us, I fancy, could write as good Western 'scripts as Mr. Eugene Manlove Rhodes does Western short stories. But Mr. Rhodes is a student of literature—and knows his West. Those of us who would write for the cinema should at least be students of screen-craft—and know our screen.

It is yet a strange trade, this one of photoplay making, and it requires new tools, such as neither Mr. Somerset Maugham nor yet Miss Elinor Glynn can wield. Even such an adjustable genius as Rupert Hughes falls afoul of cinema craftsmanship, and though he has the trick of turning well worn scene and situation into coin of the realm, adds not one whit to the artistry of the shadow stage. Too many of the remainder of these artisans of the photoplay, for they are decidedly not artists, are painfully like to the assorted characters of cinema land that peacefully tread the paths of Mr. Harry Leon Wilson's satirical broadcast, "Merton of the Movies!"

THE MELODRAMA IN PICTURES

BY TOD BROWNING

LIKE Tennyson's brook, the melodrama goes on forever. It goes far back into the earliest records of mankind.

Webster's Dictionary defines melodrama as "A kind of drama, commonly romantic and sensational in character, with both song and instrumental music interspersed, the latter accompanies the action more or less descriptively; a stage play of this kind. Hence, in latter use, any drama abounding in romantic sentiment and sensational situations typically with a happy ending."

The melodrama of the screen is all this—and more. For the melodrama of the screen has reached a higher stage of perfection than any other form of screen drama. This has been greatly caused by the reason that the melodrama deals with the actions of human beings and not with characterizations.

A screen melodrama can be made to reach epic heights. It is not ruined by the flimsy mechanical devices of the stage melodrama, which has brought the very name into a certain disrepute. Some of the highest flights in our greatest of dramatists have been melodramatic in the extreme.

It seems to me that with the greatly improved facilities of the screen as a medium to express melodrama, there should develop a school of technicians in pantomime, as it were, who will tell in direct action a masterful screen story.

Some of the greatest modern critics of the drama, were given their first glimpse of any drama, as boys in the gallery. And the drama was generally "melo" also. One of the leading critics in America will often attend a melodrama alone on Eighth street, in New York. This fact proves that all sophistication cannot rob people

of a feeling for something that seems inherent in the race.

I have long specialized in melodramatic pictures. Each man should succeed when he finds that which he can do best. I feel that I have found that something in melodrama.

Many screen efforts have been submitted to me in my years as a director. The chief fault I found with most of these efforts was that they lacked that very vital thing—a sense of drama. I regarded a "sense of drama" as absolutely the first essential to the aspiring screen writer or any other writer in creative fiction, for the most part, for that matter. The sense of drama can be developed, and has been developed in many cases which have come under my observation.

Broadly speaking, a melodrama is a serious play in which the incidents more or less determine and control the characters in that play. The ambitious young screen writer should always see that his incidents have full control of his story at all times. If a great screen actor, such as Lon Chaney, should play in a screen story, he may by the very strength of his personality and acting ability, be able to dominate the story—if said story is not big enough to hold him.

For instance, Lon Chaney gave a masterful characterization in "The Miracle Man"—but he did not dominate that play to such an extent that his playing alone is remembered.

In the picture which I am now directing, "The Day of Faith" from Arthur Somers Roche's brilliant novel, there is much great acting on the part of such splendid players as Tyrone Power and Raymond Griffith, and several others.

But the American novelist's magnificent theme is big enough to hold them all. They can in no way "run away with the story."

This is the test I put to all versions of screen melodramas that happen to come

under my observation. The situations must be big in themselves, my selection of the actor to play those situations is secondary. So a big story must contain big incidents. No amount of great screen acting can save it unless those incidents are paramount in the story. I write now of that which I am most familiar—the screen melodrama.

It seems idle at this day and age of the world that one should even attempt to defend melodrama. To me, it is one of the highest of arts, and many of the greatest names in literary and dramatic history have served apprenticeships at it. The names are too numerous to mention. And besides, they are known to all.

Life is nothing more nor less than a melodrama. The incidents of our lives are the greatest things in them. They make our characters—they shift us on the winds of chance to strange destinies and far places. And when we are done with roaming, and settle down in our nook in the world—the things remembered and accounted are—the incidents which we remember. Was it not an incident that gave Joseph Conrad the idea for that tremendous story of cowardice in "Lord Jim?" The genius-touched Polish sailor piled imaginary incident upon imaginary incident upon the one incident in his strange hero's life.

Melodrama is at the very heart of life. Therefore it is the essence of literature and the drama.

The purpose of all drama, along with all the other arts is, and should be, to represent the fundamental truths of life.

The characters in melodrama should not be too clearly defined, so that the spectator can have no difficulty in putting himself in the place of the character in the drama. This art of melodrama remembered, the rest should be made easier, as regards the writing of a screen drama.

The very fact that the spectators can put themselves in the places of the characters in the different situations, is possibly the principal reason that melodrama has been popular from the very beginning. It allows those who witness it—a brief forgetfulness—a lull in the long grind of living, a glimpse of the moon on blue water,

the carolling of a bird in a windswept pine, the lash of rain on mountain-tops, the glimmer of a yellow road through green fields—the romantic harbor into which the most practical of us like now and then to sail when the sea of life is rather stormy. To me, the directing of melodramatic screen stories is a great mission, and I am proud to be known as a director who makes a specialty of it.

I began life as runaway acrobat from my home in Louisville, Kentucky. I have been in every country in the world, and have touched at strange far ports. And everywhere I went, melodrama was as strident as the light of day.

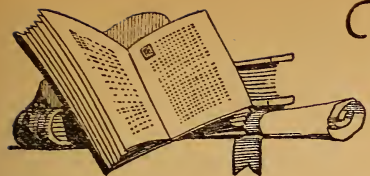
Theodore Roosevelt loved to lose himself in a detective story, my friend, the great critic, loves to lose himself in an Eighth Street melodrama. He goes to a melodrama for the same reason that the great Theodore loved a detective tale—to forget life—to find his harbor.

And then again, I like melodrama because it stands for a dominating optimism. I am not of the Pollyanna family, but I do believe that a certain amount of healthy optimism is the hope of the world. Pessimists have wrangled from time immemorial, and whither have they gone? One of the sternest of them said that the prophet and the tom-cat came to the same end. That should have been a lesson even to him. If they come to the same end—why worry about it? Worrying never yet spanned a stream nor built a ladder to heaven. But it has paved many a road to hell—a death in life.

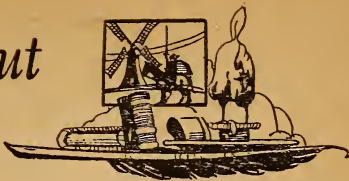
As a rule, things come out all right in melodrama. Is it not the hope of every human being that eventually "everything will come out all right?"

If I were to say a word to young screen writers it would be, "Go ahead and write melodrama if you have the great gift for it. And if you have the gift of situations and not the 'sense of drama' develop it by study and hard work and observation.

"And whether you become a great writer of it or not, is not the important question. For, my great namesake, though unfortunately, no relative of mine, well said that 'The aim, if reached or not, makes great the life.'"



Facts about Fiction



THE MYSTERY STORY

BY CARL CLAUSEN

WHEN Poe wrote the "Murders of the Rue Morgue" he gave the literary world a very definite plot pattern for the mystery story. In America, at least, he may be considered the father of this type of yarn. I have yet to read a mystery story that does not follow in the main, the lines laid down by Poe in his Rue Morgue. Anna Catherine Green and Conan Doyle have done some interesting things with this old plot skeleton. The "Hound of the Baskervilles" by the latter is a notable example, and I shall take that story as the basis of this article.

Let us analyze it and find out what makes it greater than most yarns of this type. Let us forget that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle wrote it. Let us put aside all silly talk about "commercial" writing. Let us also forget the late indiscretions in the psychic realm of this venerable author, and judge him, fairly, by the net result of his life, rather than by these indiscretions which are the natural manifestations of an introspective brain, pondering on the near shore of the sky. He has entertained us, vastly, so let us be charitable, and see what we can learn from him.

The first lesson Doyle teaches us is that a mystery story must be something more than merely a clever plot and a withheld denouement. In reading "The Hound of the Baskervilles" the discerning reader is at once impressed by its excellent workmanship, the beautiful simplicity of its language and its bold, direct movement. Never for a moment does the author make us feel that he is conscious of writing a masterpiece—which it surely is, of its type.

As I weigh the story in my mind to discover the reasons for its fatal fascination, I ask myself: Is it the grewsome-

ness of the plot or the theme that grips me? The answer is, No. The plot is old, even hackneyed, the theme equally so. The designing villain who schemes to remove a man who stands in his way of a great heritage, wears whiskers that would delight the heart of the Seven Sutherland Sisters.

What is it then? As I ask myself this question, two characters walk into my vision, clever, somnolent Sherlock Holmes, and dear old Watson. Let me confess here that while I like and admire Holmes, my regard for Watson, the blundering old ass, amounts to something very near affection. He is so human. His reactions to his problems are so characteristically average that I see myself doing just the same things he did, in the same floundering way. Nevertheless and this is where Conan Doyle shows his artistry—the personality of Sherlock Holmes is the great enveloping background of the story. Although the famous detective does not appear in the story except at the beginning and the end, the reader never loses sight of him for a moment. Watson is with us every moment in the flesh. We follow his plodding footsteps about the dreary moor, we sympathize with him, shudder with him, laugh at him, all the time waiting breathlessly for the move from Baker Street.

To me the most dramatic moment of the story is not the final denouement, but the moment when Watson finds the note in the tar and reads the words: "Dr. Watson has gone to Coombe Tracey," and then upon turning, pistol in hand, expecting to defend his life against some unknown monster, finds Sherlock Holmes standing smiling at him in the door opening. I was completely taken aback. The unexpected-

ness of the thing made me gasp. I had been literally sitting on the edge of my chair preparing for a horrible combat between Watson and that unknown something on the moor.

Note here again the artistry of Doyle. For several paragraphs he prepared me for a grewsome scene, working up to it skillfully, until the high tension had been reached, then quick as a flash he switched his torch on an utterly commonplace exposition, that made me laugh out loud from sheer relief. So skillfully did he do it however, that the dramatics of the episode were preserved to the last degree, in spite of the very ordinary exposition. I had not expected Sherlock Holmes to be there, but it was perfectly natural and logical that he should be. Doyle had prepared me earlier in the story for this denouement. I was more than satisfied.

No dramatic moment to equal this is found later in the story. Even the final denouement—where the great hound of the Baskervilles pounces upon the young Sir Henry Baskerville—falls far short of this moment in dramatic importance, and this is due to a fact that must always be remembered, viz: It is next door to impossible for an author to invent a climax commensurate with the clever premise laid down in his mystery story. The final denouement must always be more or less unsatisfactory, and the "Hound of the Baskervilles" is no exception to this rule.

This reminds me of the old saying, to the effect that it is not within the reach of human ability, to invent a train of circumstances, which shall be so connected as to amount to proof. Expectation demands a fulfillment, inconceivable to the most ingeniously inventive brain. I will, however, say that I was less disappointed in the climax of "The Hound of the Baskervilles" than in that of any other mystery story I have read.

Aside from the excellent characterization of Doyle's story, I find it rich in atmosphere and local color. What more appropriate setting could he have chosen for a grewsome murder story, than the

dreary moor? You will note how well he uses this setting to heighten the effect of each dramatic sequence.

At the point where he leads the reader astray with the false clue, Doyle's skill is tested to the utmost. There is a certain straining for effect in the scene between Watson, Sir Henry and the aged Butler and his hard-faced wife, following the candle episode. There is also a melodramatic insincerity about this scene which shows how hard put the author was to invent something commensurate with the expectations he had evoked in the reader.

The plausible explanation of the butler's wife about her escaped convict brother hiding on the moor redeemed the situation to some extent, but it is quite evident that Doyle floundered about more or less here. At this point he was bringing another character, that of a convict, into the story, a character who must be disposed of somehow. The author's faltering here shows that he was temporarily at a loss about the final disposition of this character. How good use he found for him later the story shows.

In summing up "The Hound of the Baskervilles," we have learned that the plot of a mystery story is no more the most important factor than in that of any other type. We know that the climax can never be wholly satisfying if by careful building we have led the reader to expect much. Therefore we must look to the elements of characterization and setting to recompense him for what we cannot give him. Do not resort to cheap literary tricks such as in "The Rear Car," where, after a two hour performance of exciting and breathless action, you are informed that the whole thing is a dream. Such a denouement leaves the audience or the reader with a feeling that they have been cheated out of what was theirs by right of expectation.

In conclusion I might observe that Poe's old pattern is worn pretty thin, now. If you can invent a new way of writing a mystery story, the world is yours. Earl Derr Biggers did it in "Seven Keys to Baldpate." Why not try your hand?





HOWEVER much we enthuse about this or that picture, it is only as we speak of a promising child. Some pictures which scored a hit a few years ago have been made over and the advance in studio technique is remarkable. Science, together with mechanical interest, moves in rapid strides; producers can marshal any number of men and women to put a splendid dress on a very ordinary story. But notwithstanding this skill in the making, we still hear the question, "what's the matter with the movies?" Most answers hit at defects in the story itself.

While we are bringing up the child Photoplay, the child is also bringing up Father. Whether we know it or not we are constantly getting new ideas, even from the poor stories—we are unless we take the attitude of the crepe hangers that everything started with nothing and is going backwards.

Of course one may go to the extreme; he may choose only to look at the most inane yarns unreeled on the screen and then say to himself, Go thou and do otherwise. Wholesale disapproval, though, fails to breed the right kind of enthusiasm. You will get on faster as a screen writer if you bring yourself in the way of thinking there are men and women already in the business who are worth associating with. Study the pictures which intelligent people are talking about. Compare their impressions with your own, and ask why you differ. Remember popular appeal is the mark set up which is saying that we must affect the greatest number of people in their common interests.

Popular appeal is what the producer is thinking of when he spends a fortune on the film. And popular appeal has been

behind the forming of all the dramatic technique which is worth teaching or talking about. For centuries past, the men who shaped methods of play formation for men to come were practical students of audience reaction. That's where the truth came from—from the man in the seat who said that the show was good in spots, or that it was bad, or worse.

Some of the weak spots in recent picture productions are very interesting to examine from the viewpoint of dramatic plot structure and certain basic rules which have carried over to screen technique from the old stage technique. But while this is true it does not follow that all one must know to tell what is the matter with a picture is the set of essentials which governed the spoken drama playwright—for not many stage plays make good picture plays. This is largely because the relative importance of the composing elements has changed with the use of a new medium to accomplish the illusion of reality. For instance, few people realize the problem of concentrating upon the action of a screen story when the background or setting of the story in presentation contains a good deal of motion in itself. In the photoplay we have much more to do with the distinction between motion and action; in fact, it comes closer than anything else to the individual problem of the screen as apart from the stage.

Let us consider two of the most notable super-productions which have been given the public in the past year: "Robin Hood" and "The Covered Wagon." The first gives the atmosphere of the age of chivalry with astonishing vigor; it is teeming with movement, but practically every bit of this movement in the background sharply calls attention to the dominant purposes of a few principal actors, which purposes make a clearly de-

finest thread of story interest and suspense building up to climax. The people of England suffer, and some of the incidents of privation might resemble in points of pathos some of the incidents in Dickens' novels, dealing with a later period—that is, taken by themselves. But what Dickens was chiefly about was to show a social order all out of kilter, and society in general to blame. On the other hand, in "Robin Hood" we have supposedly happy England turned suddenly into very miserable England because Prince John has usurped the throne. Under this stress, every bit of movement among the extra people impersonating the downtrodden, points unfailingly to the story conflict between Richard and John, Huntingdon and Gisbourne. The movement of the Merry Men in Sherwood Forest would be bewildering were it not for a note constantly repeated in it; that of allegiance to "Robin Hood." This consummate handling turns all the movement into story action, not because of individual motives of people in the mob scenes, but because, taken en masse, they focus attention upon a factional conflict which goes directly to the heart of the story—to the objective of the principal characters.

When Douglas Fairbanks started to make "Robin Hood" there were some gloomy predictions as to the amount of popular appeal existing in that period and the tradition of "Robin Hood." It was too much a job of resuscitation. Probably this was a handicap, and nothing but dramatic technique overcame it—or at least, it would have fallen flat if interest had been allowed to stray to the enviroining action, the movement of the times, apart from the main action.

"The Covered Wagon" was a very different proposition; almost the reverse, in fact. Here the interest is in migration, and, from the American viewpoint, at least, the most potentially dramatic immigration which could be thought of. Many of the people who look at this picture had fathers or grandfathers who came across in prairie schooners about that time. The picture could succeed only as an epic. Its story must serve chiefly to suggest all that was going on around it, all the inferential drama of the great western adventure in 1848 and afterward.

One of the biggest punches in the picture is the floating of the wagons across the Platte, drawn by swimming oxen. But this is not because the life of any one character is in danger. Compare it, for instance, with the incident of Banion saving Molly from the prairie fire, or even with the climax where Bill Jackson shoots Woodhull and saves Banion. What you have in the river crossing is the vigorous appeal of pioneer willpower, and it eclipses any incident confined to individual interests of the characters. From the standpoint of this surrounding dramatic movement, or enveloping action, one of the most striking aspects of the story is brought out in subtitles showing the Indians' antagonism as being directed principally against the plow—that is to say, agriculture and vanishing herds of game. The real heart of the conflict is intuition fanning a flame of hatred in a doomed race.

Yet the action splits at Fort Bridger, and the bearers of the plow go on into the Northwest, to a somewhat prosaic story ending—though again there is powerful inference of drama. The technical lead and the heavy and Bill Jackson, who by this time has worked himself into a sort of independent lead, go on down to the gold fields. Then there is a convenient melodramatic finish. This wouldn't do at all in the average case of a close knit dramatic plot. But this is a screen epic, and nothing carried more drama for the many people who started out as did Wingate's train, than the defection of members by the gold craze.

This is a singular case where the main story purpose—unity of impression—brought about what is virtually a break in unity of action. There has been so much theoretical pulling and hauling over the original three unities—time, place and action—that talk about a fourth unity, that of effect or impression, does not always quicken interest with the matter-of-fact scribbler who is shooting his arrow at the silver sheet. It suggests a sort of artistic haziness. Really, though, it is the concerted influence of everything in the picture so as to dispel haziness and make it possible to think about the piece in its entirety without dislocating the mind.

If a definite unity of impression already

exists in a particular location or period the story must be made elastic enough to embrace that unity. Such a unity of impression did exist in the subject of "The Covered Wagon," that of a horde of adventurers crossing the plains; destiny and progress. The Crusade figures in "Robin Hood," but only incidentally to supply a bit of individual motivation. The spirit of that enterprise is not allowed to possess the story. If it had, a different story might have been required, somewhat less individualized in dramatic objective.

Now let us see what practical interest all this has for the man or woman who is hopefully writing a screen story but hasn't a chance in the world to sell anything as big as either of these two super-productions. The general subject is study of the screen to keep pace with developing screen story technique. Suppose you take the plot of "Robin Hood," in its principal points of structure, together with the leading lines of emotional development in the characters, and choosing a modest, modern setting without many extra people, make it into a picture of five or six reels. The plan of situational and emotional development would work perfectly. Not so with "The Covered Wagon." If that picture suffered much squeezing the result would be death to story interest. The comparison proves the soundness, in general use, of certain well tried-out rules for plot structure to which the makers of "Robin Hood" held closely.

Perhaps nothing makes or breaks a story so surely as power or lack of power in the antagonistic element. I don't mean the detestable villain with a husky punch and the nine lives of a cat, or even the master-minded crook of diabolical elusiveness. Of course the simplest plot, the one easiest to handle—particularly in melodrama—is the one in which, at the beginning, the hero chooses "good" and the villain chooses "bad" (or rather, the author does the choosing). Each character knows that to have any peace of mind or long life he must overthrow the other fellow. Stop to think of it, however, and there is something which stands between such a story scheme and that intense individualization which makes for

supreme sympathy. This is because it is essentially a morally factional story; good intention in general pitted against bad intention in general.

In psychological drama there have been some instances where the antagonist never knew he was an antagonist (seemingly), yet emotional crescendo in the leading character was most pronounced and the conflict between characters was definitely directed to climax. An extreme case of this kind is Charles Ray's "The Girl I Loved."

The hero, John, is the only character in this drama who ever knows that there *is* any drama. Growing up he falls in love with the foster sister whom he has teased as an awkward country boy. To Mary, he remains simply brother, now become a very likeable brother—she never dreams how he really feels. To Willie Brown who courts Mary successfully, John is *her* brother; he is agonizingly friendly. Through that period of Mary's engagement John's struggle is terrific. It is carried into action by screen vision. John all but loses self-control, and we see vividly portrayed what he swiftly dreams of doing—all his passion unleashed. But at the wedding, which is climax, he stands up at the altar and gives the bride away as "her brother." He has lost the girl. Willie, if he is to be regarded as antagonist, has won. But John has won. Against what? Against jealousy, which is his real antagonism.

In "The Girl I Loved" and in "The Dangerous Age" there is a common point of treatment; the personal antagonist consistently works in opposition to the spectator's desire for the lead, although not aware of it. This brings up an interesting point. In the simple plot the lead's desire and the spectator's desire are one, forming the story objective. Here correct structure seems to require that the antagonist consciously work against the leads ends. But first of all, in any story, the *spectator's wish* is the thing to be opposed throughout. That is what makes suspense. In "The Girl I Loved" there is a singular aspect of the ending, in that the spectator's desire, previously felt, may alter to accept the spiritual victory of John in his renunciatory role.



IN THE FOREGROUND

Brief Editorial Chats on Timely Topics

FROM Atlantic City, New Jersey, comes the report of the death of Sigmund Lubin, for years one of the most important figures in motion picture production, and called by many the father of the industry.

Mr. Lubin was especially active in the fostering of new technical processes, and the many patents held in his name, practically all of which are of great value to the industry, testify to his vital interest in the Eighth Art. He was also one of the first picture producers, at one time having been a member of the famous V. L. S. E. combine, which included Vitagraph, Lubin, Selig and Essanay. By bringing these four producing units together, Mr. Lubin made it possible for these companies not only to produce better films, but also to get them before the public in a manner more direct and economical.

The motion picture industry owes much to Sigmund Lubin, and *THE STORY WORLD* takes this opportunity to pay respect to his memory.

IN a recent number of *The Writers Monthly*, J. Berg Esenwein, who for years has been affiliated with the fiction world and whose advice to writers is generally sound, makes the following statement: "Expression must be preceded by life. Writers who are too busy with writing to take time to live are either unfortunately driven by obligations or else preparing themselves for a day of emptiness."

Although this same advice has been offered to writers, in various forms, down through the ages, we believe it will bear repetition. Too many authors, especially those who are starting upon their careers, are prone to mistake energy for creative work. In the words of Jack London,

"Before one may become a truly great writer, one must have acquired a philosophy." And the only manner in which this philosophy may be developed is through living. This does not necessarily mean that one must have sailed the Seven Seas, or have delved into the obscure regions of the earth. It does, however, mean that one must have observed what is going on around one; must have studied people, must have analyzed the causes and effects of human emotions, and must have suffered either personally or vicariously.

PROBABLY the most pernicious persons preying upon the gullibility of those who aspire to become photoplay writers are the ones who maintain that a knowledge of screen technique is of no value; that the bare idea is the only thing, and that the beginner has merely to place his ideas on paper in any form whatever, protect them by copyright, and offer them to producers. Undoubtedly any good photoplay manuscript must be based upon original, dramatic ideas; but unless such ideas are amplified and developed into sound, well-constructed, dramatic photoplays, the inspired writer has little or no chance of achieving success.

There are institutions making a sincere effort to instruct persons possessing real creative ability in the difficult art of photoplay construction; and, it may be said in passing, the success achieved by their students has more than justified their existence.

On the other hand there exist today a number of "vultures," who, for a few pieces of silver, are betraying those whom they claim to teach.

As *The Chicago American* recently stated, such persons should at least be put out of business, if not incarcerated for fraud.

At times, however, the claims and pre-

tentions of these "fake" concerns are so palpably false as to cause any conscientious reader of their literature to chuckle. We have in mind, in this connection, a contemporary magazine, presumably published in the interests of scenario writers. This publication for many months has stoutly maintained that the idea is the thing, and that if given due legal protection, said idea may be presented in any form, without regard to technical construction. However, the very people who own and sponsor the periodical in question also publish and offer for sale a volume presuming to instruct would-be scenarists in the art of photoplay preparation. Indeed, in the very magazines in which they so persistently hold to the first premise, they publish an advertisement introducing the volume in question, in which the reader is urged to buy the book on the claim that thousands of stories are never sold because they are improperly presented. The advertisement further states that to receive attention at the studios and to be sure of a reading, scenarios must be prepared in "the required way."

The concern under discussion furthermore offers a "service" to writers, in which department it urges writers to submit ideas for reconstruction, with a view to copyrighting and selling same. There is, of course, an extra charge for this "service." Surely no attitude could be more paradoxical.

If it is not necessary for scenario writers to understand the technique of construction, why does this concern offer a book on the subject and desire a fee for placing ideas in the proper form for sale? On the other hand, if the reconstruction of a script is necessary and the study of a book on scenario writing will aid scenarists in the sale of their manuscripts, why does the magazine under discussion insistently maintain that there is no necessity for the study of photoplay writing?

RECENTLY a noted scientist in cutting a copper wire discovered that in the cells of the metal, although this metal was not more than 14/100ths of an inch in diameter, bugs were residing.

This is interesting. Naturally these insects were far from being 14/100ths of an inch in diameter; they were hardly discernable through a microscope. Yet this tribe of "bugs" probably for generations have been living in the cells of a copper wire. There is no doubt but what these animalcules believed that they were living in a universe all their own—that whatever happened in the "Great Outside" was "incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial." At the same time, everything that happens in this world, either in the depths of the ocean, inside of a copper wire or on the heights of a mountain, is of absolute importance to the universe.

Human beings are really molecules, or if you will, polliwogs swimming in a world of their own making.

We know writers who are living in an infra-world, who are living in a sphere so narrow that they believe that the boundary of the universe is merely the circumference of a copper wire. Such writers are nothing more or less than polliwogs wiggling about in a pool of their own experience.

There are bigger things. There is an outer-world. It is the duty of the real writer to bore his way through the copper wire; to emerge from the pond; to get into the great outside and to know life as it is.

Possibly, even though he may be the greatest writer the world has ever known, he may still be living in an infra-world. But after all, if he is a really sincere writer he will be tunnelling through the copper wire as rapidly as he can.





Across the Silver Screen

THE LATEST PHOTOPLAYS IN REVIEW

"Hollywood"

AROUND the movie colony with its dreams and ambitions, hopes and desires, its glories and its follies, Frank Condon has written the photoplay "*Hollywood*." Based upon a combination of fact and fancy, this story with its refreshingly new plot, subtle characterization and satirical theme, marks a departure in screen drama.

The story of "*Hollywood*" has been conceived and constructed cleverly. Angelina, a pretty, small-town flapper who is anxious to get into pictures, is urged on in her ambition by her grandmother, whose interest leads her to mortgage the family property to send Angelina to Hollywood. Accompanied by her grandfather, a kindly old man with a pendulous "beezee," they arrive in the film colony, where they begin the rounds of the studios seeking employment for the embryo tragedienne. Proving that the films are fickle, Angelina fails to land a job, while her "grandpop" is given a fat contract with William de Mille, in his own words, "working all day doing nothing." Later, the remainder of the family arrive in town and each one in turn becomes a movie star, while poor Angelina marries and settles down to the task of raising twins, "Doug and Mary" who, by the perversity of fate, also get into pictures.

Grandpa's giddy career, characterized by his special cigarettes stamped with his name and telephone number and a penchant for golf; the sequence in which Angelina's brother enacts a wild nightmare with delightfully insane realism; the intimate and amusing glimpses of the cinema celebrities ranging from Cecil de Mille and Pola Negri to Ben Turpin, each one appearing in his or her own character; and the roguish, witty development of the theme, for which Frank Condon and James Cruze are responsible, make "*Holly-*

wood" the most scintillating satire of all time.

"Little Old New York"

New York of over a century ago, when John Jacob Astor was a piano and fur merchant, Cornelius Vanderbilt mortgaged his ferryboat so that Robert Fulton might build his steamship, and Delmonico owned a "beanery" is the setting for an appealing romance in which Marion Davies masquerades as a boy.

"The Green Goddess"

A thrilling melodrama, cleverly constructed, in which George Arliss with consummate artistry portrays the part of a Rajah who, against the colorful background of the East, because of his love for a beautiful woman, plots the death of her lover and her husband, remarking when his plans fail that "she would probably have been a damned nuisance anyhow."

"The Cheat"

Hector Turnbull's original screen play, "*The Cheat*," by an effective combination of a dramatic plot which, because it was written for the screen, builds from sequence to sequence with compelling force and a colorful, elemental characterization by Polo Negri, marks the return of the Polish tragedienne to public favor after her recent relapse in "*Bella Donna*."

The story is full of dramatic action, moving from the introduction in the fashionable promenade of a Parisian *atelier* to the smashing climax in the murder trial with an interest that seldom lags. Carmelita, as the story unfolds, while in Paris selecting a trousseau for her wedding with a wealthy old man, is disowned by her father when she falls in love and marries Dudley Drake, an American. At this time she meets Rao-Singh, a Hindu mystic. Carmelita and her hus-

band move to New York, where discovering that their limited income does not meet her extravagant tastes, she capitalizes the Hindu's affection for her. After she has placed herself in his debt, she attempts to repay the money she has borrowed, but he wants only her love. Infuriated by her refusal he brands Carmelita with a red-hot iron as she shoots him to death. Her husband who enters the house a moment later is accused of the crime. At the trial, with her husband pronounced guilty by the jury, she saves him by bearing her shoulder and showing the brand.

Although the first part of the story is cluttered up with cabaret atmosphere and Rue de la Paix fashion shows, and emphasis is placed upon eye appeal to the detriment of the heart interest, "*The Cheat*," with its branding scene and murder trial, is one of the unusual photoplays of the month.

"Strangers of the Night"

Burglars, pirates, hidden treasure and love in a lonely castle upon the Cornish coast are the ingredients of this fast moving farce-comedy. Matt Moore's portrayal of Ambrose Applejohn, a mild mannered and thoroughly bored bachelor whose prosaic life is interrupted suddenly by dire intrigue, Bess Meredyth's clever continuity and Fred Niblo's direction are responsible for an entertaining picture.

"Upside Down"

H. H. Van Loan asked himself a rather provocative and unusual question, "What would happen if every person in town suddenly inherited \$50,000?" and then proceeded to answer it. "*Upside Down*," a gratifyingly original photoplay, is the result.

Forsaking the obvious and melodramatic implications of the premise, the story is developed with emphasis upon characterization and the stage is set with a convincing and effective realism that leaves little to be desired. In a typical small town lives an eccentric but wise old man with a peculiar slant on life, so peculiar in fact that when he dies each inhabitant of the village, the grocer, the banker and even the bootblack is left \$50,000. Every-

one is rich except the logical heir, a wild grandson, who, because the small town is too slow for him, lives in the city—he receives one dollar. Because wealth to the villagers is unknown and their conception of the life of the idle rich more romantic than accurate, they hasten to spend their inheritance; consequently, farms are deserted, stores closed and industry ceases while the town goes on a fantastic spree. At this psychological moment Bixby III, the wild grandson, spurred to a realization of his past relapses by the lone dollar, decides to go to work. Stores are opened up, farms retented, the mayor dealcoholized and the reign of reason restored—all by the ambitious grandson who, after he has won his grandfather's secretary, learns that by satisfying the conditions of his grandfather's will, he has fallen heir to a million dollars.

"*Upside Down*" is one of the month's most appealing photoplays.

"Ashes of Vengeance"

A romantic melodrama of the sixteenth century, replete with swashbuckling action, gorgeous costumes, chivalrous knights and fair ladies in distress which revolves around a great love, that, despite obstacles, overcomes a hate that has existed for generations between two families, one represented by Norma Talmadge, the other by Conway Tearle.

"Why Worry"

Five reels of fun and hilarity is a large order, but Harold Lloyd with the able assistance of Ted Wilde, Sam Wilson and Tim Whelan, who wrote the original screen story, have filled the order with a few hundred laughs to spare in "*Why Worry*."

Although "*Why Worry*" is a farce comedy, so much attention has been given to the development of the theme and the characterization of Harold Van Pelham, a rich young egotist, who believes himself possessed of every malady known to science, except smallpox, that the plot unfolds logically and effectively. While the story is one uninterrupted laugh, several situations are near-riots, particularly the scenes in which Lloyd wanders into Paradiso, a sleepy village in Latin-America, for

his health and runs into a native revolution; the complete defeat of the army by a giant called Colosso, who capitulates only when he gets a toothache; and another defeat of the entire native brigade by Colosso, a girl and Lloyd when they bring into play a piece of pipe which looked like a cannon, a bass drum, a blast of wind behind a strong cigar and a basket of coconuts.

From the fade-in of Lloyd reclining on an ambulance stretcher calmly smoking a cigarette to the fade-out where he is seen rushing wildly through a traffic jam, the story is an animated fun-fest.

"The Eternal Three"

A new slant upon the marriage triangle, handled dramatically by Marshall Neilan, in which Bessie Love, Hobart Bosworth and Raymond Griffith present distinctive characterizations.

"Dulcy"

A rollicking, sure-fire comedy with Constance Talmadge in the role of a housewife who "does most of her thinking with her heart" and whose brain is "as good as new because she never uses it."

"Six Days"

"*Six Days*" is an original photoplay written by Elinor Glyn, which unlike "Three Weeks," "Beyond the Rocks," etc., contains a swift-moving plot, genuine heart interest and a stark, compelling realism. While there are scenes reminiscent of Mrs. Glyn's early manner, and Ouida Bergere's continuity occasionally trips up, "*Six Days*" from several angles is the best photoplay produced by Goldwyn this year.

The story revolves around a selfish, fortune hunting mother, who, when her husband dies, compels her daughter to become engaged to an English baronet. By fortuitous circumstance, the baronet is called to Egypt on business, which gives the daughter an opportunity to fall in love with a sculptor. The remainder of

the story is based upon a series of events which give the photoplay its name. While exploring the trenches and dug-outs built by the Germans around Rheims during the war, the lovers and a priest are trapped underground for six days—an accident that leads to many unusual and dramatic complications.

In addition to Mrs. Glyn's splendid work upon the story, Charles Brabin, the director of "Driven," has interpreted his material with imagination and intelligence.

"Reputation"

Against the background of the Mississippi River, the editorial and composing rooms of a city newspaper and San Francisco night life, Thomas H. Ince has developed a dramatic and entertaining story around the life of a girl who, on her wedding day, is accused of a murder.

"Ruggles of Red Gap"

A sympathetic adaptation of Harry Leon Wilson's famous novel which, although much of the charm of the original story is lost, gains a new appeal through Earnest Torrence's acting and James Cruze's direction.

"The French Doll"

A typical Mae Murray eye extravaganza, based upon a slender plot, which rotates between Paris, New York and Palm Beach like a glittering pinwheel, throwing off sparks of joy and jazz.

"The Drivin' Fool"

A comedy-drama of speed and suspicion, gasoline, villains and dust, scenarioized by H. H. Van Loan, which concerns a young speed maniac who is "in bad" until he dashes across the continent and saves his sweetheart's father from financial ruin.

"Rouged Lips"

A story of backstage life, full of giggles, lingerie and clever subtitles, which gives Viola Dana an opportunity to do five reels of agreeable "clowning."



WHAT EDITORS WANT

Why Manuscripts go Home

BY EDWIN BAIRD

Editor of Detective Tales and Weird Tales

IF nobody objects, we shall employ the w. k. editorial "we" in submitting these remarks on home-coming manuscripts. The word implies a collective viewpoint and thus neatly sidesteps the accusation that what follows here is merely one individual's opinion.

That matter disposed, we should like to remark, before we go further, that we've been on both sides of the rejection slip, and every author who gets a manuscript back from *Detective Tales* or *Weird Tales* may acquire some solace from the thought that the editor shares, vicariously of course, his sharp disappointment.

When we were offering our masterpieces in the market place, and receiving many of them back as fast as we sent them, we bitterly believed, as most young authors probably believe, that an editor was inhuman and as bloodless as a fish. And we sometimes thought that the average editor, when selecting material for his magazine, unfolded himself and grabbed at random in a barrel of manuscripts. Only thus could we explain his criminal neglect of our classic stories and his amazing attention to others. And we made a stout vow, when we undertook the job of editing two fiction magazines, that we'd do better than that.

Well, we've been at the editor's desk for upward of a year, and our ideas have changed. Today we are persuaded, somehow, that the editor is more deserving of sympathy than the author. And we marvel now, not at the vast number of poor stories published, but at the ability of any editor to find any other sort.

We knew, of course, that all editorial offices were under constant bombardment from inept and half-baked armies of writers; but we never would have believed (to change the figure) that such an over-

whelming sea of utterly hopeless rubbish was inundating these offices. The thing's incredible! Manuscripts improperly punctuated, manuscripts with misspelled words and ludicrous blunders in grammar; manuscripts with muddled plots, impossible plots, and no plots; manuscripts tattered and torn and disgracefully dirty—these pour in upon the bewildered editor, a never-ceasing deluge of words. And from this muddy torrent he must pluck material to construct his magazine!

For *Detective Tales* and *Weird Tales* we receive an average of three hundred unsolicited manuscripts a week and we choose from this number, for publication, less than a dozen—and are often hard put to it to find even that many worthy of acceptance. The rest go home.

If we were suddenly asked to name the one great outstanding fault of these rejected authors, we should hastily reply, "Intellectual laziness." And later, if the same question were put to us again, we should make the same answer, deliberately. For surely the hopelessly-written manuscripts, which we send flying back home, denote mental sloth. It is inconceivable that any person, not afflicted with cerebral hookworm, could perpetrate such atrocities on the English language.

Nor are these crimes committed exclusively by the amateur or inexperienced writer. The professional writing man is quite often just as guilty. We have in mind an author—whose name, if not a household word, is at least known to every reader of mystery and detective fiction—from whom we bought a story for *Weird Tales*. The story had a weird plot, but the plot was not half so weird as the orthography.

In the course of his story this man had occasion to mention a number of seaports,

and in every instance the name of the city was incorrectly spelled. That was bad enough, but downright unpardonable was the author's juggling of letters when he came to the names of his characters. These he spelled in a disconcerting variety of ways.

His hero's name, for instance, was spelled with an "i" on page one, with an "e" on page three, again with the "i" on page five, and thereafter he flopped crazily back and forth, apparently uncertain which letter he preferred. And yet this man's stories appear regularly in some of our most pretentious magazines!

Things like this cause an editor to wax pessimistic concerning the outlook for American literature.

We might, if we cared, multiply the aforementioned instance an indefinite number of times and go on to mention innumerable manuscripts that we have accepted and couldn't send to the printer until they were thoroughly overhauled. Despite their shortcomings, these manuscripts were accepted because of their unusual plots. And unusual plots are what we want. The magazine editor—particularly the all-fiction magazine editor—is looking, first of all, for plots. The matter of workmanship, or skill in striking words together, is of secondary importance.

A hasty perusal of any manuscript tells the busy editor whether or not it contains a good story. He rarely, if ever, has time to read every word when first passing upon it. Thus it sometimes happens that in our hurried search for acceptable plots we overlook the crudities of composition. But when the time comes to edit the copy for publication we must, of course, carefully read the thing in its entirety, and it is then we discover whether or not the writer is too indolent to prepare his story properly. Too often his manuscript fairly shouts at us:

"This story was written by a sluggard!"

But enough about the stories that contrive to get by. We are chiefly concerned, at the moment, with those that don't.

The most conspicuous characteristic of unacceptable manuscripts is the pronounced lack of originality. It's really amazing. These manuscripts are written by persons in almost every walk of life,

and they come from almost every part of the world, and yet, after reading fifty of them, one gets the dazed impression that all were written by the same person. It is not merely that the plots are alike—one might understand that—but all have the same errors in spelling, the same grammatical blunders, the same grotesqueries of phraseology. This is a thing we've never been able to explain.

Also, after plowing through a field of these voluntary offerings (and it's mighty hard plowing, usually), one becomes afflicted with a peculiar form of mental paralysis. They drug your mind, you might say, and after eight hours or so of steady reading you find it difficult, somehow, to distinguish a good story from a bad one. They all look alike.

Occasionally we encounter a manuscript that is faultlessly written, perfectly typed, and correctly paragraphed and punctuated—and invariably such a manuscript is nothing but a waste of words. There's no thought in it, no plot, no story. It is like a wax dummy in a modiste's window—beautifully appareled and pleasing to look upon, but utterly devoid of life.

Then, going to the other extreme, we have the manuscript of the person who is almost, if not quite, illiterate. These are most pathetic of all. Written by unlettered men and women, who lack even an elementary knowledge of how to place their thoughts on paper, they yet bespeak a yearning for expression, some strange inner urge, that impels them to authorship.

A moment's glance at these tragic offerings is, of course, sufficient. We've all heard that reading a manuscript is like eating an egg—you needn't consume the whole thing to learn that it's rotten—and so, perceiving at once that a manuscript is a hopeless mess of words, it usually goes back home by return of mail.

Recently, though, this procedure slipped a cog somewhere, with the result that one of those impossibilities failed to return to its owner. Whereon we received the following interesting letter:

"Edwin Baird. Editor, of *Weird Tales*.

Dear Sir I am writing you in regards too my manuscript I sent you severil weeks ago it was a Ghost story and as I not

heard from you any thing about my manuscript i have come to the conclusion that you have made up your mind accept my manuscript for publication. in your *Weird Tales* magazine. or you would of returned it before now as I sent to you the Postage to send it Back to me if you did not care too accept it But if you dont care for my manuscript please return it to me soon as possible as I have Sevril more Magazine's wanting such articles for publication and i like to sell my Manuscripts as soon as possible

"I am sending to you more Postage Stamps to here from you soon or for you to return my Ghost story if you can not youse it.

"Resp address to

"Mrs. _____"

"_____ Texas Gen Del.

"The Name Given as the Author of my manuscript i sent to you is Mrs _____

"Please let me hear from you soon as possible

"Edwin Baird.

"Editor. of the *Weird Tales*"

On the chance that it may interest prospective contributors, and because we believe that similar systems obtain elsewhere, we shall mention here our method of judging and accepting, or declining, the manuscripts offered for our inspection. Since we employ no readers, every manuscript receives our personal attention and for this reason we find it necessary to expedite matters by grading each manuscript as we read it, employing symbols and a hard lead pencil.

Thus, for instance, a penciled "R" means "return," "70 D. T." denotes it is a seventy percent *Detective Tales* story and therefore acceptable, and "80 W. T." indicates that it is an unusually good yarn for *Weird Tales* and must go in an early issue. We have never yet found a manuscript (and we've read many thousands) that we could mark "100," and we are beginning to think we never shall find one.

We observe no rules when examining manuscripts. We have only one test that we apply to all alike, and the test is merely this: Does the thing interest us? If it does, we keep it; if it doesn't, we send it back. For we believe that others will

be interested or bored by the same stories that interest or bore us.

In the case of *Detective Tales*, of course, we must of necessity draw certain restrictions. Here the material must be of the detective or mystery type. But for *Weird Tales* we accept any sort of story, so long as it is sufficiently unusual.

The bizarre, the fantastic, the grotesque, the story of stark terror and the uncanny story, the story of eerie adventure, the supernatural or ghost story, the story that other magazines decline because it conflicts with policy—these are joyously admitted to *Weird Tales*. Manuscripts intended for *Weird Tales* are read with an open mind, untroubled by prejudices, free from restriction, wholly unfettered.

And names don't matter. They never have mattered with us. Every editor is familiar with the unsuccessful author's common complaint:

"They won't buy my stuff because my name's not known."

This unhappy protest has been answered so many times by so many different editors that it seems unnecessary for us to dwell upon it; but we should like to say that we scarcely ever even look at an author's name until we've finished his manuscript. Then, if the story appeals to us, we look back at the first page to learn who wrote it. If it doesn't appeal, we slip it into the return envelope, and we never notice the name at all—unless, as sometimes happens, the rejected story offers a promise of something better to follow.

We have accepted scores of stories by writers whose names had never appeared in print, and we've turned down dozens by others whose names are known to all who read. We can say, from experience, that practically every editor welcomes the new writer and always tries to give him a square deal.

And right here—speaking of new writers and square deals—we want to mention something that causes editors no end of trouble and makes them proceed cautiously in dealing with people unknown to them. We're talking now about plagiarism. We hold this to be not only the most despicable form of theft, but a heinous crime perpetrated by thieves against whom the editor has no defense.

All editors have been victimized by these literary yeggs, and we feel we've had more than our share. For an unknown reason, all of them seem to pick on us. They've stung us a dozen times or more. The most flagrant case was that of a notorious plagiarist who sold us a story that he had clipped bodily from an old copy of *The American Magazine*. He typed the story and sent it to us as his own.

Before we discovered the theft we had bought ten more stories from him, including a short serial. And then, when we confronted him with his guilt, he calmly advised us to chuck the rest of his stories in the waste-basket! This man, as we subsequently learned, had hoodwinked a number of New York editors, to whom he submitted stolen stories signed with various names.

A more recent instance involved a man who appropriated a story written by an editor and published in an early issue of *The Black Cat*. When we informed the gentleman that he was offering us a yarn that a friend of ours had written he promptly replied:

"Well, the only thing I can see to do is to send the check to the man who first wrote the story."

Things like this convince us that plagiarists, as well as writers, are a very unbusinesslike people. Anyway, it's a losing game. Even though a crook of this stripe is not prosecuted for selling stolen property, his theft is sure to be discovered, and editors are now exchanging "black lists" of such thieves.

Moreover—to get back to what we were saying—the plagiarist makes it hard for the new writer to break into print. We have almost reached the point where we are suspicious of any story of unusual merit submitted by an "unknown," and now, before accepting such stories, we endeavor to learn something about their authors.

Plagiarism, however, is by no means an adequate explanation of Why Manuscripts Go Home. Broadly speaking, we'd say they go home because that's where they belong.



IN AND OUT OF THE DICTIONARY

A column of authoritative solutions to problems concerning the use of English, submitted by readers of The Story World.

"P. G., Santa Barbara, Calif." . . .

In your January issue a discussion is continued regarding the use of singular and plural verbs with "none." There has been something of the sort of late in other publications devoted to correct English, but all seems to have missed an important point. Your Editress says "none" is a contraction of "no one." What's the matter with its being also a contraction of "not any"? It is according to Webster. It seems to me that it is not necessary to puzzle much over the verb. Just take a sentence in which "none" is used and unscramble it, as for example: "None of my friends are go-

ing." You would not say: "No one of my friends is going," but "not any of my friends are going."

Answer: According to the latest edition of the Century Dictionary "none" is the negative of *one* and of *an*, and it is really as much a contraction of *not one* as of *no one*. But it is not a contraction of *not any* although it is used in the sense of *not any*. In the sentence which you give above by way of illustration: "No one of my friends is going" you object to the use of *no one*; but if you will put *not one* you will see that it is preferable to *not any*. "Not any" in this sense is a colloquialism. Here are a few sentences taken from the best literature showing that the preference is for "none" with a regular verb.

"None but the brave deserve the fair."

"That which is a law today is none tomorrow."

"There is none that doeth good; no, not one."

Here again, however, grammarians differ, and if your choice is for *none* with a plural verb you will undoubtedly find many sharing your opinion. Indeed, since writing the above I have received from another reader the following protest:

"L. N. B., Spokane, Wash." . . .

The idea in *none* implies plurality. "No one" means a single object. "None but the brave deserve the fair" is about as good authority for the plural as is necessary.

Answer: It *would* be were it correctly quoted, but unfortunately it is not. The quotation is from "Alexander's Feast" by John Dryden and I have already quoted it correctly in my answer to "P. G." It should be: "None but the brave *deserves* the fair."

"MRS. W. J. S., CARE OF THE PHOTO-DRAMATIST." . . . *An* is used before words beginning with a vowel sound and before words beginning with a consonant. "U" is a vowel, yet we would not say, "an useful manner," "an utensil," "an Utopian." The long "U" seems to make a difference. Also I have seen in good literature, "an hundred," "an high plane." Please explain these.

Answer: In my article on "Literary Veneer" in a recent number of *The Photodramatist* I spoke briefly of my own attitude in regard to this much abused article "an." As a matter of fact your own sense of euphony is a perfectly safe guide in this as in many other constructions. *An* before "h" is insisted upon by certain scholars who would no more leave off the "n" before *hotel* than they would commit murder; particularly is this the case in England. But many equally correct students regard the article "a" as quite sufficient. The tongue slips more easily into

the phrase "an historian" than "a historian," but even here the article is used indiscriminately by our leading authors. It is a matter of your own choice, except in cases where the *sound* demands that one should be used to the exclusion of all others. For instance: "a apple" is impossible to an educated tongue for the reason that it offends the educated ear; but "a hotel" is a matter for less concern.

"N. W., BROOKLYN, NEW YORK." . . . I see nothing wrong in the following sentences except clumsiness. Will you please correct them?

1. I have heard that story of her's no less than a dozen times.

2. Some public man was mentioned I forgot whom.

3. He thinks he knows more than anybody.

Answer: There is nothing conspicuously wrong with these sentences as a whole, but each sentence contains an error.

In the first you have written *hers* with an apostrophe. The apostrophe is not required with the possessive adjectives *its*, *hers*, *ours*, *yours*, *theirs*.

Your second sentence should have a semicolon after the word "mentioned."

In the third sentence perfect construction requires the word "else" after "anybody."

A correspondent asks me: "Would it be a wise policy for one who has yet to make a name, to ask an editor to retain the screen rights?" The easiest way to fix that is to advise the editor, when the story is sold, that the author desires to retain the screen rights. Unless the policy of that particular magazine stipulates that all screen rights are to be held by the publishers, I believe there would be little difficulty in making an arrangement for the author to retain the screen rights. One or two of the most popular magazines notify all authors that its editors hold both the screen and dramatic rights to all stories they purchase. I think it is easier for an "unknown" author to retain these rights than it is for those who have gained fame: naturally, the work of the latter is in greater demand, both by editors and moving picture producers.





I THINK you will find that writers for the screen are considered by everyday people not just right and at best to be avoided," writes a correspondent. Producers seem to have that same opinion.

A man writes me from Texas asking me to whom he can with safety send a ten thousand dollar idea. If it is as big as that he can well afford to send it to any producer. Producers are looking for ten thousand dollar ideas, and, if we really send them ten thousand dollar ideas they will pay the ten thousand, and pay it gladly.

A chap down in Palm Beach, Florida, sent me a letter the other day wherein he said something which should interest every amateur writer. He said; "I'll surely 'get there,' some day, for no one on this earth can persuade me that I won't!" Here's betting that he will, too. Courage, and an indomitable persistency is just about all anybody needs to get anywhere.

When you read this, Emmett J. Flynn will be making a picture in New York entitled, "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model." Do you remember the famous Owen Davis melodrama? It was one of those things that made us hiss the villain from 8:15 till 11:00 P. M., and then we'd sneak home and pull the bed-clothes over our heads. Those were the days. Goldwyn will release the picture.

It might interest some people to learn that "The Thief of Bagdad" and "The Ten Commandments"—two of the most pretentious productions scheduled for early release this season—are both original stories. Fairbanks admits that most of

his productions have been made from original stories. Cecil De Mille recently said; "In the matter of material, I much prefer originals, but I have been able to find more good novels and stage plays than good originals. Yet, I think the only hope in the future for the screen will be the original story. The screen always will be simply a craft as long as it is only a means of adapting an art to another medium. To be an art full fledged, it must be complete within itself; it must have its own writers that come out of the masses. That is what those who are sincerely training writers for the screen are doing for us." It might be well to put this down in your note-book and read it quite frequently.

The Laemmle Scholarship Contest, in which several thousand students in the country's leading colleges participated, has come to a close. The prize motion picture scenarios are now being read, judged and classified and the awards will be made in October. The Laemmle scholarship award will consist of \$1,000 to the student submitting the prize scenario; \$1,000 as an endowment fund to the college in which that student is matriculated, and at least \$500 for the screen rights to the winning scenario. Universal also may buy the screen rights of some of the stories submitted at \$500 each or more.

The contest, which probably will be an annual affair, was inaugurated by Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal, as an attempt to interest the schools and colleges of the country, and especially the rising generation, in the welfare of the screen. The main purpose behind Laemmle's offer—to get college students and teachers to think in terms of screen technique and to gain a better acquaintance with the problems of the motion picture—has been successful. It deserved

to be, for it is a sincere effort to develop screen authors. From time to time during the contest, the Universal scenario department sent out suggestions and lists of "don'ts" to the competing students which were read and discussed in the English and dramatic composition classes of the various institutions. It is Laemmle's hope that the day will soon come when every college and university in the country will have definite courses of instruction in all phases of picture making. This, he believes, is bound to come as the screen takes a more and more important part in the life of the nation, and the sooner the better. We bow to Carl Laemmle.

Those who are standing on the curb watching the procession, occasionally declare in megaphone whispers "There are too many cooks dabbling in the making of pictures!" The modern film is not a one-man job. It is necessary, certainly, to have a guiding hand on the reins, but it is almost an impossibility for one man to take the whole responsibility of a production made on the modern scale. The scenario writer, the costume expert, the designer of sets and a host of other artists, including the players, all have a hand in determining the success of a given picture. The director, of course, is invaluable; he must coordinate the efforts of all those engaged on the production, but at the same time he must delegate a good deal of authority to and have implicit faith in the artistry of his lieutenants or work himself to death. "Modern production," says the *New York Telegraph*, "has reached a point in the matter of detail where a division of responsibility is imperative, and instead of working to the detriment of the director, this should, in the long run, work out to his advantage. It will give him greater freedom from the annoying grind of small matters and allow him to devote all of his attention to the spirit and feeling of his picture."

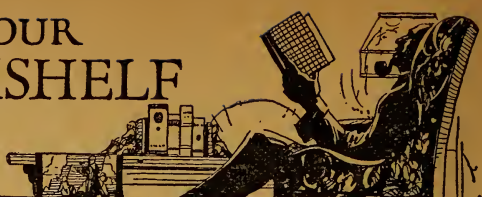
Warren Stokes has sent me the following note, from San Francisco, which should be of interest to all of us. "Recently I attended the Casino Theatre

where they are trying to revive old melodramas. Some friends in the cast invited me to the opening performance. The show was billed as the most for the money in town. It consisted of a musical comedy a two-reel comedy film and the dramatic stock company in "The Crimson Alibi." After the two-reel comedy had been run, and while they were setting the stage for the legitimate attraction, the following was flashed on the screen:—"Mr. and Mrs. Public, we believe the time has come when you will appreciate real actors and the human voice instead of moving pictures. We are here to please you. We thank you." No film footage was spared in this announcement and it was played for a hand. The house was filled to capacity—it holds 2200 people—and out of that vast audience not one applauded. I think that is evidence enough of what this American public wants.

"Are women better writers than men?" This question was asked in this department a few months ago, and innumerable letters have been received from various writers on the subject. Lawrence Michelsen says: "All our greatest works, plays and novels, is credited to man. But I have no intention of forgetting the ladies. They are quite capable writers and usually very interesting. Somehow, in reading a story by an authoress you can usually recognize her—not that her story is lacking, but she reveals certain traits which I believe is purposely overlooked and which usually fail to appeal or cling to a man—and these certain traits usually fail in their genuineness with me. A man is not perfect, either, but his way of telling a tale appeals to me, in preference to women." However, it is quite interesting to note that in the majority of contests, the prizes seem to always go to the women writers. Two of the largest financial prizes given to contestants for screen stories in the past were won by the opposite sex. I really think that the best stories are those wherein there has been collaboration by both.



FOR YOUR BOOKSHELF



The Latest Novels Reviewed

By HETTY GOLDRICK

WHEN you look over the list of new books each month it is quite astonishing to consider how many typewriters the world 'round must be clacking out their daily stint of words, ringing their little bells to say, "hold on, you are at the end of a line," putting quotation marks around all the billions of "he says" and "she sobs," interrogating questions and shouting exclamations, and in the end coming to a solemn, round period. What stupendous labors. Does the hard-worked author rebel? Not he. Enough for him if readers only buy, and forthwith displays the fruits of his toil.

Ben Hecht once remarked that it should not take more than twice as long to write a mystery story as it takes to read one. Accordingly he wrote "The Florentine Dagger" (Boni and Liveright) in ten hours, it is said. Charles Norris has a fondness for one syllable titles. "Bread," a novel of a woman in business has just been issued by Dutton. Gilbert Frankau, son of "Frank Denby" and author of "The Woman of the Horizon," (Century) has written a short autobiography for the Centurion. Mr. Frankau had little of the early hardships of the novelist. Before he went to the Front he had made a rough draft of "The Woman of the Horizon." At the Front he re-wrote it in spare moments and it has had a tremendous sale. This was his first novel and has been followed by several other successful ones.

For a tale of pure fancy read "Lady Into Fox," by David Garnett (Alfred A. Knopf). Critics are unanimous in its praise, the tale being as perfectly written as it is unusual. It is the story of a young wife gradually undergoing a vixenish change until she is transformed into a red fox. The center of interest is of course the husband. Other interesting books just published by Knopf are "The Singing Wells," by Roland Pertwee,

a story of the Arabian desert and reminiscent of Robert Hichen's earlier work; "Dead Souls," by Nikolay Gogol, translated by Constance Garnett (it is said that "Dead Souls" is in a fashion the Main Street of Russia), and a new edition of Dostoyevsky containing personal reminiscences and letters to his friends and wife.

Harcourt-Brace will publish Dorothy Canfield Fisher's next book, "Raw Material." Mrs. Fisher is working on it in France, where she will remain a year. It will not be a novel but a collection of short stories, character sketches and incidents, being actually the raw materials out of which fiction is made. "The Fascinating Stranger," by Booth Tarkington (Doubleday and Page), is a new study in whimsicality. "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page," published by the same company and edited by Burton J. Hendrick, is considered a real addition to American letters. "The Temp-tress," by Blasco Ibanez and "The End of the House of Alard," by Sheila Kaye-Smith are on E. P. Dutton's list. Sheila Kaye-Smith is considered by many to be the best woman novelist in England today. She is masculine in her viewpoint and writes from study and observation rather than from personal experience and emotions as many women do.

"Men Like Gods," by H. G. Wells (Macmillan) is a story of Utopia. It has Mr. Wells' usual charm and force but is not perhaps so entertaining as "Back to Methuselah." Scribner has issued a new edition of the works of John Galsworthy and Appleton has Stevenson's "A Child's Garden of Verses" done into Latin. T. K. Glover has made the translation, the Latin words being on one side of the page and the English on the other. "The Alaskan," by James Oliver Curwood (Cosmopolitan) is selling well. It has this unusual beginning: a woman boards a boat at Seattle with no luggage except

a small handbag. Of course she is fleeing from something. The story tells you what. "Time is Whispering," by Elizabeth Robins (Harper), is a good story and so is "Within These Walls," by Rupert Hughes, issued by the same publisher. "Family," by Wayland Wells (Stokes), is the story of a family in a Connecticut town and "Through the Wheat," by Thomas Boyd (Scribner) is, as one critic puts it, what a man knows is the truth about war. This same critic feels it is truer than what Miss Cather thinks she knows in "One of Ours."

"WHY WE SHOULD READ"

By S. P. B. Mais

Grant Richards, Publishers, London.

I ran across a rather interesting English publication the other day, being a collection of certain English authors which writers should know for background reading. The book is not so worth while in itself as in what it suggests, which, for that matter, is its only aim. That he places Fielding first is significant along with the fact that Dr. Wilbur L. Cross has just written a "History of Henry Fielding" which Maurice Francis Egan calls a masterpiece of biography. Mr. Mais says in case there is any one living who has not yet read "Tom Jones" he hereby urges him to do so because it is such a rattling good yarn and its author such a man of genius. It is his opinion that Fielding had more knowledge of human nature than any other writer of modern times, excepting Shakespeare.

"Wuthering Heights," by Emily Brontë, he declares is more nearly Russian in its world of elemental lusts, hates and cruelties than England.

Charles Lamb, the best literary and dramatic critic of his time, should be read because he took the homely and familiar for his themes and made them fresh and beautiful. Also, though he himself was sorely buffeted by fate, he can make even the most soured among us reconsider life and its possibilities.

James Boswell should be read because his "Life of Samuel Johnson" is the greatest of all biographies. That this book is perennially of interest is shown by the cordial reception given to the re-

cent "The New Boswell," by A. M. Freeman (Stokes).

William Hazlitt, essayist, has the quality of enduring freshness and stimulating criticism. Stevenson said of his essay on walking that "It is so good that there should be a tax levied on all who have not read it."

Samuel Pepys is the father of the diarist. "Colymnists" the country over have copied him, and "Mrs. Pep's Diary" is one of Life's current features. Arnold Bennett says that none of us would ever have the pluck to lock ourselves in a room and commit to paper exactly what we have said or done or felt during a whole day. Samuel Pepys seemed to have dared, though he was Secretary to the Admiralty. Here are a few lines illustrating his frankness: "To St. Dunstan's church where I stood by a pretty, modest maid whom I did labour to take by the hand; but she would not, but got further and further from me; and at last, I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again—which seeing, I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her design."

Of Continental literature Mr. Mais lays stress upon the French and the Russian, Russian novelists in particular, as a necessary course in the study of the realistic school of fiction.

"THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY"

By H. G. Wells

Reviews of Reviews Company

Price, \$5 in one volume or \$10.50 in two.

The reason that history used to be such dull reading is that historians held up mere skeletons for us to peruse, bare facts, unclothed facts, fleshless and bloodless characters and unadorned events. The breath of life was absent. I am convinced that a novelist makes the best historian. He knows what actuates human nature, he is used to making a living man on a printed page. So it is that Mr. Wells brings to life in his *Outline of History* the shadowy peoples that have preceded us in bygone ages, made real men and women out of mere characters whom we have been taught were great and have not been shown why, interpreted for us

the reasons for the ebb and flow in the tides of man's endeavors and pointed out ancient causes which have produced modern effects.

The book's publishers say that this *Outline* is a short cut to a liberal education. That is good advertising but it is also the truth. While of course Mr. Wells's interesting personality and philosophy certainly do color this work they also make all the more real and unforgettable the facts and fundamentals of history. In his introduction the author gives as his reason for writing the *Outlines*: "The need for a common knowledge of the general facts of human history throughout the world has become very evident during the tragic happenings of the last few years. Simpler means of communication have brought all men closer to one another for good or evil. . . . There can be no peace now, we realize, but a common peace in all the world; no prosperity without general prosperity. But there can be no common peace and prosperity without common historical ideas. Our internal policies and our economic and social ideas are profoundly vitiated at present by wrong and fantastic ideas of the origin and historical relationship of social classes. A sense of history as the common adventure of all mankind is as necessary for peace within as it is for peace between the nations.

Beginning with the time when the earth was an uninhabited ball spinning in space and bringing its history to the treaty of Versailles, millions of years after, when its inhabitants after a world war have come to pause and must give thought as to whether they can live together in peace or must go on killing each other, is a stupendous span of time to bridge, and is incomprehensible to the mind except when it is set down in a definite outline as Mr. Wells has done. At that it might be very dull and statistical. If it were so many people would not be reading it. Here you have a man talking entertainingly about his fellows, not a scribe diligently setting down dates and names. Before this I never cared greatly for the Palaeozoic period nor did the Neanderthal man intrigue me. I knew that Alexander was supposed to be Great but had for-

gotten why; I knew that the Caesars rose and fell but I did not know that while that Empire shook, the elaboration of the arts of life were going on in China, such as painting, carving, building, printing and a revival of poetry. But a list of what I did not know and found out would be monotonous. Every thinking person owes it to himself to look at the history of mankind as a whole, from the first appearance of life upon a naked world, gradually developing physically, mentally and spiritually into the political and social units which mark its growth. This general knowledge is invaluable, to say nothing of the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with the outstanding characters of the ages.

In characteristic fashion Mr. Wells is not content to close his work on what has been without a chapter on what is to come to pass, "The Next Stage of History." A common world religion, universal education, disarmament, democratic government and a vast, free literature of criticism and discussion are some of his prophecies.

"THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF THE ONE-ACT PLAY"

By Percival Wilde

Little, Brown and Company, Publishers

Price, \$3.00

Mr. Wilde has written and had produced a great many plays of all kinds. This book on the one-act play is written from the viewpoint of the playwright on that particular branch of craftsmanship but it is also a most excellent work on all types of drama and much of it is applicable to writing in general. It is a thick book and every page is packed with material which every writer will find grist for his mill.

"Fiction, if it all aspires to be art, appeals to temperament and, in truth, it must be, like painting, like music, like art, the appeal of one temperament to all the other innumerable temperaments whose subtle and resistless power endows passing events with their true meaning, and creates the moral, the emotional atmosphere of the place and time." This quotation Mr. Wilde takes from Joseph Conrad's "Art of Writing," and the fol-

lowing definition of a play from George Pierce Baker's "Dramatic Technique": "A play exists to create emotional response in an audience. The response may be to the emotions of the people in the play or the emotions of the author as he watches these people."

The book is divided into four parts, The Playwright and the Play, The Approach to the Play, The Play, The Writing of the Play. Each of these divisions is lavishly illustrated with excerpts from successful plays to demonstrate the author's point. This is one of the most comprehensive books of its kind that I have ever read. The making of a play, from beginning to end, is discussed from every angle. You get a working insight into a long list of successful plays and feel as if you could immediately go and do likewise. But Mr. Wilde quotes a questionnaire which you should first answer before you start out to besiege managers. He also adds a pertinent question of his own: "If you were not the author would you pay admission to see this play?"

"THE HAWKEYE"

By Herbert Quick

Bobbs-Merrill Company, Publishers

Price, \$2.00

When Mr. Quick wrote "Vandemark's Folly" he struck his stride as a real writer. *The Hawkeye* is a worthy successor of the earlier book, another epic of the soil portraying a phase of prairie farm life while the great middle west was in its making, and presenting convincingly the pathos, tragedy and spiritual exaltation which went to make up the building of a wide empire by pioneers.

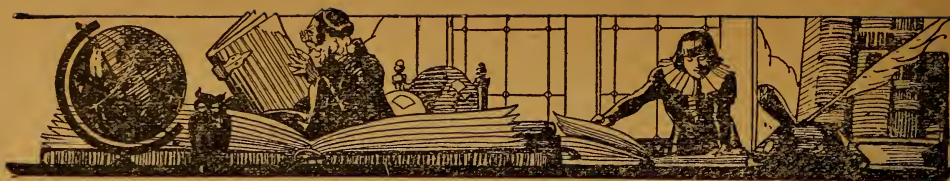
While *The Hawkeye* is in no sense a sequel to "Vandemark's Folly" we meet in its pages several old friends, though

the principal characters are the children of Uncle Jake's generation grown up and carrying on the ideals brought out to Iowa by their elders. The elders had lived by the sweat of their brows alone, but in the second generation there began to shoot up like delicate flowers in the cornfields young minds thirsting for knowledge and spirits seeking culture. Fremont McConkey was such a shoot out of a ploughman family. His father was a poor "renter," hard luck always dogging his heels, his mother a slave to a big family and poverty. Whatever yearnings she had within in her own soul and mind were inarticulate until they came to Fremont. The comradeship between mother and son is the best thing in the book and the character drawing of Kate McConkey is a monument to the pioneer mother who was soil of the soil, but as rich in personality as the fertile black loam upon which she reared her family.

The Hawkeye is packed from beginning to end with vivid life. These pioneers become your friends and you smell the sweet soil as the ploughshare turns it over, feel the prairie wind as it blows against the cheek of a spring morning. Whoever can make you feel these things is a real writer. There is this charming thing about Mr. Quick's style—it is so intimate without being boring. It is as if he just dropped in on you and tells about some friends of his who are so interesting that you are sorry when he quits and so alive that you think of them by their first names after he is gone.

There used to be a great deal of talk about the great American novel. Some critics say that Mr. Quick can write it, if, indeed, he has not already done so. At any rate his work is markedly superior to the mass of current literature, he writes of plain Americans and his style is simple and convincing.





The STORY WORLD'S SERVICE BUREAU.

IN this issue we are eliminating our department of photoplay requirements. The reason for this somewhat drastic action is the impossibility of furnishing authentic information on the rapidly fluctuating demands of the producers. However, following our policy of personal service, the editors of this department will be glad to offer advice regarding studio markets, providing a statement of the theme of the story is enclosed, accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope for a reply

Irving Cummings Productions—Care of Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Victor B. Fisher Productions—Care of Hollywood Studios, 6642 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Garson Studios—1845 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

Phil Goldstone Productions—Care of Chester Studio, 1438 Gower St., Hollywood, Calif.

Goldwyn Studios—Culver City, Calif.:

H. and B. Productions—Care of Bronx Studio, 1745 Glendale Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif.

I. W. Irving Productions—Care of Cosmosart Studio, 3700 Beverly Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Lasky Studios—1520 Vine St., Hollywood, Calif.

Mayer-Schulberg Studio—3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, Calif.

Metro Studios—Romaine and Cahuenga Sts., Hollywood, Calif.

Palmer Photoplay Corp.—6362 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Principal Pictures Corporation—Care of United Studios, Los Angeles, Calif.

Robertson-Cole Studios—Melrose and Gower Sts., Hollywood, Calif.

Joseph M. Schenck Productions—Care of United Studios, Los Angeles, Calif.

Charles R. Seeling Productions—1442 Beechwood Drive, Hollywood, Calif.

Maurice Tourneur Productions—Care of United Studios, Los Angeles, Calif.

Universal Film Co.—Universal City, Calif.

Ben Wilson Productions—Care of Berwillia Studio, 5821 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

FICTION MARKETS

The following list of fiction markets includes only magazines that pay for fiction upon acceptance, at a rate of one cent per word, or better. Magazines which ordinarily pay over two cents are marked with an asterisk. A double asterisk indicates those paying highest rates. In submitting work to these markets, writers should enclose stamped, self-addressed envelopes to insure the return of their manuscripts:

Ace-High—799 Broadway, New York.

Action Stories—41 Union Square, New York.

Adventure—Spring & Macdougall Sts., New York.

**Ainslee's Magazine*—79 Seventh Ave., New York.

**American Magazine*—381 Fourth Ave., New York.

Argosy All-Story Magazine—280 Broadway, New York.

**Atlantic Monthly*—8 Arlington St., Boston.

Black Mask—25 W. 45th St., New York.

**Blue Book*—36 S. State St., Chicago.

Bookman—244 Madison Ave., New York.

- Breezy Stories—709 Sixth Ave., New York.
- Brief Stories—805 Drexel Bldg., Philadelphia.
- *Century Magazine—353 Fourth Ave., New York.
- *Collier's Weekly—416 W. 13th St., New York.
- **Cosmopolitan Magazine—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- *Country Gentleman—Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia.
- Country Life—Garden City, L. I., N. Y.
- *Delineator—Spring and Macdougall Sts., New York.
- *Designer—12 Vandam St., New York.
- Detective Stories Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- *Dial, The—152 W. 13th St., New York.
- *Elks Magazine, The—50 E. 42nd St., New York.
- **Everybody's—Spring & Macdougall Sts., New York.
- Farm and Fireside—381 Fourth Ave., New York.
- **Good Housekeeping—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- *Harper's Bazaar—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- *Harper's Monthly—Franklin Square, New York.
- **Hearst's Magazine—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- Holland's Magazine—Dallas, Texas.
- **Ladies' Home Journal—Philadelphia.
- *Life—598 Madison Ave., New York.
- Live Stories—9 E. 40th St., New York.
- Love Story Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- *McCall's Magazine—236 W. 37th St., New York.
- *McClure's—80 Lafayette St., New York.
- *Metropolitan Magazine—432 Fourth Ave., New York.
- *Modern Priscilla—85 Broad St., Boston.
- Munsey—280 Broadway, New York.
- People's Story Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- *People's Home Journal—78 Lafayette St., New York.
- *Photoplay Magazine—25 W. 45th St., New York.
- **Pictorial Review—200 W. 39th St., New York.
- *Popular Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- **Red Book—36 S. State St., Chicago.
- **Saturday Evening Post—Independence Square, Philadelphia.
- Saucy Stories—25 W. 45th St., New York.
- *Scribners' Magazine—597 Fifth Ave., New York.
- Sea Stories—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- Short Stories—Garden City, Long Island, N. Y.
- Smart Set, The—25 W. 45th St., New York.
- Snappy Stories—9 E. 40th St., New York.
- *Success—1133 Broadway, New York.
- *Sunset Magazine—San Francisco, Calif.
- Telling Tales—80 E. 11th St., New York.
- Top Notch—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- True Story Magazine—119 W. 40th St., New York.
- Western Story Magazine—79 Seventh Ave., New York.
- *Woman's Home Companion—381 Fourth Ave., New York.
- Woman's World—107 So. Clinton St., Chicago.
- Young's Magazine—377 Fourth Ave., New York.





WITH THE *Producers*

BY AGNES O'MALLEY

ACTIVITIES IN AND AROUND THE STUDIOS

IT would seem that our oft-repeated promise that the day of the original photodrama is near at hand, is about to be, or is, fulfilled. We are genuinely delighted to be able to tell you that the following is a list of original screen stories now in production at the various studios.

"Law Against Law," by Rupert Hughes; Goldwyn all-star.

"Woman Proof," by George Ade; starring Tom Meighan.

"Wild Bill Hickok," by William S. Hart, starring himself.

"No More Women," by Elmer Harris; featuring Madge Bellamy.

"Happiness," by J. Hartley Manners; starring Laurette Taylor.

"The Ten Commandments," by Jeannie Macpherson; Lasky all-star.

"The Man Whom Life Passed By," by Victor Schertzinger; Metro all-star.

"Fashion Row," by Sada Cowan and Howard Higgin; starring Mae Murray.

"The Good Bad Boy," by Harry Carr and John Grey featuring Joe Butterworth.

"Mary Anne," by Mack Sennett; starring Mabel Normand.

"Valley of the Wolf," by Marion Jackson; starring Jack Pickford.

"The Thief of Bagdad," by Douglas Fairbanks, for himself.

"Woman's Intuition," by Sada Cowan and Howard Higgin; Metro all-star.

Goldwyn Studio

Rupert Hughes has selected the cast for his next production, "Law Against Law," and the following popular players will begin work shortly: Lew Cody, George Walsh, Carmel Myers, Helene Chadwick, Kathleen Key and William Orlamond. This is an original story written for the screen by Major Hughes.

Casting of "Three Weeks," Elinor Glyn's story to be filmed by Goldwyn, is being

held up awaiting word from the "handsome young Englishman with light curly hair" whom Madame Glyn wants for the role of Paul. She saw this young man in Chicago sometime in June, and has been making frantic efforts since to locate him, but so far without success. Carey Wilson prepared the continuity of the story.

King Vidor is in Florida with his company filming "Wild Oranges," a screen version of Joseph Hergesheimer's story of that name. The cast includes only five people; James Kirkwood, Virginia Valli, Ford Sterling, Nigel de Brulier and Charles A. Post.

"The Master of Man" has been renamed "The Judge and the Woman." This is a film version of Hall Caine's famous story, and is being directed by Victor Seastrom. The cast includes Conrad Nagel, Mae Busch, Patsy Ruth Miller, DeWitt Jennings, Aileen Pringle and Hobart Bosworth.

Warner Brothers

"The Marriage Circle" is the name of the story which Ernest Lubitsch has been engaged to direct for Warners. It is an original story for the screen, selected by Lubitsch, and is a drama of Continental Europe with a Vienesese background. Florence Vidor and Creighton Hale have the featured roles, supported by Marie Prevost, Warner Baxter and Adolphe Menjou. Paul Bern prepared the continuity for the screen.

Sydney Franklin will not, as previously announced, direct John Barrymore in his first production for Warners. Harry Beaumont has been selected for this work, and the first story will be "Beau Brummel." Mary Astor has been borrowed from Laskys to play opposite the star. Dorothy Farnum is preparing the screen story.

A film version of "Daddies" is being prepared at the Warner Studios, with Harry Myers and Monte Blue in featured roles. William Seiter will direct.

Paramount Activities

Tom Moore is on his way to the Coast to assume an important part in "Big Brother" which will be Sam Wood's next production for Paramount.

"Stephen Steps Out" is the title of the screen version of Richard Harding Davis' novel "The Grand Cross of the Crescent," which will be the first production starring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Joseph Henaberry is directing, and the cast so far includes Theodore Roberts, Noah Beery, Harry Myers and Frank Currier. George Noel Baker, noted authority on things Turkish, is technical director.

Thomas Meighan's first production on the coast after his year's absence in the East, is an original story for the screen written by George Ade. It is called "Woman Proof," and the star is being directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast includes Lila Lee, Louise Dresser, Robert Agnew and others.

The cast for Zane Grey's "The Call of the Canyon," has been named and includes Noah Beery, Ricardo Cortez, Charles Ogle, Alma Bennett, with Richard Dix and Lois Wilson in the featured roles. Victor Fleming is directing. Doris Schroeder prepared the screen version.

Agnes Ayres, Charles Ogle and Roscoe Karns have recently been added to the cast of Cecil B. deMille's "The Ten Commandments," prepared for the screen by Jeanie Macpherson.

"Every Day Love" is the screen title for Julian Street's story "Rita Coventry" for which Clara Baranger is preparing the continuity. After a brief vacation in New York, Nita Naldi will return to the Coast to play a featured role, under the direction of William C. deMille.

William S. Hart has started his first production after two years' absence from the screen. It is called "Wild Bill Hickok" and will be directed by Cliff Smith.

Ince Studio

Associated Authors' current production is called "No More Women," and is an original story for the screen written by

Elmer Harris. It is a light comedy and included in the players are Madge Bellamy, Matt Moore, Kathleen Clifford, Shannon Day, Stanhope Wheatcroft and Clarence Burton. Lloyd Ingraham is directing.

Chester Conklin has been engaged for a part in "Anna Christie" which is well into production at the Ince Studio. The complete cast so far includes Blanche Sweet, in the title role, William Russell, George Marion and Chester Conklin. John Griffith Wray is directing the famous Eugene O'Neill story.

Metro Studio

Viola Dana's current production for Metro is a film version of Kate Jordan's story "In Search of a Thrill," prepared for the screen by Basil Dickey. Oscar Apfel is directing, and Warner Baxter plays the male lead, supported by Mabel Van Buren, Templar Saxe, Rosemary Theby, Robert Schable, Walter Wills and Leo White.

Laurette Taylor is scheduled for two more pictures for Metro, two original stories written by her author-husband, J. Hartley Manners. They are called "Happiness" and "A Night in Rome," and production on the former will begin some time late in October.

Harold Shaw's "Held to Answer" featuring House Peters, and Rex Ingram's "Scaramouche" are in the last stages of production, and will likely be in the cutting room by the time this appears in print.

Since finishing "Long Live the King" with Jackie Coogan, Victor Schertzinger has been retained by Metro to direct his own story, "The Man Whom Life Passed By." Winifred Dunn is preparing the continuity.

"Fashion Row" is an original story for the screen written by Sada Cowan and Howard Higgin, and is Mae Murray's current production for Metro. The two authors have just completed another original, "Woman's Intuition," which will also go into production as a Metro all-star special.

Principal Pictures Studio

Bennie Zeidman's production "The Good Bad Boy" is nearing completion under the direction of Edward F. Cline. This is an original story by Harry Carr and John Gray, and features Joe Butterworth and

Mary Jane Irving. Forrest Robinson plays an important role, with Lucy Beaumont, Percy Hemus, Edwards Davis, Richard Wayne, Arthur Hull and "Brownie" the dog, in support. This is Mr. Zeidman's first production for Principal Pictures since his return to the Coast.

Florence Vidor has been engaged for the title role of "The Winning of Barbara Worth," which will be the second of the Harold Bell Wright series which Sol Lesser will present, the first, now in the cutting room, being "When a Man's a Man." Walter Anthony and John Grey are preparing the continuity. It is likely Forrest Robinson will be retained for an important role in "The Winning of Barbara Worth."

Louis H. Tolhurst, scientist-inventor-photographer, is at work on the fourth subject of the "Secrets of Life" series being produced by Principal Pictures, which is "The Life of the Butterfly." "The Bee,"

"The Ant," and "The Spider" have been completed and are ready for release.

Harry Langdon is nearing the completion of "A Perfect Nuisance" his second two reel comedy for Principal Pictures Corporation. Alf Goulding is directing the comedian and June Marlowe plays opposite him.

The United Studios

The cast assembled to support Norma Talmadge in "Dust of Desire," includes, with Joseph Schilderkraut in the male lead, Arthur Edmund Carewe, Hector Sarno and Earl Schenck.

Frank Lloyd's first independent production for First National release will be "Black Oxen," in which Corinne Griffith will be starred. Lloyd prepared his own screen version of the Gertrude Atherton story. Conway Tearle has been engaged for the male lead.

Maurice Tourneur is in the midst of his production of "Jealous Fools" for First

National release. Earle Williams, Jane Novak and Ben Alexander have feature roles, with George Siegmann, Carmelita Gerraghty and Marion Feducha in support.

"Her Temporary Husband" has gone into production under the direction of John McDermott for First National. Sidney Chaplin is to play the leading role.

The Comedy Field

Ben Turpin's new picture has been re-named "Asleep at the Switch." Madeline Hurlock plays opposite the cross-eyed comedian and Roy del Ruth is doing his best to direct him.

"Mary Anne" is the second of the series of Mabel Normand pictures which Mack Sennett plans to produce, the first being "The Extra Girl," now ready for release. "Mary Anne" is also an original story written expressly for Mabel Normand by Mack Sennett. F. Richard Jones is directing.

The Pickfords and Fairbanks

Simultaneous with the opening in New York of Mary Pickford's recently completed "Rosita," production will begin on "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." Marshall Neilan will direct. Clare Eames and Alan Forrest have so far been named for important roles.

Mary has re-engaged the German director, Ernest Lubitsch, and his next picture with her will be "Romeo and Juliet," in which it is rumored that Douglas Fairbanks will play Romeo.

Billy Franey, Snitz Edwards and Harry Todd, well known comedians, have been assigned important roles in Jack Pickford's current production "Valley of the Wolf," which is half way completed. Marion Jackson wrote the continuity for the Kentucky story.

"The Thief of Bagdad" still dominates the Pickford-Fairbanks studio. Raoul Walsh expects to complete the stupendous production within four weeks.



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